BASED ON THE NOVEL BY **VICTOR HUGO**

STORY & ART BY **TAKAHIRO ARAI**

OMNIBUS

1

LES MISÉRABLES

the manga

OMNIBUS

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LES MISÉRABLES

the manga

CONTENTS

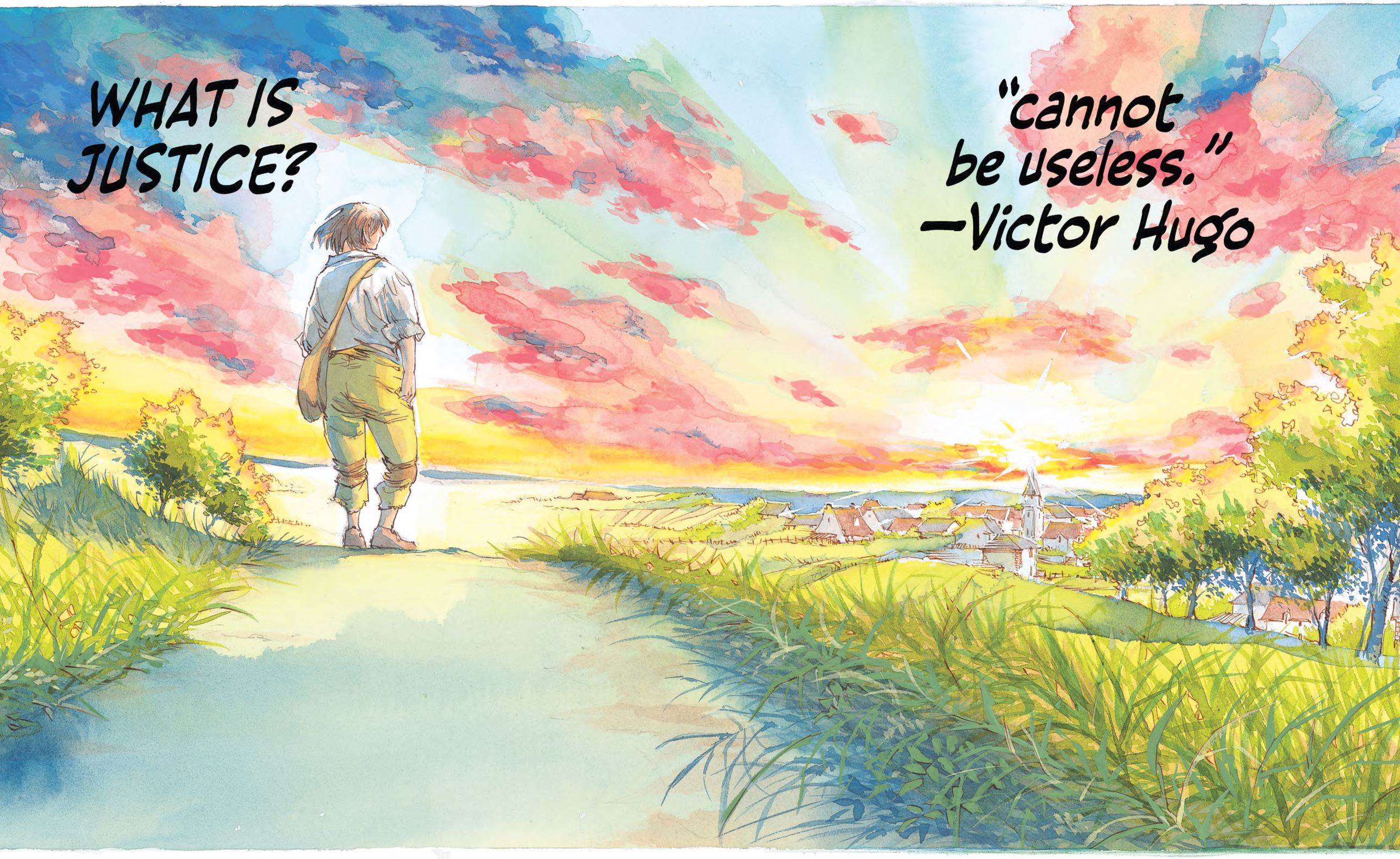
BOOK 1: FANTINE

Chapter 1:	The Ruin of Jean Valjean	005
Chapter 2:	Myriel the Benevolent	093
Chapter 3:	Lament	149
Chapter 4:	A Merry End to a Merry Farce	257
Chapter 5:	Two Mothers Meet	305
Chapter 6:	Madeleine in Mourning	353
Chapter 7:	The Descent	401

"So long as ignorance and misery...

"remain on earth...

"books like this...


WHAT IS JUSTICE?
"cannot be useless."
—Victor Hugo

WHAT IS LOVE?

DURING THE ANCIEN RÉGIME, FRENCH SOCIETY WAS BROADLY DIVIDED INTO THREE ESTATES.

FRANCE, 1795. FAVEROLLES, BRIE.

THK

THK

THE FIRST ESTATE, THE CLERGY, AND THE SECOND ESTATE, THE NOBILITY, WERE WEALTHY AND PRIVILEGED.

THE THIRD ESTATE, BOURGEOISIE AND COMMONERS, SUFFERED UNDER HEAVY TAXES AND POVERTY.

THOSE BORN TO PRIVILEGE FLEW ON WINGS OF SILVER AND GOLD...

WHILE THOSE BORN TO HARDSHIP CRAWLED THROUGH THE MUD.

SO BEAUTIFUL.

READY? HUP!

HOLD THAT END.

IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FRANCE, BIRTH DETERMINED ONE'S FATE.

THAT'S ENOUGH, VALJEAN.

NEXT TREE.

NOT EVEN NAPOLEON COULD CHANGE THAT.

THIS IS JEAN VALJEAN.

JUST LIKE NAPOLEON, HE WAS BORN IN 1769...

BUT VALJEAN WAS POOR AND EKED OUT A LIVING AS A TREE PRUNER.

GOOD WORK.

TWENTY-FOUR SOUS. MERCI.

HERE'S TODAY'S WAGE.

COME WITH US FOR ONCE, VALJEAN.

IT MUST BE A HARD TIME FOR YOU ALL.

BAD LUCK...

SHH.

C'MON! THERE'LL BE GIRLS!

SORRY...

YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW. MY CONDOLENCES.

OH! RIGHT.

NO, MINE!

GIVE IT!

RSTL

MY TURN!

HEY! YOU TOOK TOO MUCH!

OOPS...

UMM...

UNCLE JEAN...

DID YOU LIE AND SAY YOU WERE ON AN ERRAND FROM MAMA AGAIN?

PLEASE! DON'T TELL MAMA!

SHE'LL BEAT US!

HULLO, MADAME CLAUDE.

AH!

AHA.

AND, ER... DON'T TELL MY SISTER.

LET ME PAY FOR IT.

NOW THEY'RE OFF TO YOUR SISTER...

TO GET THE COIN TO PAY FOR IT.

WERE THE CHILDREN BY?

JEAN! HULLO.

THOUGHT SO...

YOU'RE FAR TOO KIND, JEAN.

INDEED!

TO BUY SOME MILK, THEY SAID.

WE'RE HOME!!

OH MY, IT'S EVERYONE!

Yaay!!

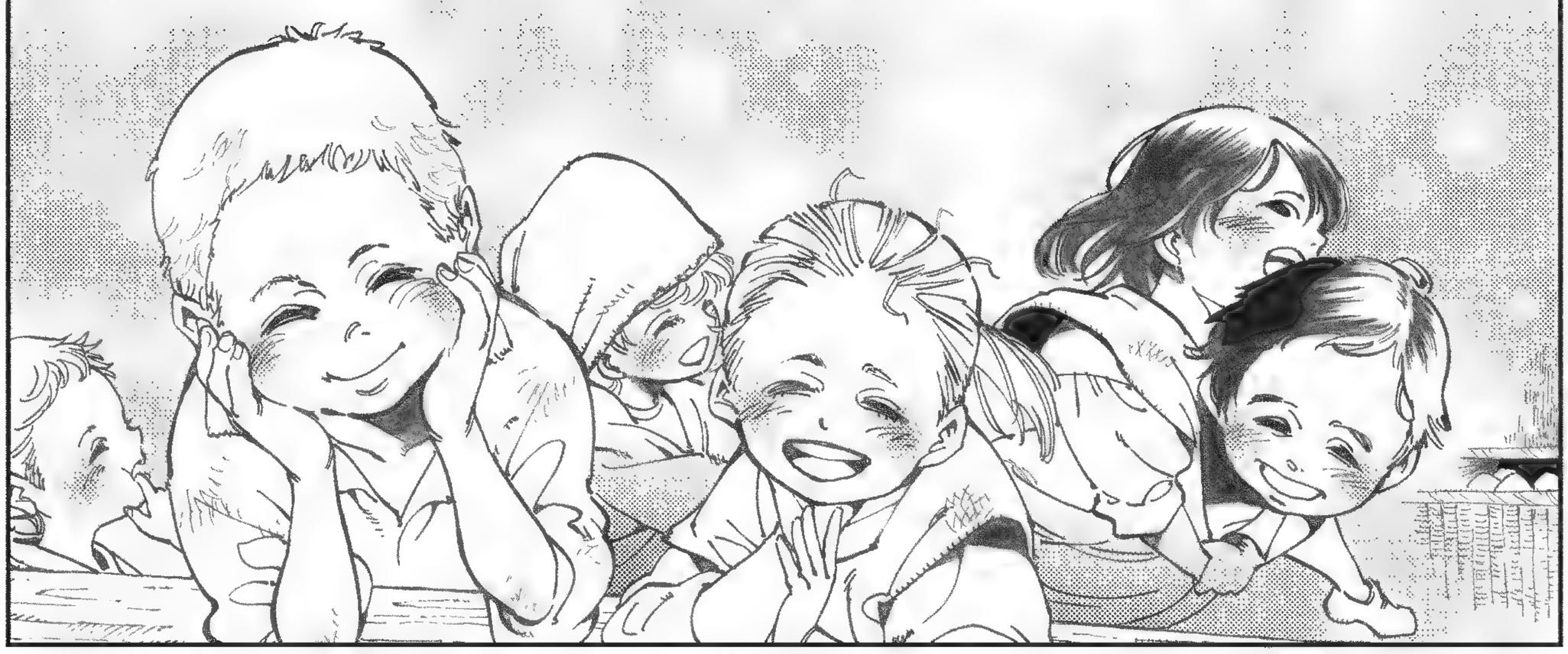
HAD A PINT WITH MY FRIENDS AT THE TAVERN.

SORRY.

IT'S LESS THAN USUAL.

TODAY'S PAY.

HMM...



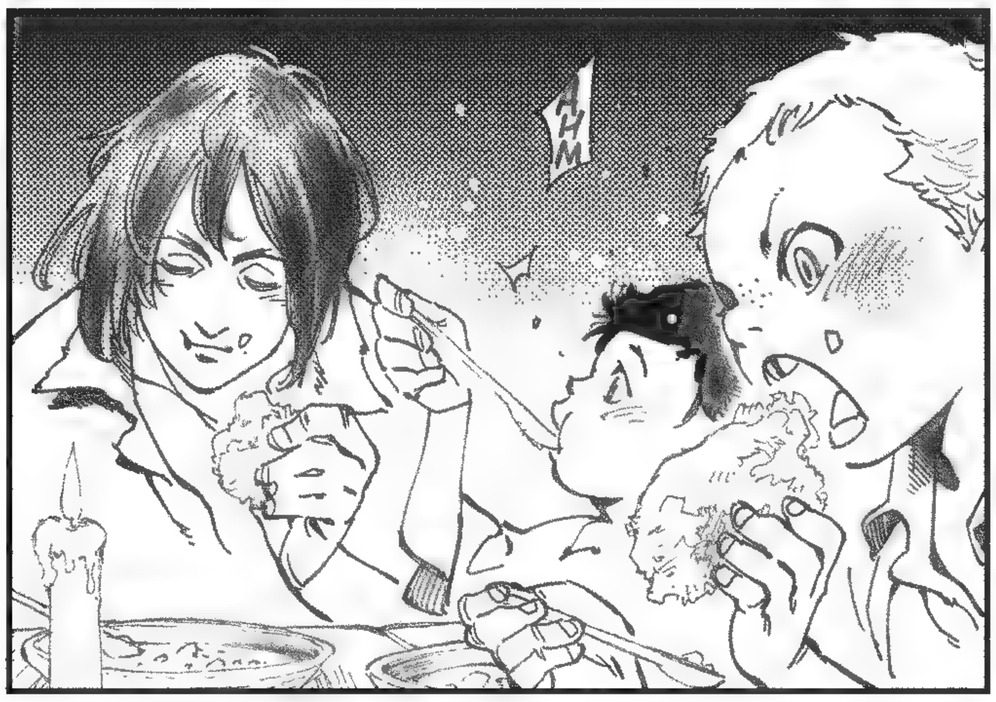
I KNOW. YOU'VE BEEN MOTHER TO US ALL FOR SO LONG.

IT'S MY TURN TO LOOK AFTER YOU.

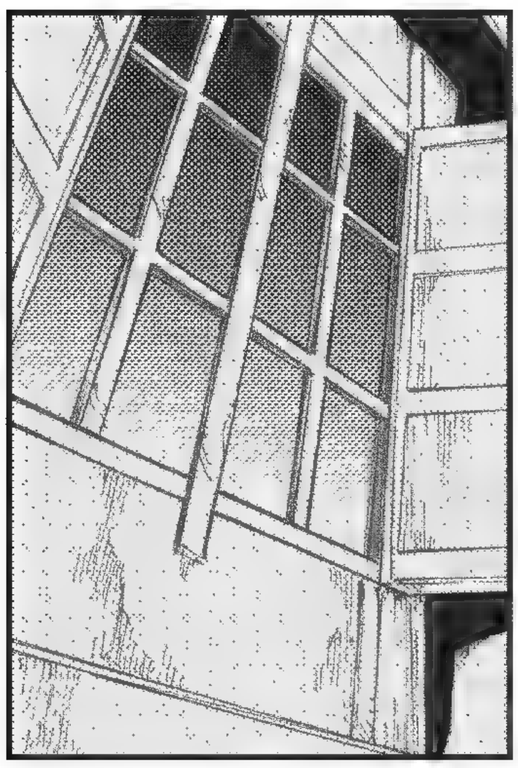
THAT MONEY BUYS THE BREAD WE EAT.

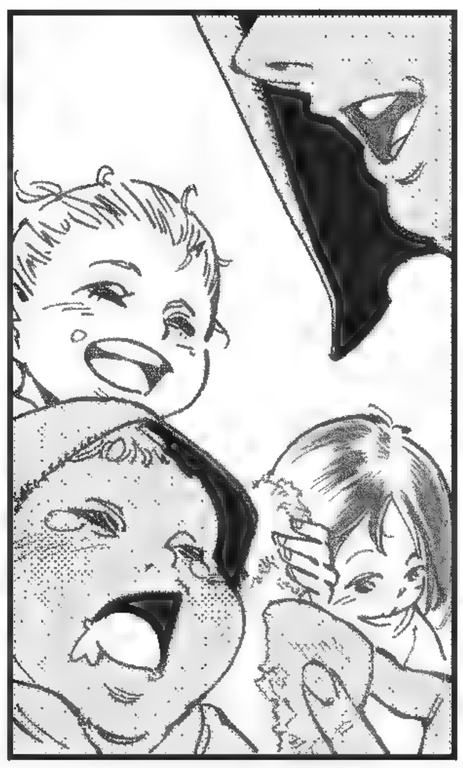
BUT IT MEANS LESS FOR US ALL.

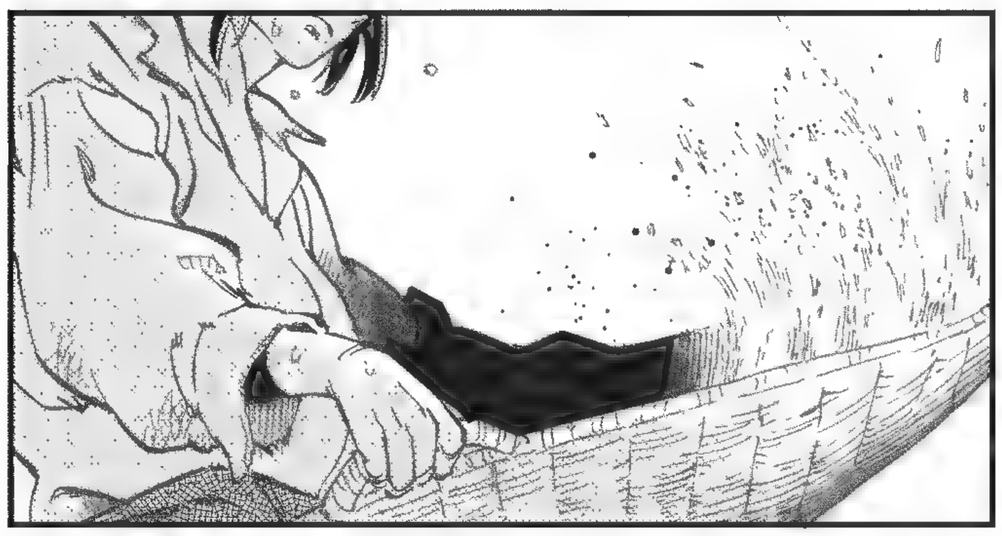
THAT'S FINE NOW AND AGAIN...

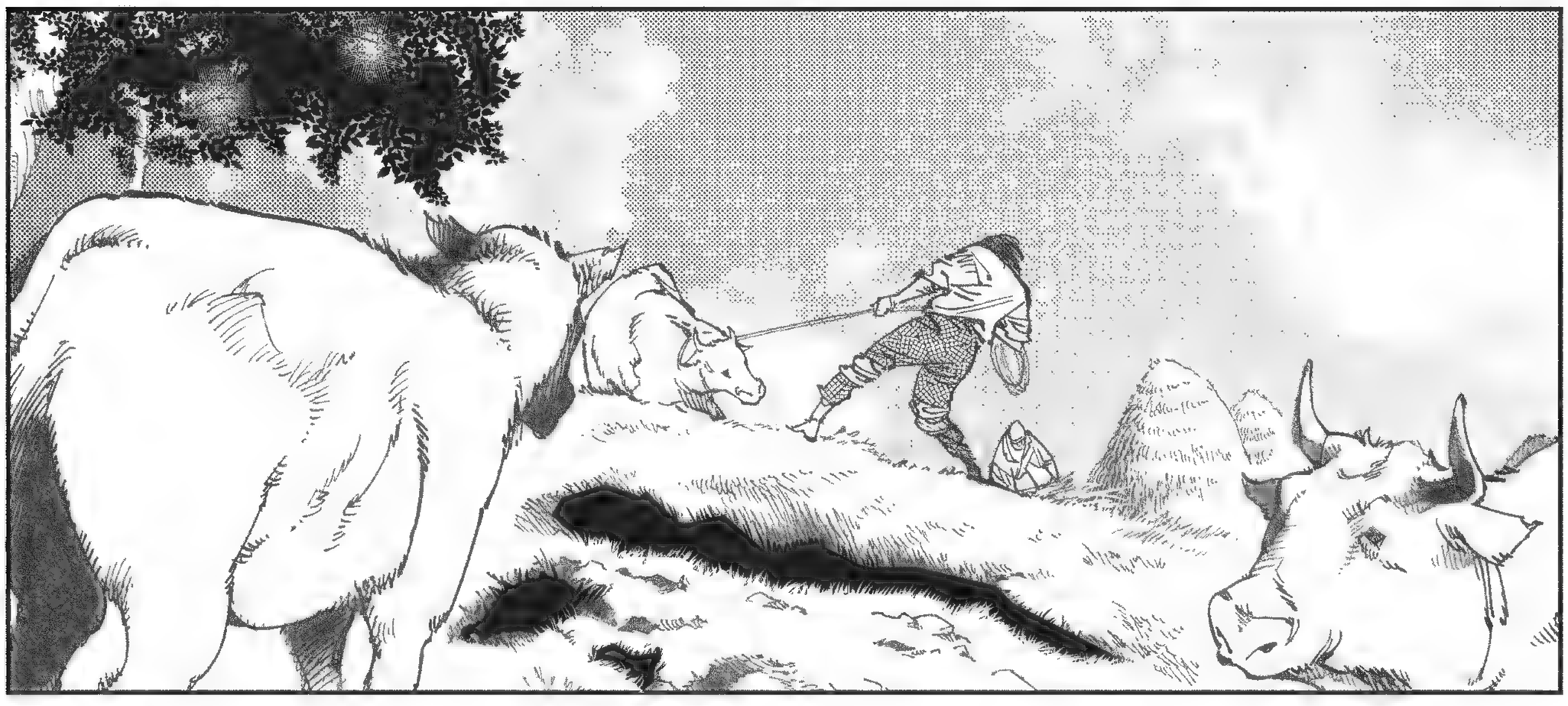

AHM

OUR FATHER...
WHO ART IN HEAVEN...









HUNT DEER FOR US!

NO. I CAN'T.

UNCLE JEAN, YOUR PISTOL IS NEAT!

POACHING DEER IS A GRAVE OFFENSE.

MY PAPA TAUGHT ME HOW.

THIS PISTOL WAS HIS.

HOW COME YOU'RE SO GOOD AT SHOOTING?

OH...

HE FELL FROM A TREE AND DIED YEARS AGO.

HEAVEN.

WAS YOUR PAPA A HUNTER?

WHERE'S HE NOW?

HE WAS A PRUNER, LIKE ME.

YOUR PAPA DIED, TOO...?

THEN YOU'RE JUST LIKE US, UNCLE!

AH...

I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT LIKE THAT BEFORE.

OUI.

WE'RE THE SAME.

SEE YOU TOMOR-ROW.

GOOD WORK TODAY.

WINTER'S ON ITS WAY.

AAH, NO.

MERCI, BUT OUR TREES ARE FINISHED FOR THE YEAR.

BRR! IT'S CHILLY.

SHIVER

IT WILL ALL WORK OUT.

WE'LL BE FINE.

YOU'VE SEVEN CHILDREN TO MIND.

VALJEAN, WHAT WILL YOU DO?

WE'VE NO CHILDREN. WE'LL PROBABLY MAKE IT THROUGH WINTER. BUT YOU...

MY WIFE AND I...

RMBL RMBL

I'LL FIND A WAY.

PARDON ME. HAVE YOU ANY WORK?

LOOK ELSEWHERE.

WE'VE ALL THE HELP WE NEED.

MANUAL LABOR. ANIMAL TENDING ...

I'LL DO ANYTHING.

YOU WASTED SO MUCH ON BEER!

I DON'T DRINK BEER! NEVER HAVE!

WINTER'S ONLY JUST ARRIVED! AND SO LITTLE MONEY...!

FORTY... FIFTY...

SIXTY...

YOU TOLD ME MORE THAN ONCE YOU HAD A PINT AT THE TAVERN!

JEAN, YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

ARE YOU GOING TO LET US ALL STARVE?!

I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN WORK!

ENOUGH! WITH YOUR HUSBAND DEAD AND YOU STUCK MINDING THE CHILDREN...

AFTER FEEDING NINE MOUTHS AND PAYING TAXES, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT!

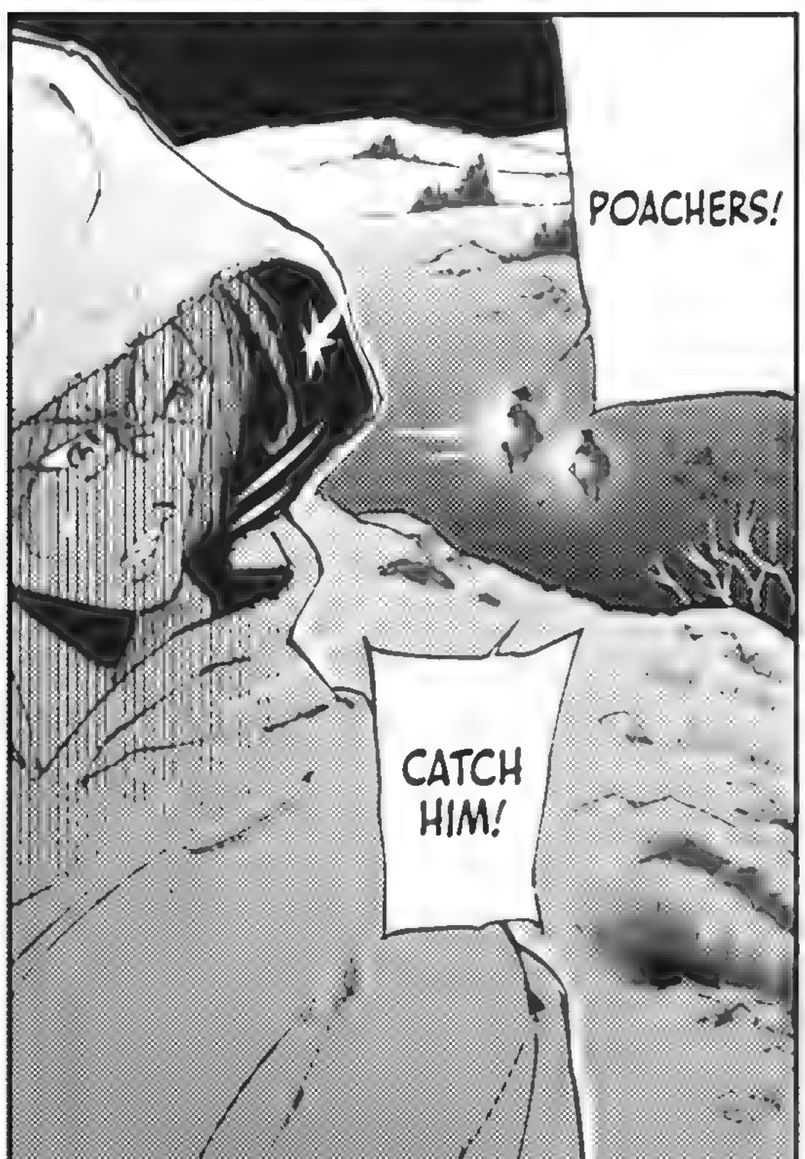
I'M TRYING! THERE'S NO WORK TO BE HAD!

OH! THERE, THERE.

AA...

WAAA...

AUBLAM
TTZ!


POACHERS!
CATCH HIM!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE.

IF WE'RE TO SURVIVE...

I'LL HAVE TO, FOR MY SEVEN NIECES AND NEPHEWS.

MAMA ...

IS THIS ALL THERE IS?

YOUR UNCLE SAYS YOU CAN HAVE HIS CABBAGE STEW.

LOOK.

SEE? IT EVEN HAS A BIT OF MEAT.

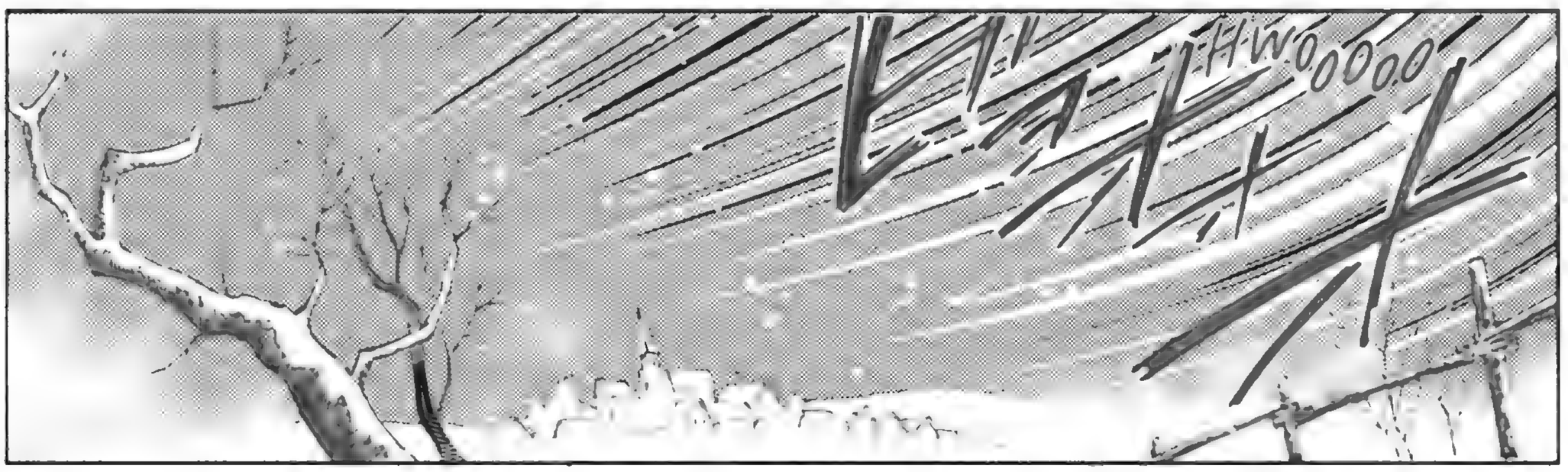
GO ON.

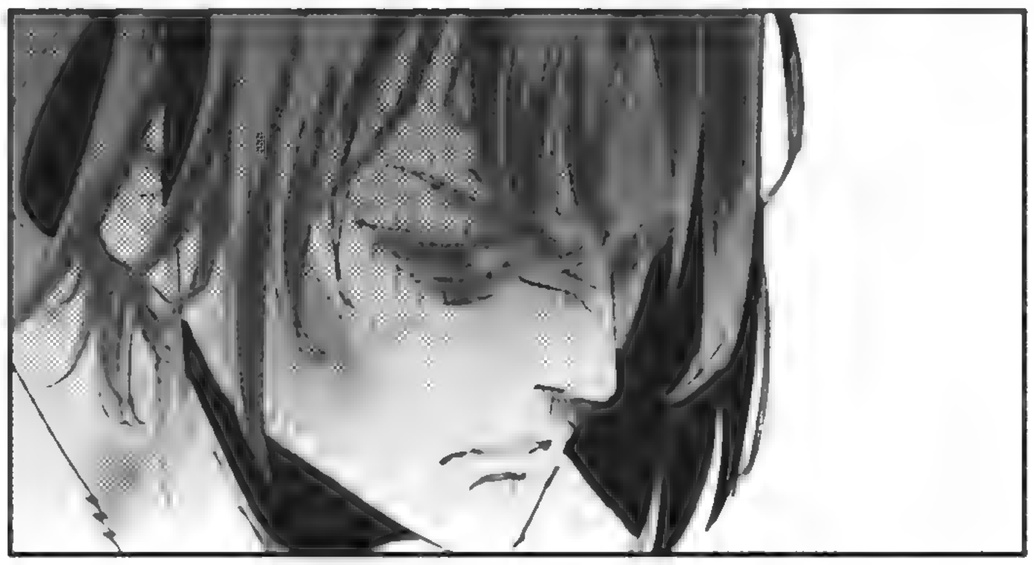
GURG

EAT UP.

PLIP

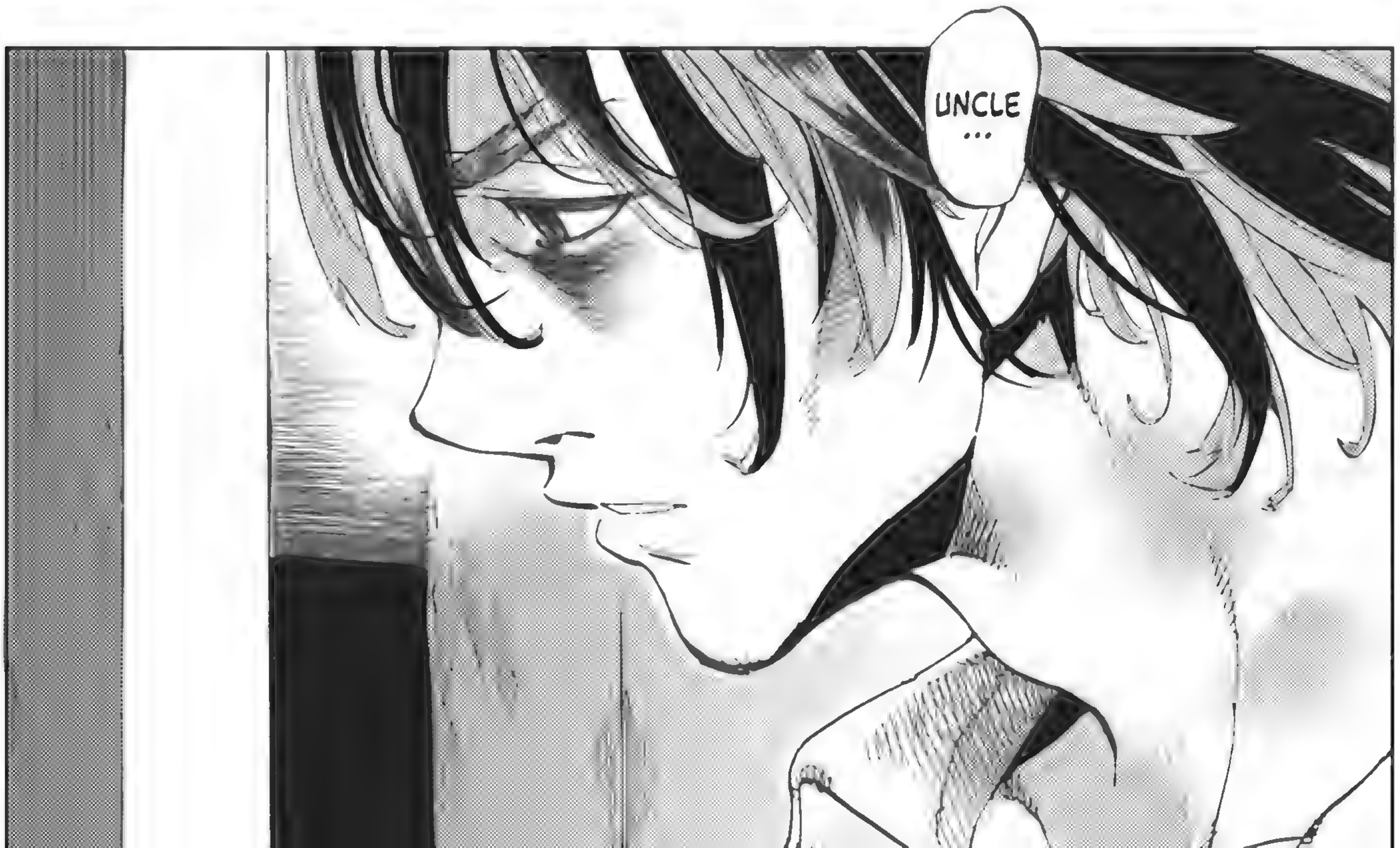
PLP

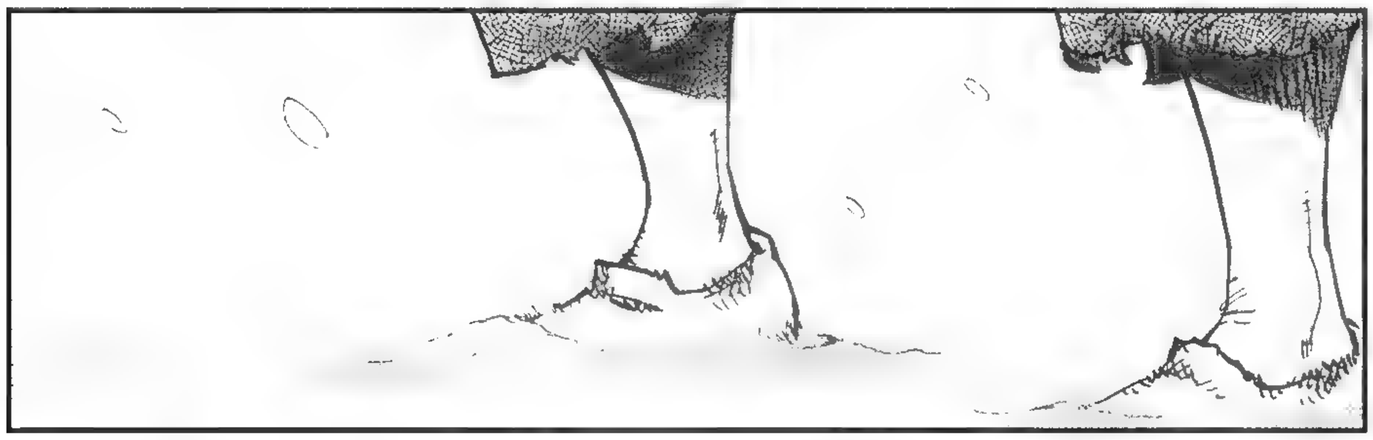

EEEE



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
JEAN.

DON'T LEAVE...


UNCLE ...



THE RICH GET RICHER...

AND THE POOR GET POORER.

EVEN THE PRIESTS HAVE MISTRESSES AND FORTUNES.

HOW CAN THIS BE ALLOWED?

AND THROUGH LUCK OF BIRTH...

THE NOBILITY LIVE IN COMFORT AND EASE...

DANCING AND GAMBLING UNTIL DAWN.

WAH HA HA!

YEEK!

WE WERE BORN POOR.

MY FAMILY...

BUT ME...

KRASH

DOOMED TO SUFFER.

HA... HA HA...

TOTR

WHAT NOW...?

WHAT DO I DO?

IF I HAD EVEN ONE LOAF...

BREAD.

THE CHILDREN WOULDN'T STARVE.

FOR THE CHILDREN...

YOU'RE JUST LIKE US, UNCLE!

DON'T LEAVE...

UNCLE...

JUST ONE LOAF... JUST THIS ONCE...

I'VE LET THEM SUFFER TOO LONG.

HE STOLE A LOAF OF BREAD!

!!SH

THIEF!

!!

KRAAA

THE CHILDREN MUST EAT...!

HOLD IT, THIEF!

MY FAMILY IS STARV-ING!

PLEASE!

BREAD.

CALL FOR A GENDARME!

DAMMIT! STOP STRUG-GLING!

AAAHH!

AGHI

KAAA!

JUST ONE ACT OF CHARITY—

MMM?

MON DIEU! WHAT STRENGTH!

!!!

JUST ONE LOAF... JUST THIS ONCE...

WISH
WISH

GUILTY ON ALL CHARGES.

RATL RATL

RATL

AS THE DEFENDANT BROKE INTO AN HONEST BAKER'S HOME...

DESTROYING HIS WINDOW AND STEALING HIS PROPERTY—

1796.
Bagne de
Toulon.

I SENTENCE THE DEFENDANT, JEAN VALJEAN,
TO FIVE YEARS HARD LABOR

MARCH!

NO DRAGGING YOUR FEET!

IF I'M NOT THERE...

THE CHILDREN...

WILL STARVE...!

SEVEN CHIL-DREN!

PLEASE... I'VE A FAMILY...

WELL DONE, PRISONERS!

YOU SURVIVED YOUR TWENTY-SEVEN-DAY JOURNEY!

YOU THERE. WHO ARE YOU?

NPF...

HNN...

FORGIVE-NESS COMES ONLY AFTER ATONE-MENT!

HERE YOU WILL LEARN WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU COMMIT A CRIME!

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, DON'T EXPECT TO BE TREATED AS A MAN!

THWAK

I'M A TREE PRUNER...

IN FAVE-ROLLES... SIR...

I... I'M...

NGK ...

HURK...

NO.

YOU ARE NOW...

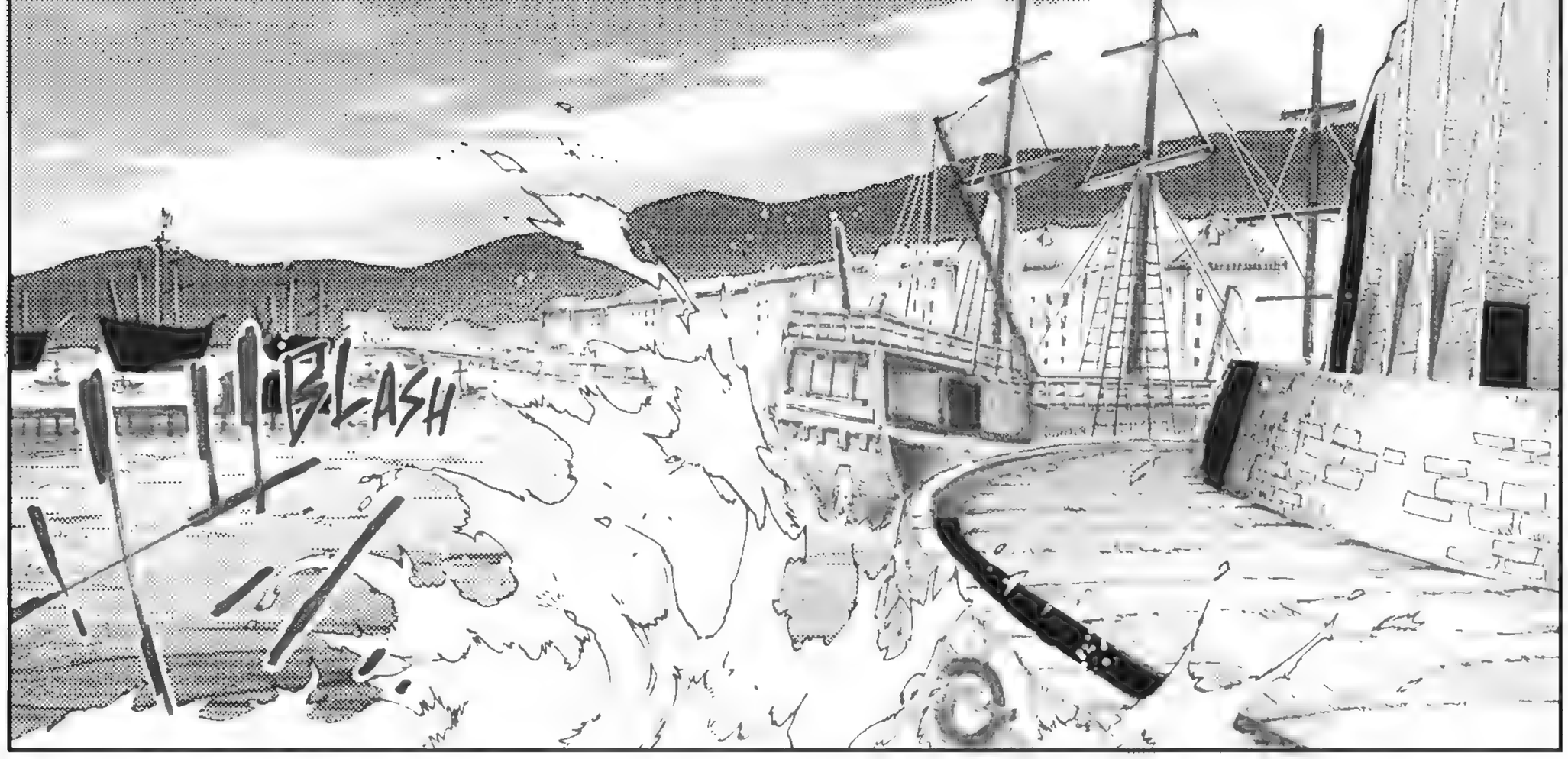
TUG

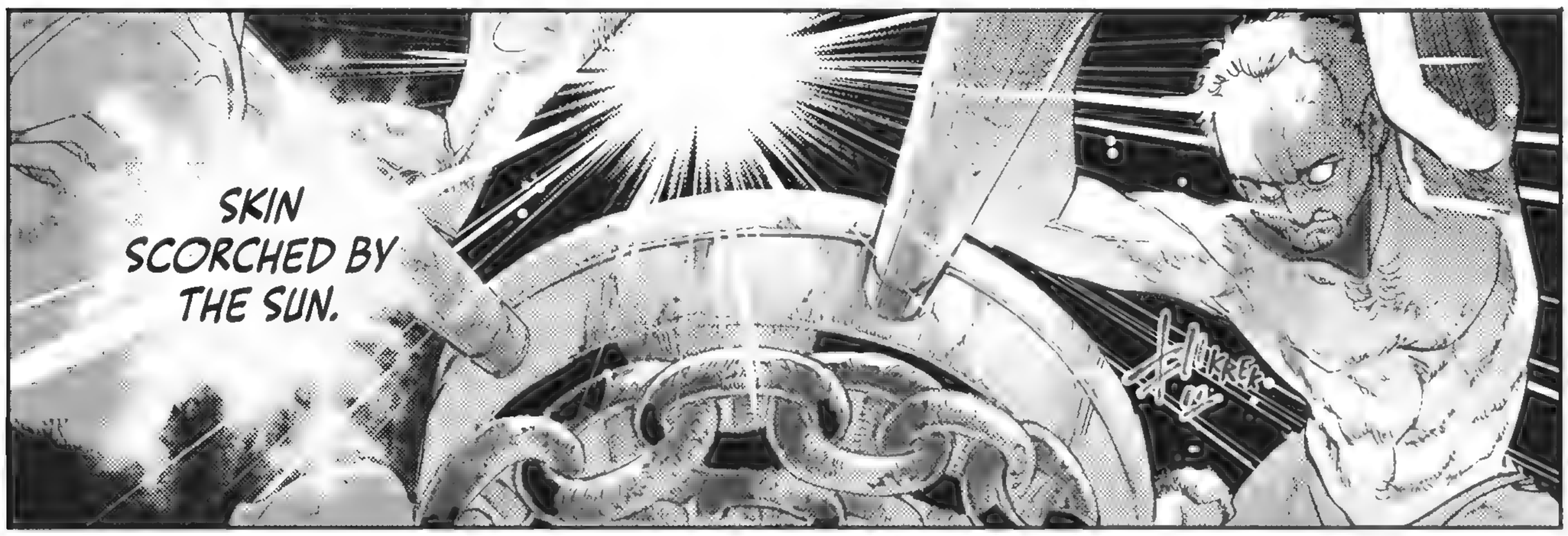
24601

PRISONER 24601.

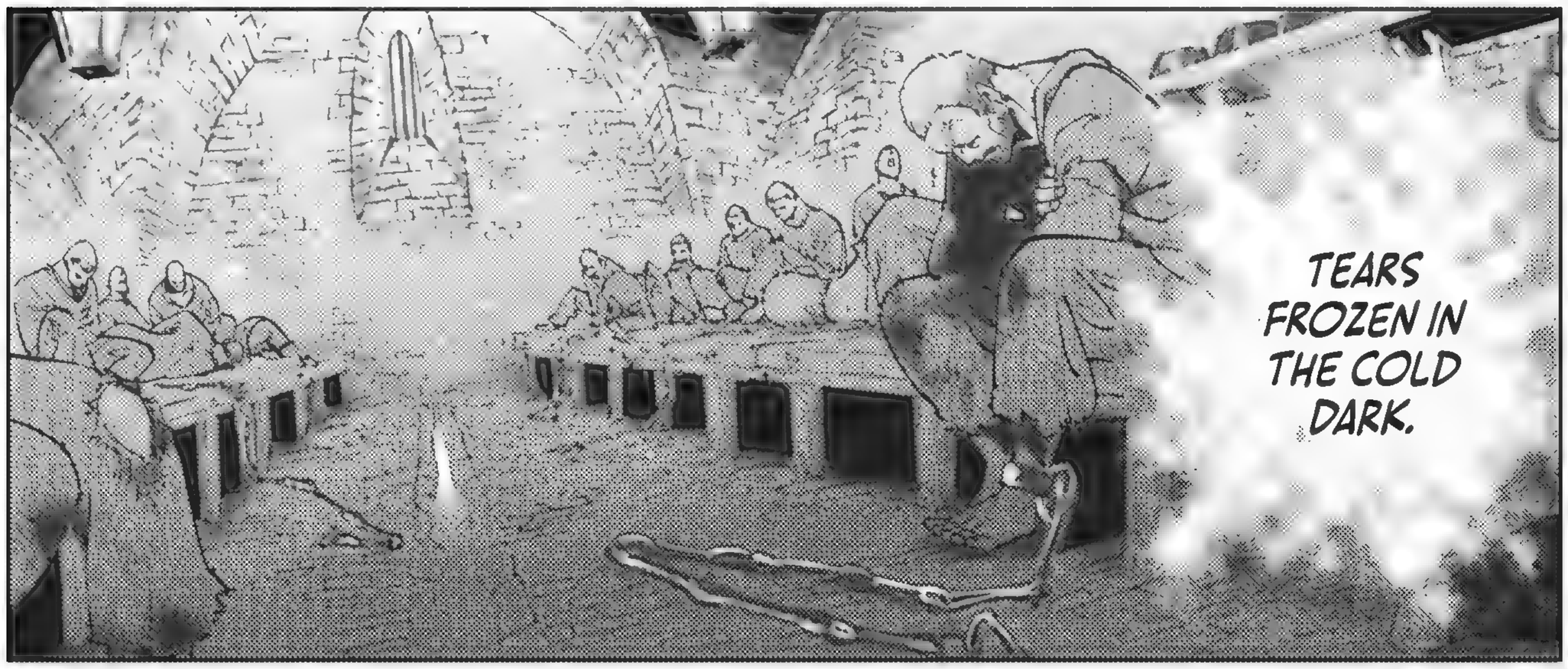
THE RUIN OF JEAN VALJEAN

BOOK 1: FANTINE


B.LASH


SKIN SCORCHED BY THE SUN.

HWOOO


TEARS FROZEN IN THE COLD DARK.

AS A HUMAN SPINE BENDS...

KLANK

UNDER TOO LOW A CEILING.

HE'S DEAD.

HE'S NOT MOVING.

EVERYTHING INSIDE SHRIVELS UP.

THE HUMAN HEART WARPS, TRAPPED BY UNHAPPINESS.

REMOVE HIM.

AND THE SOUL TWISTS TOWARD RAGE.

JEAN VALJEAN

Convict
No. 24601

MY SISTER?

WHAT OF MY FAMILY?

YOU ASK EVERY DAY. I DON'T KNOW.

ENOUGH, 24601.

HEY, YOU.

I SAID I DON'T KNOW!

MY SISTER IS JEANNE OF FAVEROLLES!

YOU'RE HER BROTHER?

JEANNE OF FAVEROLLES?

.....

I WAS IN PARIS.

OUI. JUST GOT DRAGGED HERE YESTERDAY.

YOU'RE NEW, AREN'T YOU.

YOU KNOW MY SISTER?!

SHE HAD A YOUNG BOY WITH HER, MAYBE SEVEN YEARS OLD.

THE POOR QUARTER, NEAR SAINT-SULPICE...

ON THE RUE DE GINGER.

SHE WORKED AT THE PRINTERS FROM BEFORE DAWN TO DUSK.

I'D SEE 'EM OFTEN.

THEY LIVED NEARBY.

THE BOY WASN'T ALLOWED IN THE OFFICE...

SO HE'D SIT OUTSIDE, WAITING IN THE COLD UNTIL SCHOOL OPENED.

ONCE LESSONS WERE OVER, HE'D COME BACK OUT...

AND WAIT QUIETLY FOR HIS MAMA TO FINISH WORK.

SIX?

CAN'T SAY.

ONLY EVER SAW THE ONE.

THE POOR BOY.

WHAT OF THE OTHER SIX CHILDREN?

TWSH

MAYBE THEY ALL DIED, EH?

24601!

TROMP TROMP TROMP

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

GURK

HARDLY AN UNUSUAL STORY.

WITH NO FOOD TO GO AROUND...

GUARD!

JEAN, STOP!

KLANK

SKWEEN

24601! LET HIM GO!

THE BREAD...

ALL MY FAULT...

MY FAULT...

JUST ONE MORE AND YOU CAN WALK OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE.

YOU'VE ALREADY SERVED FOUR YEARS.

DON'T BE STUPID, JEAN.

NOW, BEFORE THE LAST ONE...

MAYBE THEY ALL DIED, EH?

HARDLY AN UNUSUAL STORY.

NOW...

I HAVE TO DO SOME-THING!

HARD WOODEN BEDS.

STONE FLOORS STAINED WITH BLOOD AND PISS...

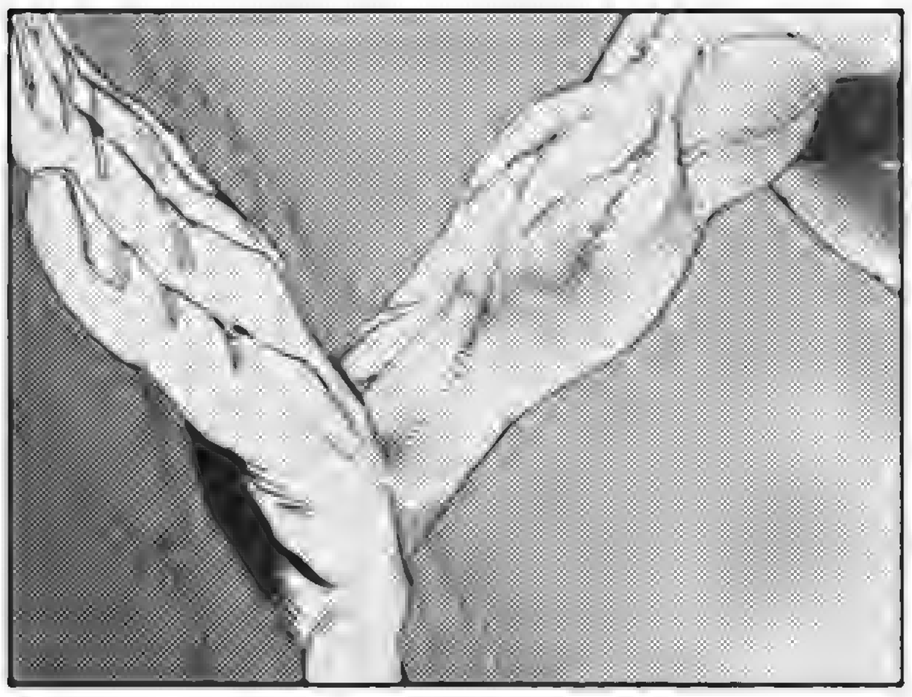
IMPRIS-ONED.

ZUSH...

UNDER THE LASH.

CHAINED LIKE AN ANIMAL.

DARKNESS GETS ITS CLAWS IN YOU.



KLANG

KLANG

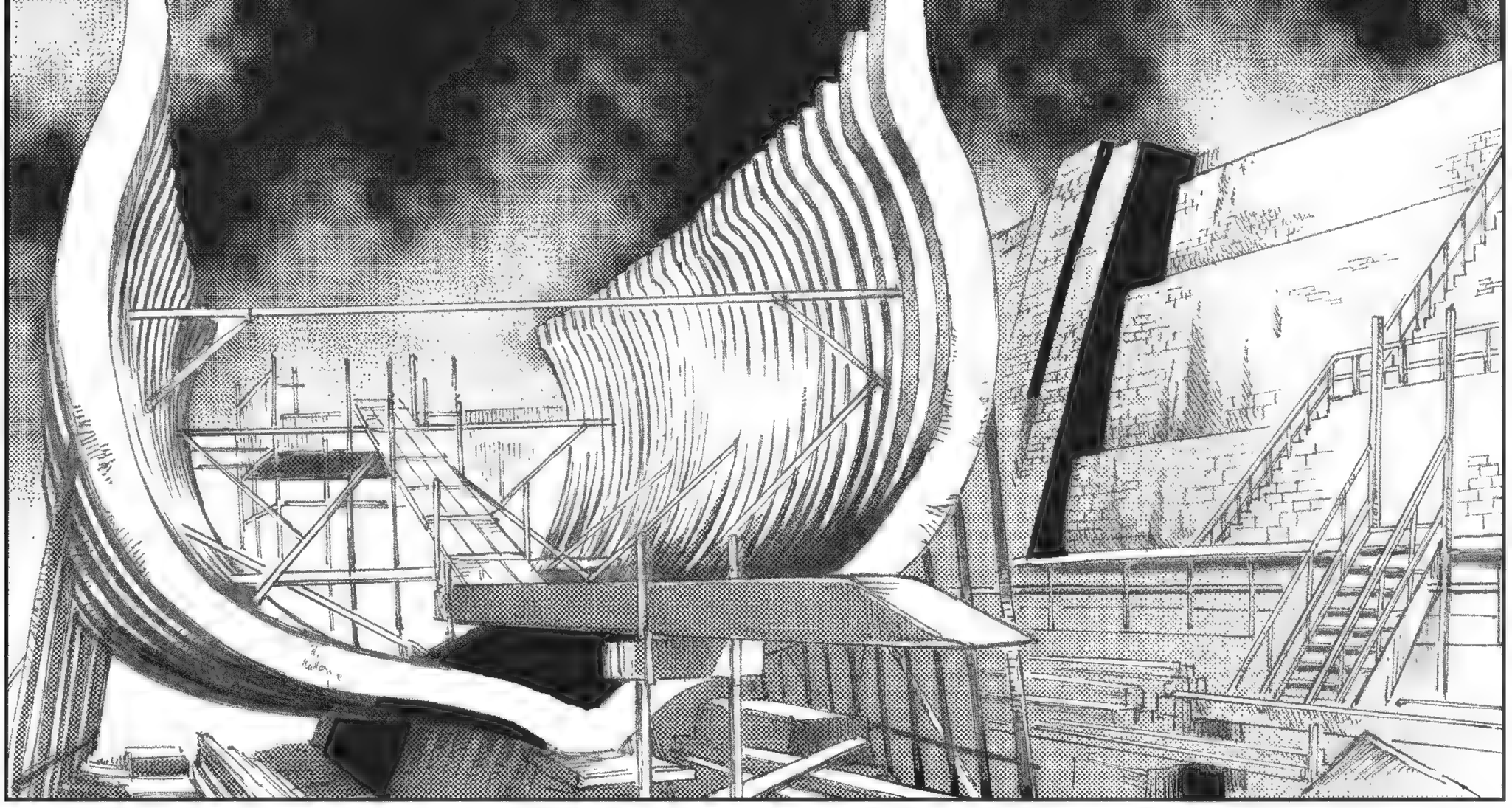
STAY ALERT!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

ONE ESCAPED!

1799. PRISONER NO. 24601 ESCAPED...
IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF HIS IMPRISONMENT.

RECAPTURED A DAY LATER, THREE YEARS WERE ADDED TO HIS SENTENCE.



1801. DURING THE SIXTH YEAR OF HIS SENTENCE,
PRISONER NO. 24601 WAS DISCOVERED MISSING AT ROLL CALL.

HE WAS FOUND LATER IN THE SHIPYARD. HE RESISTED RECAPTURE.
FIVE MORE YEARS WERE ADDED TO HIS SENTENCE, TWO IN THE DOUBLE CHAIN.

VALJEAN HAD LOST HIS REASON.

HE WAS LIKE A BEAST...

1806. ANOTHER FAILED ESCAPE... AND ANOTHER THREE YEARS.

WHO HAD BEEN CAGED TOO LONG.

1809. THIRTEEN YEARS SERVED. ANOTHER ESCAPE ATTEMPT ADDED THREE MORE.

RAGE IN HIS BREAST...

HE FELL TO THE LOWEST DEPTHS...

WHERE THE LIGHT COULD NOT FIND HIM.

THAT THE WORLD WAS-LIKE UNTO A PYRAMID...

CALLED "SOCIETY."

AT ITS BASE TOILED THE MASSES.

ABOVE THEM, THE NOBILITY LOUNGED IN COMFORT.

Jeunes faites pénitence

FURTHER UP WERE THE PRIESTS WITH THEIR GOLD CRUCIFIXES.

AND BEYOND THEM...

AFTER MUCH THOUGHT, IT SEEMED TO VALJEAN...

WAS THE SOVEREIGN, A GLEAMING CROWN UPON HIS BROW.

BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN...

THIEF! YOU STOLE BREAD!

HE WAS THE GARBAGE SOCIETY DISCARDED.

JEAN VALJEAN ALSO PERCEIVED...

THAT HE WAS NOT PART OF THE PYRAMID.

ONLY ONE LOAF! ONLY ONCE!

THAT WAS ALL!

A CRIME IS STILL A CRIME!

I DESERVE PUNISHMENT!

I DO NOT CLAIM TO BE INNOCENT!

IT WAS!

IS THIS PENALTY NOT TOO HARSH?!

BUT, FOR THE CRIME I COMMIT-TED...

WORTH THE LIVES OF SEVEN CHILDREN?!

IS A SINGLE LOAF OF BREAD...

SHOULD NOT SOCIETY BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR LETTING ITS WORKERS STARVE?!

IS THAT NOT A CRIME?!

BUT THERE WAS NO WORK TO BE HAD! NONE!

I WANTED TO WORK! GOD KNOWS I TRIED!

FOR THE UNFORTUNATES OUTSIDE IT.

Aaah!

SOCIETY CARES NOTHING...

BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER.

SOCIETY TURNS AWAY FROM OUR STRUGGLES, FROM THE WEIGHT WE BEAR UPHOLDING IT.

Ngh...

Ngh...

WE WHO HAVE NOTHING...

ARE ABANDONED BY THOSE WITH EVERY-THING.

HNNG!

HRRR ...!

MINE WAS AN ABSURD...

HRAAA...

AND CRUEL SENTENCE.

AAAAAAH!!

AAAAA
AAH!!!

THE TOWN HALL STATUE IS WOBBLING!

ONLY PRISONER 24601 IS HOLDING IT UP!

YAMMER YAMMER

HE'S THE STRENGTH OF TEN.

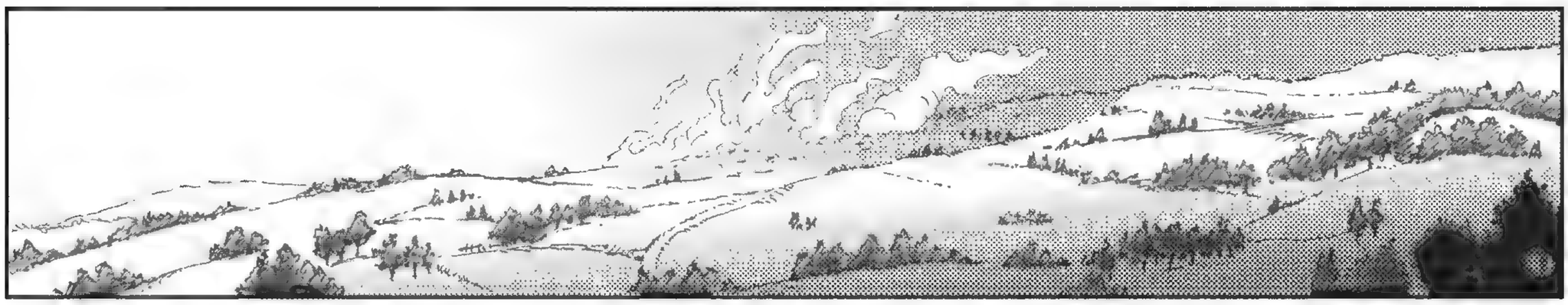
STRENGTH OF FIVE MEN? NO.

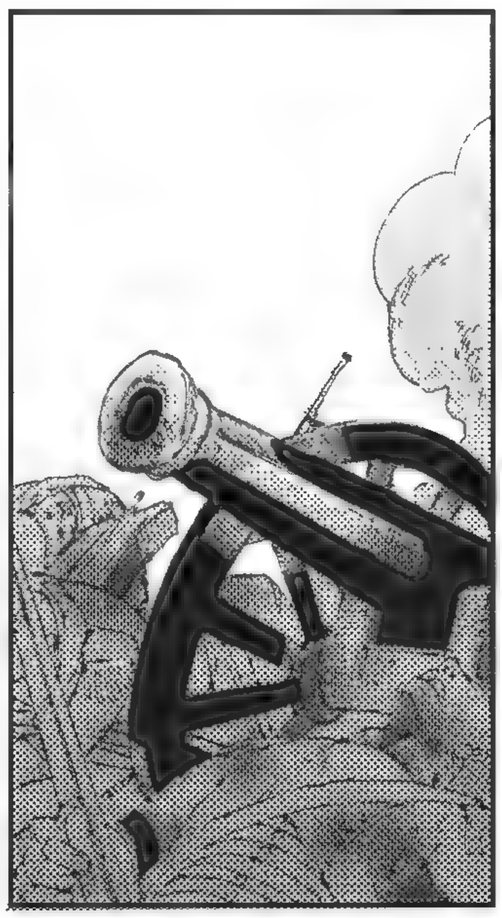
CALL ALL THE MEN YOU CAN!

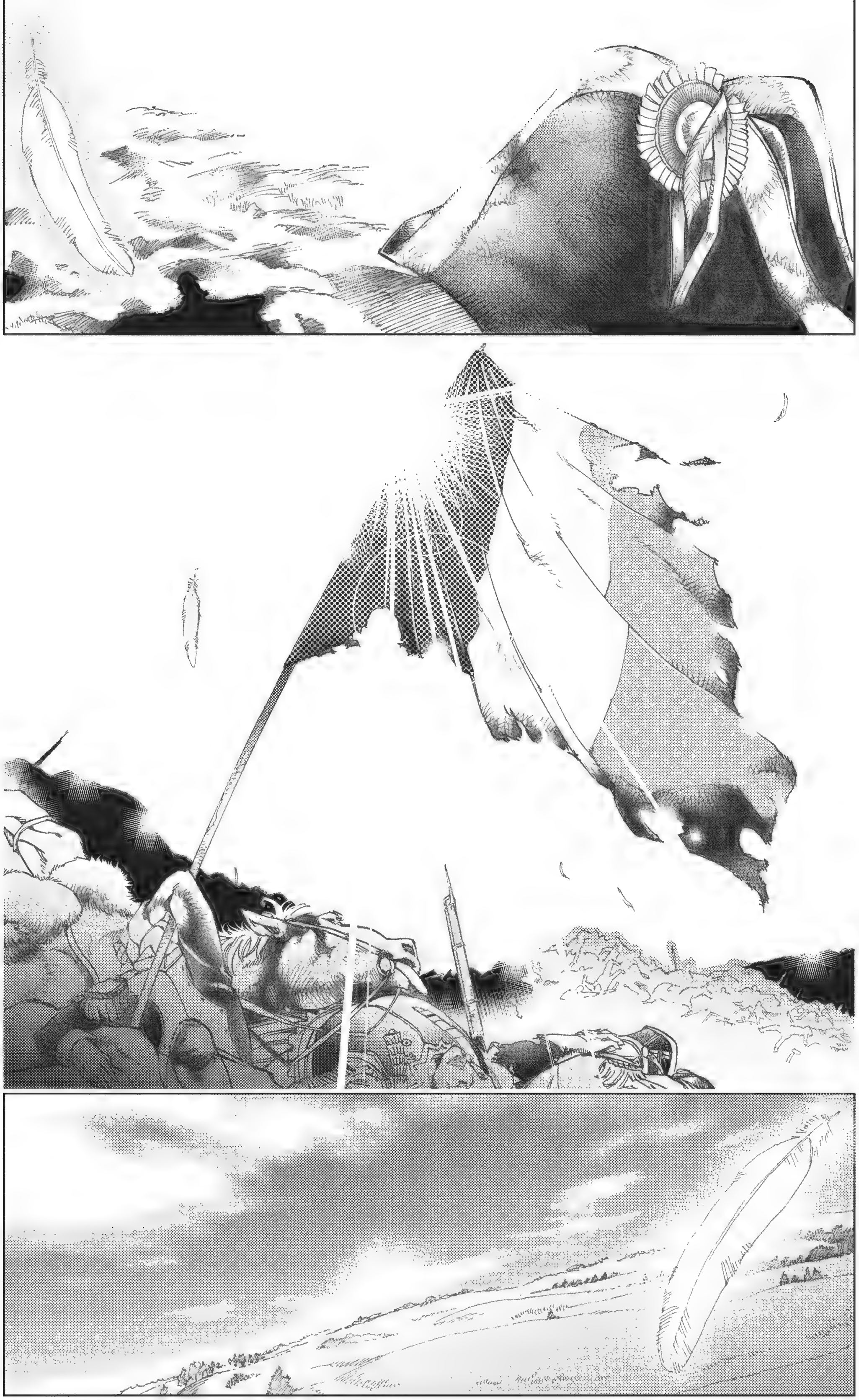
BRACE THE SCAF-FOLDS!

THAT'S JEAN LE CRIC* FOR YOU.

*"Jean the Jack," as in the device used to lift heavy objects.







1815.

YOU'RE A FREE MAN, NOW.

KLAK

WHAT? DOESN'T FEEL REAL YET?

YOUR WAGES, FOR NINETEEN YEARS OF TOIL.

TNK

ONE-HUNDRED-NINE FRANCS AND FIFTEEN SOUS.

HERE.

I EXPECT SHE'LL NEED THE MONEY.

SEND HALF TO MY SISTER IN PARIS, PLEASE.

AS A FORMER PRUNER, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE ANSWER.

WHAT HAPPENS TO ITS LEAVES AND BRANCHES?

IF YOU CUT DOWN A GREAT TREE AT ITS ROOT...

MY GOD, MAN.

YOUR SISTER?

NINETEEN YEARS.

THINK!

DO YOU REALIZE HOW LONG YOU'VE SERVED IN THE GALLEYS?

THEY WITHER WAY AND DIE...

THE LEAVES SCATTERED ON THE WIND.

WITH NO TRUNK TO NURTURE THEM...

TIME ENOUGH FOR A LONE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN TO VANISH INTO THE DARKNESS.

NINETEEN YEARS.

NOR THE PAVING STONES OF PARIS.

NOT THE CHURCH BELLS OF FAVE-ROLLES...

NO ONE WILL REMEMBER THEIR NAMES.

DON'T THROW YOUR MONEY AWAY.

SO...

I'VE NO ONE IN THE WORLD?

IT'S UNLIKELY.

TRY NOT TO BE ANY MORE OF A NUISANCE TO SOCIETY THAN YOU'VE BEEN.

EVEN SO...

I KNOW YOU TOOK CLASSES AT THE PRISON SCHOOL.

READ IT.

WHY IS IT YELLOW?

I CAN SEE THAT.

YOUR PASSPORT.

"SERVED A SENTENCE OF NINETEEN YEARS.

"FIVE YEARS FOR THEFT...

"AND FOUR-TEEN YEARS FOR FOUR ESCAPE ATTEMPTS.

"RELEASED CONVICT.

"JEAN VALJEAN.

"THIS MAN IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS."

THWAK

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU BREAK THE LAW!

TP TP

YOU COMMITTED A CRIME!

YOU STOLE FROM AN HONEST MAN!

WHAT? DISSATISFIED?

WAP

EVERYONE MUST KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

GO TO THE TOWN OFFICE AND PRESENT IT!

WHEREVER YOU GO, YOU MUST SHOW THIS PASSPORT.

IT WILL KEEP YOU SEPARATE FROM HONEST CITIZENS.

THE MARK OF A CONVICT!

YOU'LL CARRY IT FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

STMP

THIS IS THE RESULT OF YOUR CHOICE.

YOU STOLE THAT BREAD!

WHAT DO I CARE OF THAT?!

YOUR SISTER VANISHED?

HER CHILDREN DIED?

IT WILL BE THE GALLOWS!

IT WON'T BE IMPRISONMENT FOR YOU...

YANK

GO AHEAD. TRY SOMETHING!

HEH!

GUARDS! TOSS THIS FILTH OUT INTO THE STREET!

SIR!

WAS WHAT I DID REALLY SO EVIL?!

AM
I..

SO
WRETCHED?

BEGGING FOR PITY? TCH.

YOU MAKE ME SICK.

FILTH.

KREEEE

GA KLUNK!

IT'S GONE.

HOME?

WHERE AM I TO GO?

WITH NOTHING...

BUT DESPAIR WEIGHING ME DOWN.

HOW AM I TO LIVE?

I...

I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THEIR FACES...

NINETEEN YEARS

ALL GONE.

WHO ON EARTH ...

MAY SUFFER ETERNAL JUDG-MENT-- FOR ONE MISTAKE?

WHY IS THIS...

HAPPEN-ING TO ME?

THE LAW.

DAMN THE LAW!

SOCIETY. WHAT CREATED IT?

DAMN SOCIETY!

WHAT CREATED SOCIETY?

THE WORLD.

GOD HIMSELF.

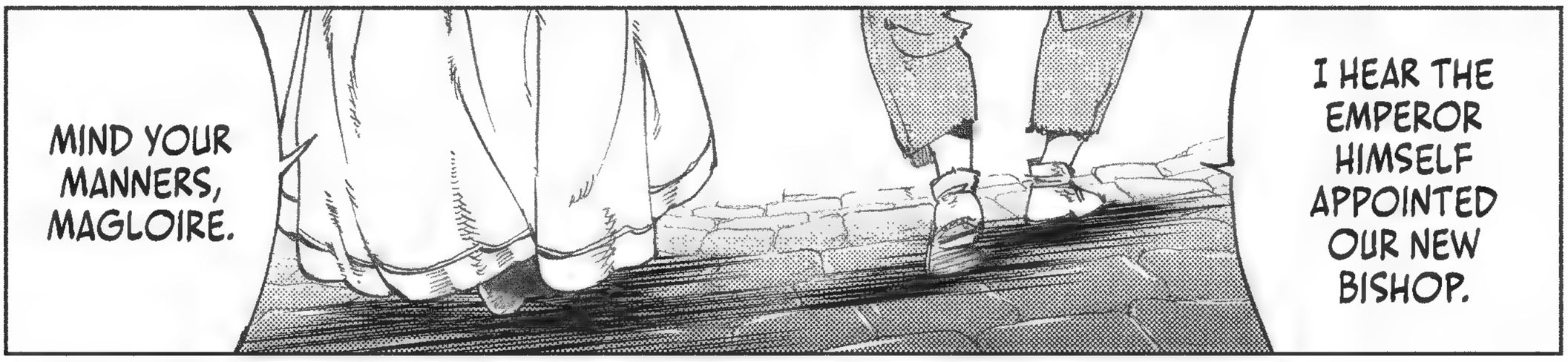
MANKIND.

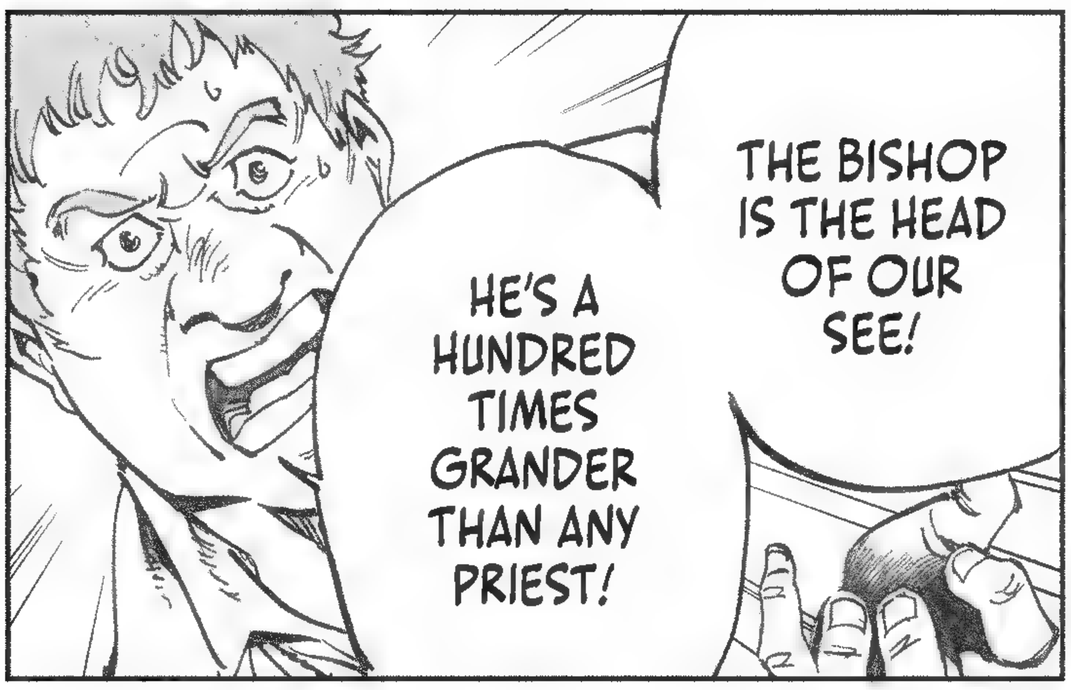
DAMN YOU ALL!

LES MISÉRABLES

LES MISÉRABLES

CHAPTER 2: Myriel the Benevolent





CHAPTER 2
Myriel the Benevolent

HE'S NOT WHAT I THOUGHT HE'D BE.

OH MY.

HE'S EVEN SHORTER THAN ME.

WHAT AN ADORABLE MAN!

YES, MY BROTHER?

BAPTISTINE.

WHAT A SPLENDID BUILDING.

LOOK.

IT'S ONLY FITTING FOR YOUR RESIDENCE, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

A PLEA-SURE.

AH. SO YOU'RE MADAME MAGLOIRE.

MY NAME IS MAGLOIRE, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

IT'S MY HONOR TO SERVE YOU.

YOU WON'T FIND A GRANDER BUILDING IN ALL DIGNE.

THE PALACE IS OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF WORK TO KEEP IT TIDY...

BUT YOU CAN COUNT ON ME.

WHY, SEVEN--**SEVEN!**--VERY IMPORTANT BISHOPS ONCE HELD A BANQUET HERE!

?

GRIN GRIN

EXCELLENCY, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER SOON.

THANK YOU, EXCELLENCY...

DO YOU REALLY WISH TO TRADE YOUR PALACE FOR OUR HUMBLE HOSPITAL?

KOFF KOFF

COULD HOUSE A FAMILY OF FOUR.

TWENTY-SIX PATIENTS WERE PACKED INTO A BUILDING THAT, AT MOST...

BUT...

PLEASE, DOCTOR. ENOUGH OF THIS "EXCELLENCY" BUSINESS.

WERE PUT IN A BUILDING THAT CAN HOLD SIXTY.

EVEN AS THREE OLD FOLKS...

FORTUNATELY, MISTAKES CAN BE CORRECTED...

THAT STRIKES ME AS A MISTAKE.

AND THIS MAKES A BETTER HOSPITAL THAN A PALACE.

IS THIS REALLY ALL YOU BROUGHT, MADAME?

OH YES.

TO BE A BISHOP AND HAVE SO LITTLE...

OHO HO.

THIS SILVER IS SPLENDID, MADAME.

AND THESE CANDLESTICKS ARE MAGNIFICENT.

IN THAT TINY, CRAMPED YARD?

MUTR MUTR

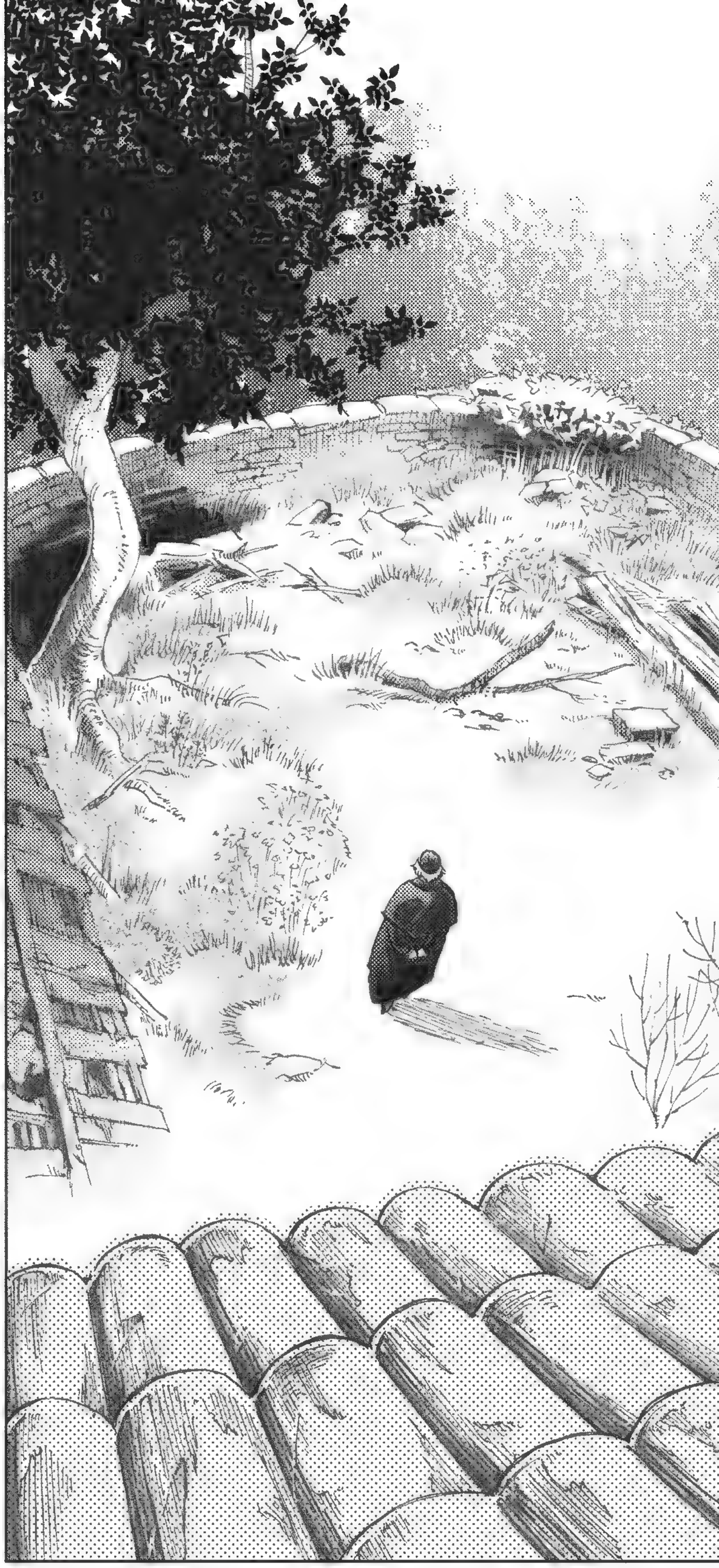
THE PALACE'S GARDENS WERE A DOZEN TIMES MORE SPACIOUS ...

HE'S ALWAYS ENJOYED A PLEASANT STROLL.

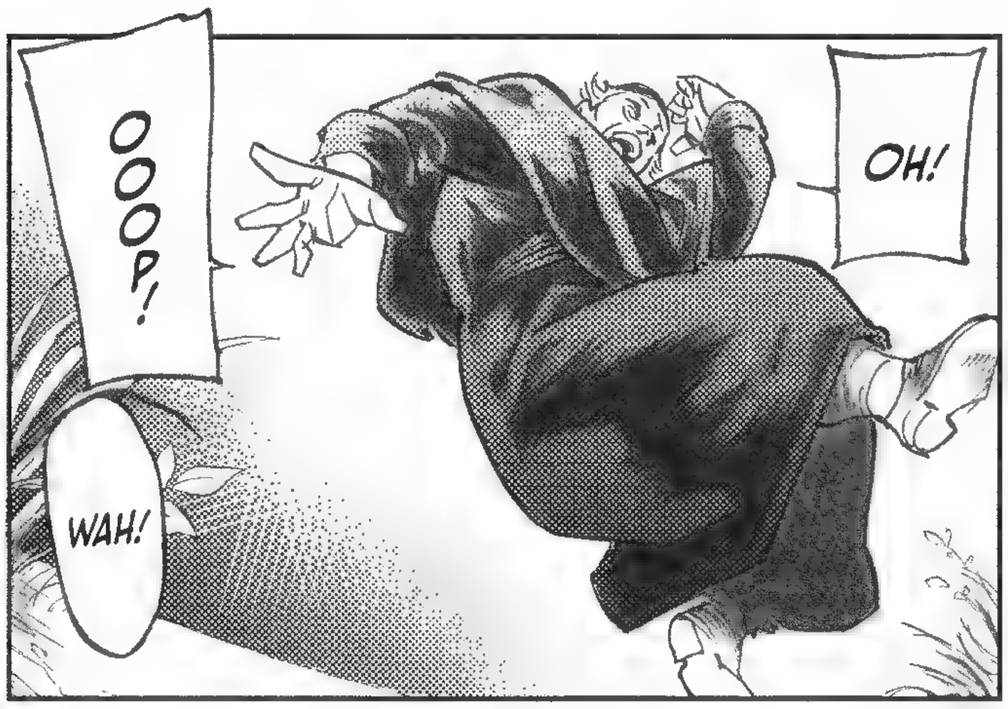
WHERE IS HIS GRACE?

I DON'T KNOW. THE GARDEN, PERHAPS?

SIGH



THUD


OOOP!
WAH!
OH!

WHAT A GLORIOUS SKY.

HA HA HA HA!

LOOK UP, INDEED.

HERE'S THE HOUSEHOLD BUDGET.

THIS IS HOW I'D LIKE THEM DISPOSED.

I RECEIVE A GOVERNMENT STIPEND OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND FRANCS.

EH?

NOW LET'S SEE...

MY WORD... A BISHOP'S INCOME IS VERY GRAND INDEED!

FIFTEEN HUNDRED TO SUPPORT THE LADIES' SOCIETIES OFFERING FREE LESSONS TO POOR GIRLS...

TWO THOUSAND FOR THE AMELIORATION OF PRISONS AND THE RELIEF OF PRISONERS...

FIFTEEN HUNDRED TO THE SEMINARY...

SIX THOUSAND IN ALMS TO THE POOR...

ANOTHER TWO TO SUPPLEMENT THE SALARIES OF THE DIOCESE'S POOR TEACHERS...

ONE THOUSAND TO MISSIONARY GROUPS AND OTHER CHARITABLE SOCIETIES...

YES THERE IS. A THOUSAND FRANCS.

TOGETHER WITH BAPTISTINE'S YEARLY INCOME OF FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS, HOUSE-HOLD EXPENSES WILL BE COVERED.

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT!

YOU...

YOU'RE GIVING IT ALL AWAY?

YOUR GRACE...

MINOR FUNCTIONARIES IN DIGNE SPEND MORE THAN THAT A YEAR!

A MERE FIFTEEN HUNDRED, SIR...?

THE TOWN PAYS FOR A CARRIAGE FOR YOUR TRANSPORT! THREE THOUSAND A YEAR!

I ALMOST FORGOT!

OHO!

OH, WAIT! YOUR CARRIAGE EXPENSES!

SUCH AN AUSTERE LIFE FOR A BISHOP...!

MAKING THAT STRETCH FOR THREE PEOPLE...

SIGH

I SEE, I SEE.

COME TO THINK OF IT, I DO HAVE A CONFERENCE COMING WHICH WILL REQUIRE A TRIP.

THE PREVIOUS BISHOP DID!

YOU WILL CLAIM IT, MONSEIGNEUR?

YES, SIR!

Ho! Ho!

TO THE BEST USE.

LET'S PUT THOSE THREE THOUSAND FRANCS...

THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME, MAGLOIRE.

THANK GOODNESS! A PROPER SUM AT LAST!

IF WE ADD THOSE FRANCS TO THE BUDGET...

HM. HM.

LORD CHARLES BRÛLART DE GENLIS...

ARCHBISHOP OF EMBRUN...

LORD ANTOINE DE MESGRIGNY! CAPUCHIN, BISHOP OF GRASSE!

LORD JEAN SOANEN! PRIEST OF THE ORATORY, SEIGNOR OF SENEZ!

HAS ARRIVED!

A BISHOP? HIM?

TRULY?!

AND THE BISHOP OF DIGNE!

HAS ARRIVED!

KLOP

KLOP

LORD CHARLES FRANÇOIS MYRIEL...

KLOP KLOP

MYRIEL AGAIN...

GRIT

LOOK AT HIS DRESS...

SUCH SHABBY ATTIRE!

A DONKEY?

WHAT OF HIS CARRIAGE? HIS ATTENDANTS?

HAVE YOU BEEN WELL?

GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN.

A TOTAL OF THREE THOUSAND FRANCS.

AND A THOUSAND FOR ABANDONED AND ORPHANED CHILDREN.

FIVE HUNDRED TO TWO OTHER CHARITIES.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED FRANCS TO SUPPLY MEAT BROTH TO HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

NOK NOK

OHO HO.

HE GAVE HIS ENTIRE CARRIAGE ALLOWANCE AS ALMS, TOO?

CHARLES!

YOUR GRACE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?!

YOU WERE TO BE GONE ANOTHER WEEK!

THE MEETING PROVED POINTLESS, SO I LEFT.

BESIDES, MY PRESENCE DID LITTLE BEYOND ANGERING THE OTHERS.

IT'S BECAUSE I WAS SO BRAZEN AS TO ARRIVE BY LORD JESUS CHRIST'S OWN CONVEYANCE, A DONKEY.

OH! OR PERHAPS ...

HA HA!

I LACK A BISHOP'S "PROPER DIGNITY."

MY CLOTHES ARE SHABBY AND UN-SEEMLY, I SUPPOSE.

SUCH WEALTH, WHILE POVERTY EXISTS JUST OUTSIDE THE CHURCH'S DOORS.

EMBROIDERED ROBES. FANCY CARRIAGES. LUSH CARPETS.

OH YES. MAGLOIRE, PLEASE DO NOT BAR THE DOORS AT NIGHT.

THEY CAN COME TO US FOR HELP AT ANY HOUR.

SO THAT SHOULD ANYONE BE IN NEED...

WHY, YOUR GRACE?

...!

IF GOD CHOOSES NOT TO PROTECT ME...

A BRIGAND COULD MURDER YOU.

WHAT MIGHT A LOCKED DOOR DO?

WHAT HAVE WE TO FEAR?

BUT ISN'T THAT RECKLESS?

I'VE NOTHING WORTH STEALING.

A THIEF MIGHT STEAL YOUR PROP-ERTY.

THERE'S NO PLACE FOR FEAR OR DOUBT.

PEOPLE MUST LOVE ONE OTHER.

DON'T FRET.

NONE SHALL BE TURNED AWAY.

MON-SEIGNEUR BIENVENU!

MON-SEIGNEUR BIENVENU!

NOT FROM HERE?

THEN YOU WOULDN'T KNOW.

WHAT'S THIS?

"SIR WELCOME"? ODD NAME FOR A PRIEST.

THAT GENTLEMAN IS OUR BISHOP.

BUT HE IS LARGE OF HEART.

THE PRIDE OF DIGNE! HE MAY BE SHORT OF STATURE...

MAKES FOR A GOOD TALE TO TAKE HOME WITH YOU, EH?

BISHOP ?!

THAT SHORT, SHABBY FELLOW?!

AH YES, YES. RIGHT AWAY.

Ha ha ha ha!

THIS "GIANT" CAN'T REACH THE LOWEST BRANCH OF THAT TREE.

Boing

Boing

MIGHT SOMEONE FETCH ME A CHAIR?

Hullo!

HE'S A GIANT AMONG MEN.

MY BROTHER GIVES EVERY-THING TO THE SICK AND THE POOR...

LEAVING NOTHING EXTRA FOR US.

ARE NOT MEANT FOR HIM...

HE KNOWS THE GIFTS OF THE WORLD...

BUT TO PRESERVE THE SOULS OF ALL.

BUT WE'VE WOOD FOR THE HEARTH AND OIL FOR OUR LAMPS...

SO I AM CONTENT.

I REMEMBER LAST YEAR...

THE TRAIL PASSED THROUGH THE TERRITORY OF FRIGHTFUL BANDITS WHO'D EVEN STOLEN FROM A CATHEDRAL.

BUT...

CHARLES WENT ALL ALONE TO VISIT...

A TINY MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

WE TRIED TO TELL HIM IT WAS DANGER-OUS.

THE BANDITS WOULD KILL HIM.

HE WOULD NOT LISTEN.

KKEK

FIFTEEN DAYS PASSED WITH NO WORD.

WE FEARED HIM DEAD...

AT THE BANDITS' HANDS. BUT--

THEY GAVE ME THE CATHEDRAL'S TREASURES.

WHAT?!

I MET THE BANDITS.

CHARLES! YOU'RE ALIVE!

WE WERE SO WORRIED!

WITH ALL THE FINE ACCOUTREMENTS OF A PROPER CHURCH.

THEY ASKED ME TO RECITE A *TE DEUM* FOR THEM IN THEIR POOR VILLAGE...

TO RETURN THEM TO THE CATHE-DRAL...

OR TO DONATE THEM TO THE POOR.

THAT IS CERTAINLY A QUESTION...

BUT ONE THAT DOESN'T REQUIRE MUCH THOUGHT.

NO. NOT THE DEVIL.

YOU MEAN WITH THE TREASURE THEY STOLE?

THAT'S THE WORK OF THE DEVIL!

.....

IT'S THE WORK OF GOD.

THE TREA-SURES.

WHAT OF THEM?

THE CHAPLAIN'S SURROGATE?! BAH!

AND A SURROGATE WAS NEEDED TO STAND VIGIL AT A MAN'S EXECUTION.

A TOWN'S PRISON CHAPLAIN FELL SICK...

ON ANOTHER DAY, THIS HAPPENED.

THAT ISN'T MY JOB IN THE FIRST PLACE!

KLIK

SLAM!

WHAT CARE I FOR THAT MAN TO BE BEHEADED?! HE'S CONDEMNED!

INDEED, MONSEIGNEUR BIENVENU.

THE PRIEST SAID THAT?

IT IS NOT HIS JOB TO ATTEND THE MAN.

KTUNK

Sigh...

!!

THE PRIEST DOES HAVE A POINT.

THE DATE OF HIS EXECUTION GROWS CLOSER.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

CHARLES WENT TO THE PRISON.

HE CALLED THE CONDEMNED MAN'S NAME, AND TOOK HIS HAND.

IT'S MINE.

ON THE BRINK OF DYING IN DESPAIR, THE POOR MAN'S SOUL FOUND SERENITY.

MY BROTHER HELPED HIM SEE THE LIGHT OF GOD.

TOGETHER THEY PRAYED...

AND HE BLESSED HIM.

THE EXECUTION SHOCKED HIM PROFOUNDLY.

TO THIS DAY WHENEVER HE TRAVELS, HE AVOIDS THAT FATEFUL TOWN.

HUMANITY DISPENSES DEATH AS IF IT WERE THEIR RIGHT. WHY?

YET MAN JUDGES MAN.

UP UNTIL THE FATEFUL MOMENT THE GUILLOTINE'S BLADE FELL.

THE MAN REMAINED AT PEACE...

DEATH IS THE PROVINCE OF GOD ALONE.

HE WILL BE FOUND AT THE SIDE...

OF THE MAN WHO LOST HIS WIFE.

OF THE MOTHER WHO LOST HER CHILD.

THEY AREN'T FOR THE DEAD.

THEY ARE FOR THE LIVING.

MY BROTHER'S PRAYERS, HIS FAITH...

HE'LL SAY TO THEM, "LOOK UP."

BUT...

THEIR EYES DOWN-CAST.

HE'LL STAND WITH THEM AT THE GRAVES...

"YOUR BELOVED'S SOUL HAS ASCENDED TO HEAVEN...

"AND NOW WATCHES OVER US FROM GOD'S EMBRACE."

"BEHOLD THE STARS.

MY BROTHER IS NOT A GENIUS.

HE DOESN'T THINK TO STUDY GOD...

TO DISSECT HIS NATURE...

OR UNDERSTAND HIM ABSOLUTELY.

THOUGH WE CANNOT TOUCH THE STARS, WE CAN SEE THEIR BEAUTY.

WHAT MORE DO WE NEED?

FOR MY BROTHER, ACTION IS ENOUGH.

I DO BELIEVE CHARLES CHOSE TO WALK THE SIMPLEST PATH.

BUT...

I CAN'T SAY I UNDER-STAND.

THE PATH OF SAVING THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

THAT I MAY LIVE BY THE SIDE OF SUCH A MAN...

IS THE GREATEST BLESSING OF MY LIFE.

SINCERELY...

YOUR FRIEND BAPTISTINE.

I PRAY THAT YOU ARE WELL.

AS I'VE REACHED THE END OF THIS PAPER, I MUST NOW LIFT MY PEN.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT, MAGLOIRE.

GOOD NIGHT, BAPTISTINE.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT.

1815. The border of Digne.

SHOW YOUR PAPERS!

PAPERS, PLEASE!

I NEED TO SEE YOUR PASS-PORTS!

QUICKLY NOW!

GOOD.

GOOD.

OUI.

ARE ALL THESE MEN DAY LABORERS?

RUSTL

HM?

WHERE'S YOUR PAPERS?

YELLOW PAPERS?

MURMUR

THEY'RE YELLOW.

TINK

IT'S MORE THAN YOU DESERVE.

THIS IS LESS THAN YOU PROMISED.

.....

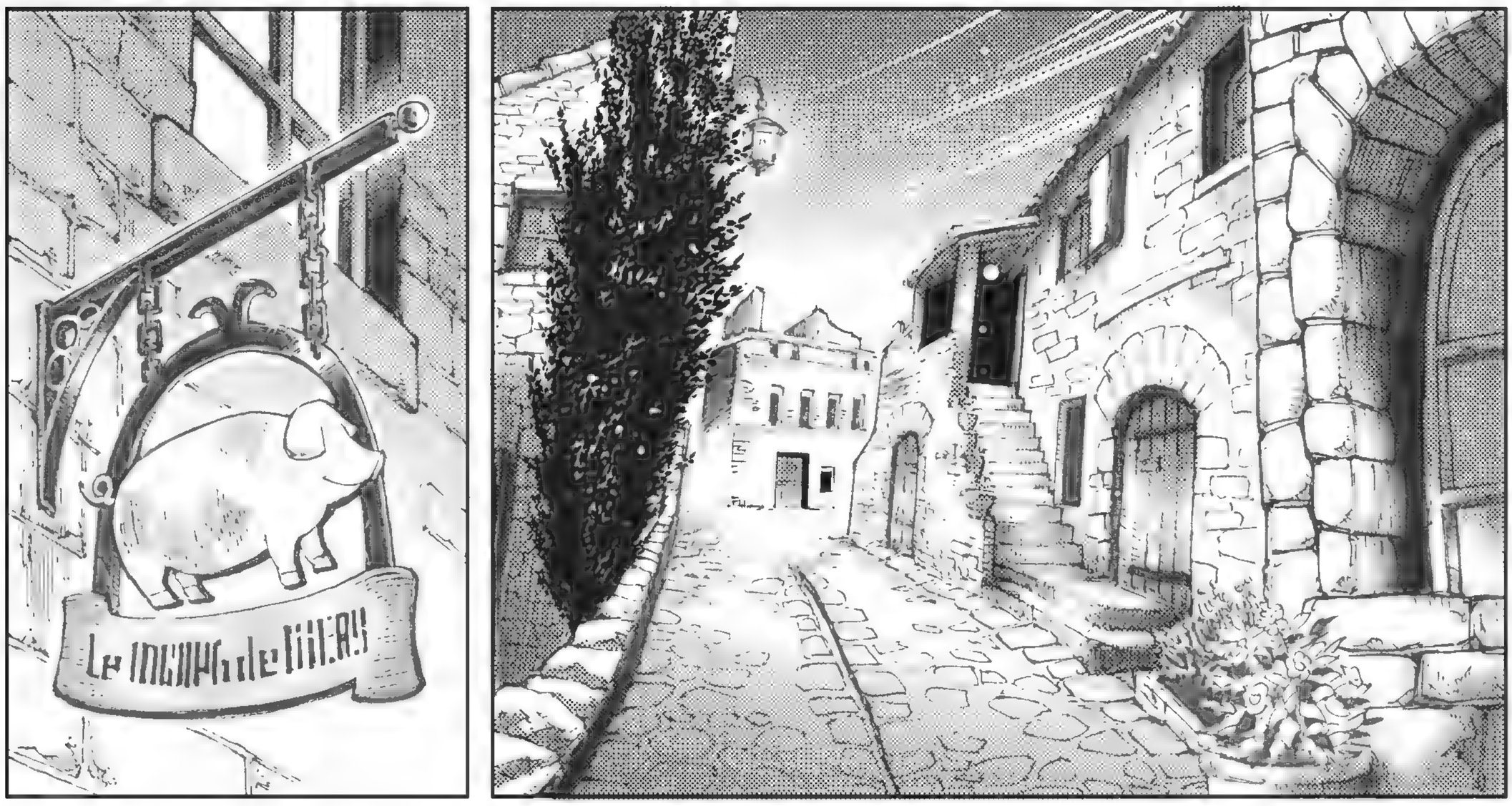
GET LOST!!

I DID MORE WORK THAN ANY THREE OF YOUR OTHER MEN!

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE HIRED A CONVICT!

QUIET, YOU SCUM!

YEE ....!


Le Moulin de Lilas

SORRY. WE'RE FULL UP.

FOOD'S ALL SPOKEN FOR. DON'T GOT EXTRA.

THEN JUST A MEAL, PLEASE.

WE'VE NOTHING FOR CONVICTS HERE!

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

IF YOU'VE NO ROOMS, A CORNER OF THE LOFT WILL DO.

TUNK

IS IT MONEY? I CAN PAY. HERE.

ENOUGH!

I'VE WALKED TWELVE LEAGUES IN THIS COLD WITH NOTHING TO EAT!

AT LEAST GIVE ME A BOWL OF SOUP!

GET OUT OF OUR TOWN!

THIEF!

CRIMI-NAL!

Rdd ahh!!

QUIVER

QUIVER

KYAA!

Waaah!

I SAW HIM GO INTO THE TOWN HALL.

I SAW HIM AT THE GATE.

THAT'S HIM. I KNOW IT.

HE MUST BE THE ONE.

MURMUR

MURMUR

SEND WORD TO THE OTHER TAVERNS!

WHAT A FRIGHTFUL FACE!

TELL THEM TO BEWARE!

EXCUSE ME, GOOD MAN.

I'LL PAY GOOD MONEY. MIGHT I STAY THE NIGHT?

PLEASE.

GET INSIDE. QUICKLY!

DEAR, COULD THAT BE...

SLAM

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU CRIMINAL!

SCRAM!

SHWIK

GUARD.

COULD I SHELTER HERE, JUST FOR TONIGHT?

IF YOU WANT IN...

THE PRISON'S NO HOTEL.

GURGL

SHWAK

KLK

THEN GET ARRESTED.

SHIVER

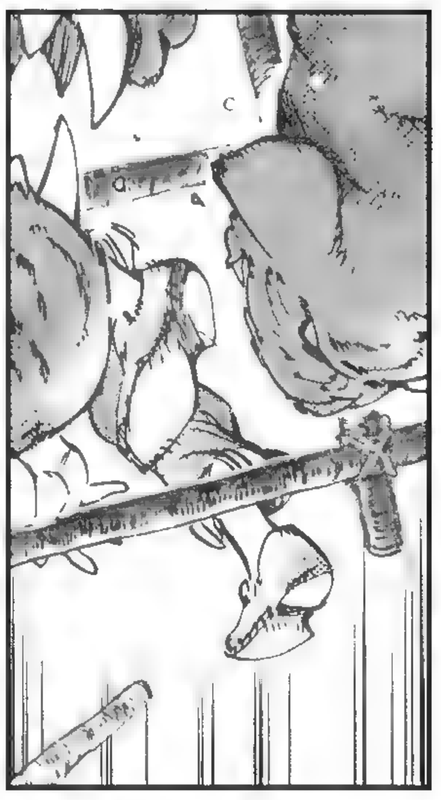
SHIVER

TMP

RURRR...

I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PASS THE NIGHT HERE.

AAH. THERE'S GOOD STRAW.



HA HA HA HA...

HA...

AM I LOWER THAN EVEN A DOG, NOW...?

SO...

I'VE NO ONE IN THE WORLD?

TRY NOT TO BE...

BEGGING FOR PITY? TCH.

ANY MORE OF A NUISANCE TO SOCIETY.

I TOOK A LOAF OF BREAD TO FEED MY STARVING FAMILY.

BUT THE LAW...

SOCIETY...

GOD...

Life Sentence

WILL NOT FORGIVE ME THAT SIN UNTIL I DIE.

TWITCH

HULLO?

YOU THERE.

YOU CAN'T SLEEP THERE. YOU'LL FREEZE.

I KNOW.

LEAVE ME BE.

NIGHT HERE IN THE ALPS CAN BE HARSH.

OH DEAR.

I'M AFRAID I'VE NO COIN.

SHUFFLE

SAVE YOUR KINDNESS FOR OTHERS.

YOU'RE A GOOD WOMAN.

OH MY!

THEY ALL RAN ME OFF.

SEVERAL TIMES. I DID.

OH MY.

IF YOU HAVEN'T THE COIN FOR THE INN...

YOU COULD ASK SOME-ONE TO LET YOU STAY A NIGHT.

I GOT THE SAME ANSWER. SO HERE I AM.

EVERY DOOR I KNOCKED ON...

FLOP

DO YOU SEE NOW? LEAVE ME BE.

ENOUGH!

LEAVE OFF!!

DID YOU...

WHAT OF THAT ONE, THERE?

MONSIEUR, DID YOU VISIT EVERY HOUSE?

WHY NOT GO KNOCK ON THAT DOOR, *HM?*

CHARLES?

HM?

OH, I'M SORRY.

DID YOU HEAR WHAT MAGLOIRE SAID?

I HEARD THE RUMORS WHEN I WENT TO THE MARKET!

IS THAT SO?

EVERYONE WAS TALKING ABOUT IT! IT MUST BE TRUE!

I'LL TELL THIS STORY AS OFTEN AS I MUST!

WELL I'LL SAY IT AGAIN!

HE'S UNKEMPT, RUDE, AND HAS AN EVIL LOOK IN HIS EYE!

OHO HO!

THEY SAY A TERRIBLE CONVICT HAS COME TO DIGNE!

I'M NOT CONCERNED.

ME?

I'M SURE MADAME IS UNEASY...

I FEEL LIKE...

SOMETHING HORRIBLE WILL HAPPEN TONIGHT.

Hahaha!

.....

I FEEL PERFECTLY SAFE WITH CHARLES HERE.

EVEN SHOULD THE DEVIL HIMSELF KNOCK ON OUR DOOR...

MNN ...

ARE YOU LISTENING?!

MON-SEIGNEUR! PLEASE!

I KNOW YOU WISH TO HELP EVERY-ONE...

BUT FOR TONIGHT, PLEASE...!

EVEN IF ONLY FOR TONIGHT!

TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS, I THINK WE OUGHT TO BAR THE DOOR!

ANYWAY, MON-SEIGNEUR!

HEM!

HN!

BAM

BAM

!

EEP!

BAM

BAM

!!

COME IN.

FWOOO

LES MISÉRABLES

LES MISÉRABLES

CHAPTER 3: Lament

COME IN.

CHAPTER 3: Lament

KREEE

KREK

FWOOO

TP

SHUF

CORRECT?

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS YELLOW PASSPORT MEANS.

OH!

RELEASED FROM TOULON, I'VE SPENT FOUR DAYS WALKING THIS FAR.

MAGLOIRE.

I... I...

IF I HAVE TO GO FURTHER ...

I WALKED TWELVE LEAGUES TODAY.

I'M TIRED DOWN TO MY VERY BONES.

HUH?!

SET ANOTHER PLACE AT THE TABLE, PLEASE.

I'M A CONVICT JUST RELEASED FROM THE GALLEYS!

WAIT A MINUTE!

YOU DO KNOW WHAT THIS IS, RIGHT?!

LISTEN. THIS IS WHAT'S WRITTEN.

I LEARNED IN JAIL!

I'LL READ IT TO YOU!

PERHAPS...

YOU CAN'T READ?!

"HE IS AN EXTREMELY DANGEROUS MAN."

"FOURTEEN YEARS FOR FOUR ESCAPE ATTEMPTS.

"FIVE YEARS FOR HOUSE-BREAKING AND THEFT.

"IMPRIS-ONED IN BAGNE DE TOULON FOR NINETEEN YEARS.

MAGLOIRE.

PLEASE PREPARE A BED AS WELL..

SO WHY AREN'T YOU?!

EVERY INN AND HOUSE IN THIS TOWN!

EVERYONE TURNS ME AWAY!

HERE. A GUEST'S SEAT...

OUGHT TO BE CLOSEST TO THE HEARTH.

ONCE YOU'VE EATEN, GOOD SIR...

A BED WILL BE READY FOR YOU.

I'M SURE THE COLD WINDS TOOK MUCH OUT OF YOU.

COME. WARM YOURSELF.

.....

YOU... YOU...

AH!

HOW MUCH...

MUST I PAY?!

ORDINARY THINGS THAT ANY ORDINARY MAN HAS...

OUGHT TO BE ACCEPTED AS THOUGH THEY'RE ORDINARY.

NOTHING.

THIS IS YOUR HOME.

THIS IS A HOME FOR ALL WHO SEEK SHELTER.

BUT FIRST, BAPTISTINE.

NOW THEN, LET US SUP!

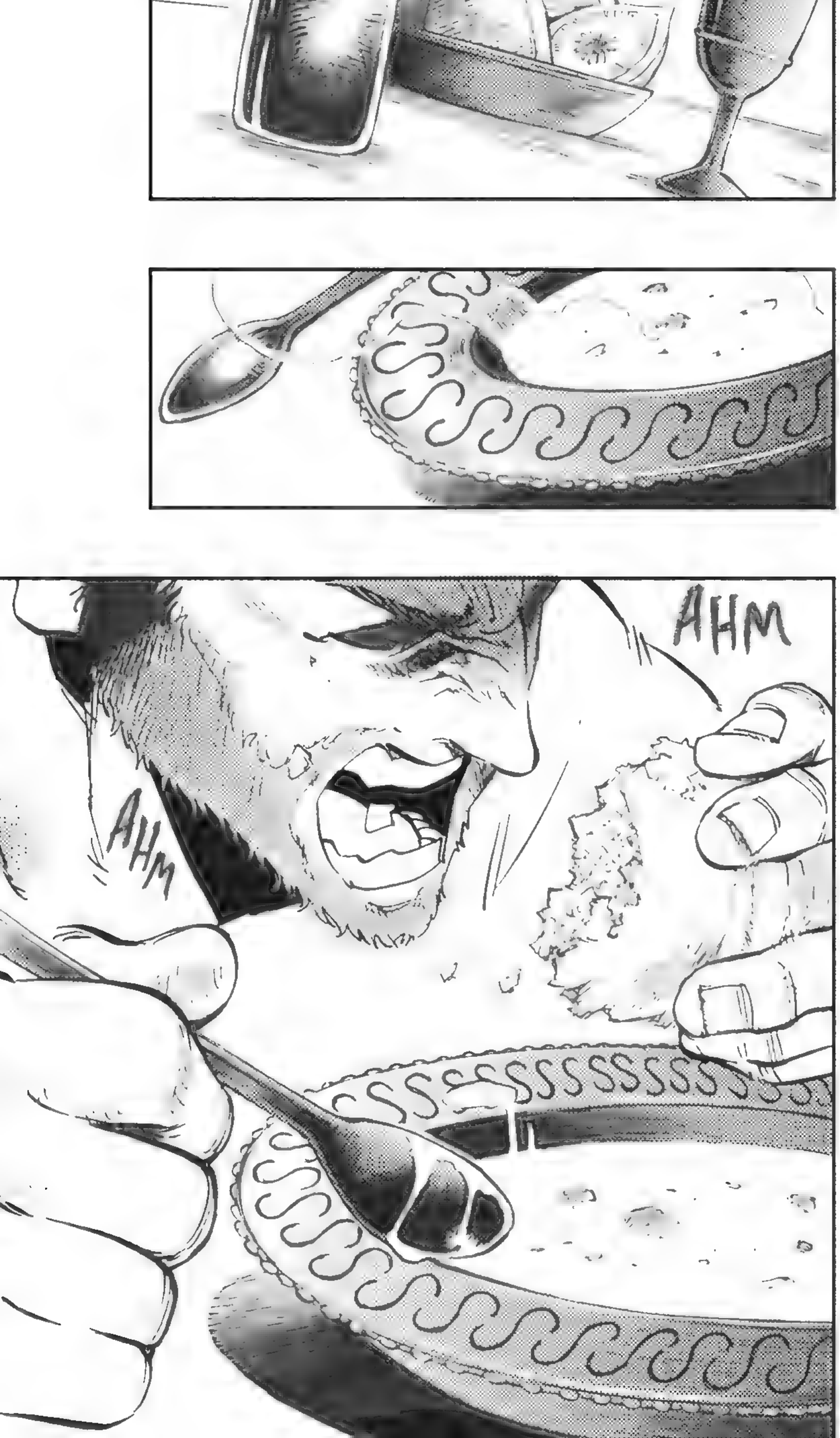
I SEE NO WINE OR CANDLES.

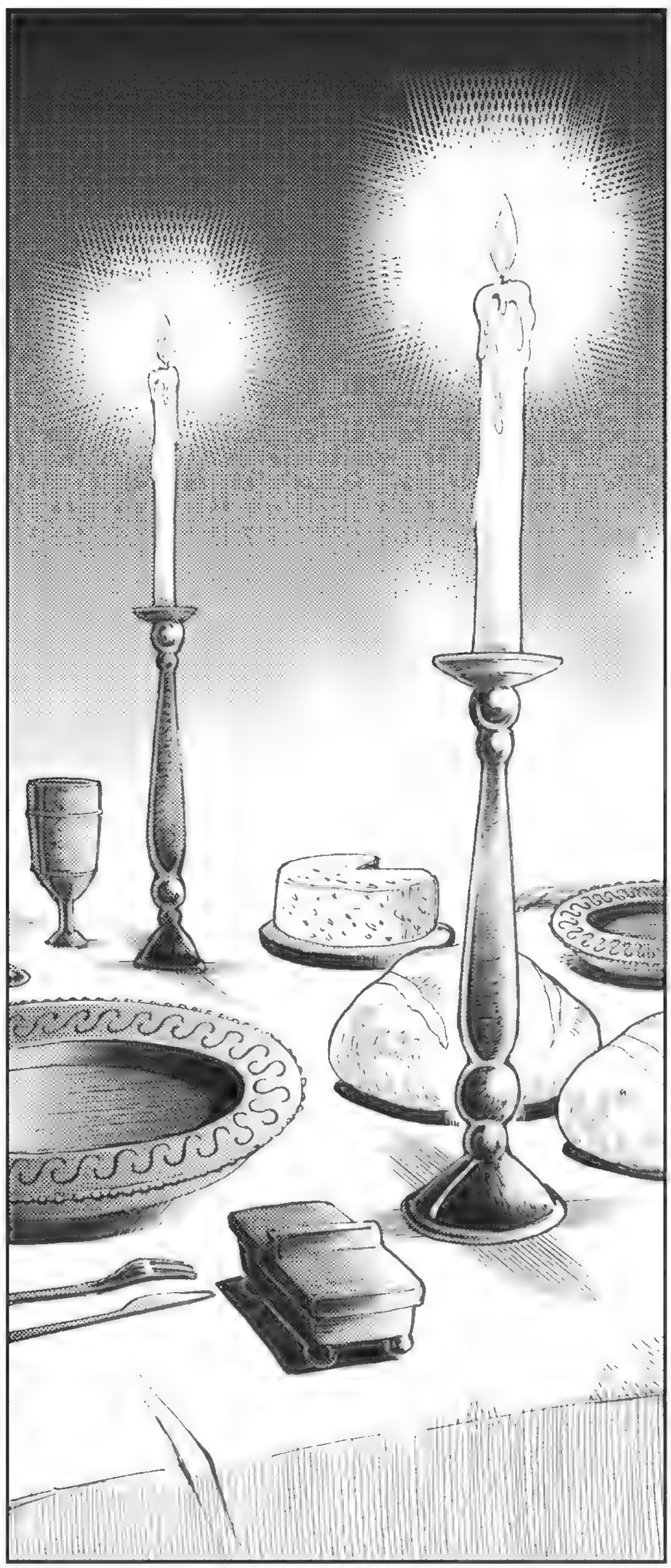
.....

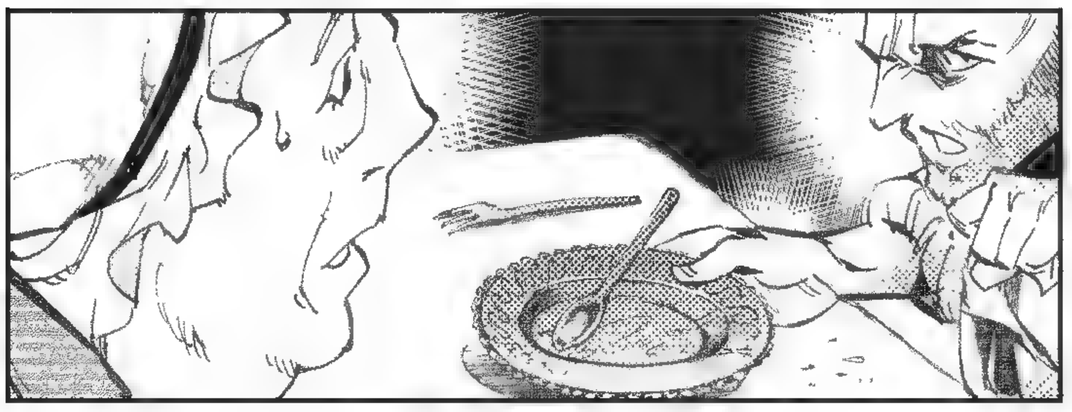
PRECISELY!

YES, IT DOES.

OUR TABLE SEEMS TO BE MISSING SOMETHING.


AHM
AHM





I'M GLAD OUR SIMPLE FARE IS TO YOUR TASTE.

IT'S NOT THE LAVISH MEAL OF A TAVERN.

THOUGH I'M SORRY...

ARE YOU A PRIEST?

PRIESTS LIVE FAR NICER LIVES THAN THIS.

NO...

YOU'RE NOT SO GRAND.

THOUGH THESE PLATES AND CANDLE-STICKS...

THEY'RE SILVER.

I HATE PRIESTS.

.....

YOU LOOK QUITE POOR TO ME.

THE REST IS PLAIN...

NO.

I DON'T MEAN YOU.

USING THEIR STATION TO ENRICH THEMSELVES.

THEY'RE CORRUPT PIGS...

.....

IN MY HOME-TOWN...

THE PRIEST LIVED WITH HIS MISTRESS.

HA HA.

THEN THERE WAS THE BISHOP WHO CAME TO THE GALLEYS.

HE DIDN'T PREACH. JUST FLAUNTED HIS STATUS.

WE DIDN'T HEAR HIM.

HE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED ABOUT THE POOR WRETCHES IN PRISON.

ALL HE CARED FOR WERE HIS FANCY SHOES, WHICH GOT DIRTY IN THE GALLEY'S MUCK.

SO FAR REMOVED.

ABOVE THE CORRUPT PRIESTS...

SIT MORE CORRUPT, DISINTER-ESTED BISHOPS.

IS THAT WHAT A SERVANT OF GOD SHOULD BE LIKE?

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH.

PONTARLIER, WAS IT? I'VE VISITED THERE.

YOU SAID YOU WERE HEADED WHERE?

YES. THEY MAKE DELICIOUS CHEESES.

WONDERFUL PLACE.

INDEED! THEY CALL THEIR CHEESEMAKERS THE "GRURIN."

IT'S FASCINATING WORK.

NOW IS AN EXCELLENT TIME TO BE MAKING FOR PONTARLIER.

THEY'LL HAVE JUST BEGUN LOOKING FOR LABORERS, I BELIEVE.

THEIR WORK BEGINS IN LATE APRIL.

COME IN.

NOK NOK

TLINK

AAH...

AH...

TAKE CARE. DON'T CATCH A CHILL.

I SHED MY LAST TEAR THE DAY I WAS SENT TO THE GALLEYS.

I HAVEN'T CRIED SINCE.

SLAM

SHE CRIED.

NINETEEN YEARS I SERVED...

AND NOT ONE TEAR.

PLEASE FOLLOW ME.

IT SEEMS YOUR BED IS READY.

YOUR GRACE.

I'VE SET AN ALTAR IN THE ALCOVE PAST MY ROOM.

THERE'S A BED THERE.

WE'LL HAVE A CUP OF FRESH, WARM MILK WAITING FOR YOU.

BEFORE YOU LEAVE IN THE MORNING...

YOU'RE PUTTING ME...

IN THE ROOM NEXT TO YOURS...

FOR THE ENTIRE NIGHT.

AAH...

I SEE.

I'M SURE YOU MUST BE TIRED.

WAIT.

REST WELL.

WHAT IF I WERE A MURDERER?!

HM?!

I'M A VICIOUS CONVICT!

GOOD NIGHT, MY BROTHER.

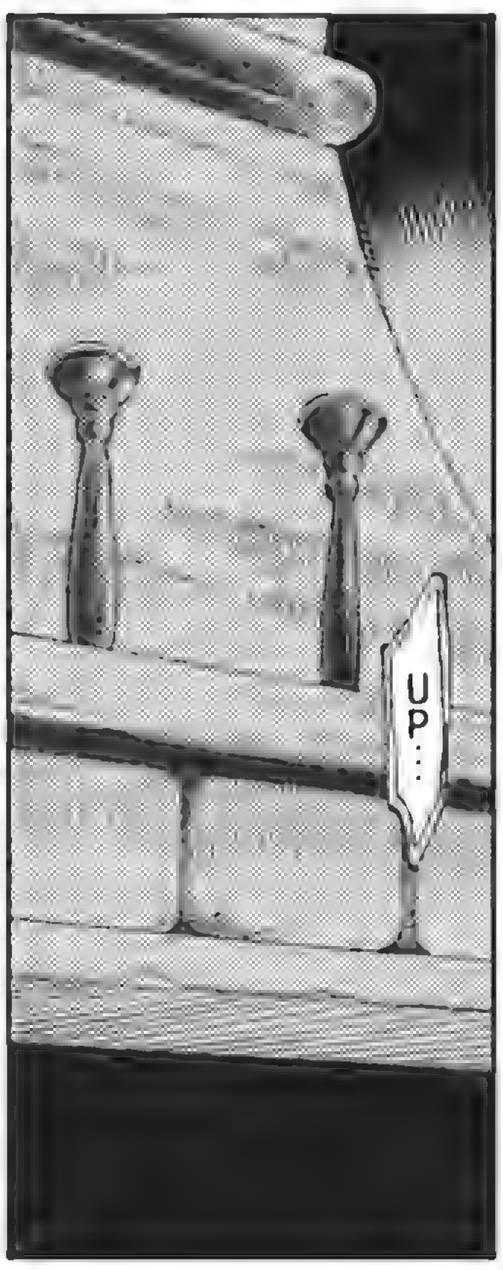
BE YOU KING, COMMONER, OR CRIMINAL...

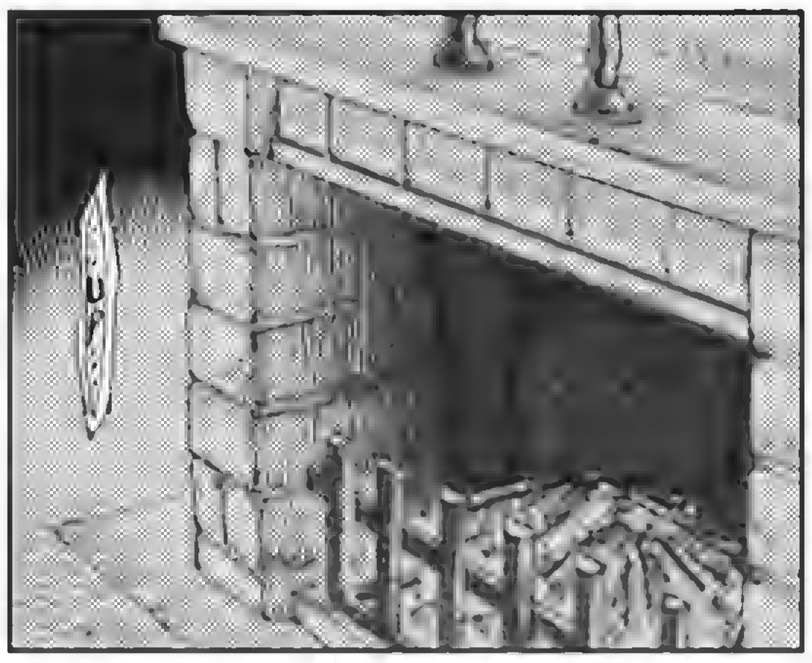
YOU'RE A SOUL IN NEED.

IT MATTERS NOT TO ME.

PTAM

RATL
WAKE UP...


UP...


UP...

WAKE UP,
NO. 24601.

IT'S BEEN NINETEEN YEARS SINCE I SLEPT IN A BED.

AND MY BELLY IS FULL.

MY BODY FEELS RE-FRESHED.

COME IN...

BROTHER.

WHAT IS THIS FEELING?

IS THIS A DREAM?

AM I STILL ASLEEP?

TOO USED TO BARE PLANKS...

TO SLEEP ON A REAL BED?

LEAVE, CONVICT!

WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?

SHUT UP.

GO AWAY.

LEAVE!

CLEAN SHEETS ARE TOO GOOD FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!

SHUT UP.

CONVICT!

2401.

WRETCH.

YOU DISGUST ME.

FILTH.

SCUM.

SHUT!

UP!!

SPLCH
KRUK

DIDN'T YOU?

YOU SAW THEM...

SAW WHAT?

DON'T LIE.

YOU COULD BARELY RIP YOUR EYES AWAY FROM THEM.

THEY'RE RIGHT THERE IN THE NEXT ROOM.

HEAVY. OLD.

GRUPP!

SILVER PLATES.

THE CUP-BOARD.

MERE STEPS AWAY.

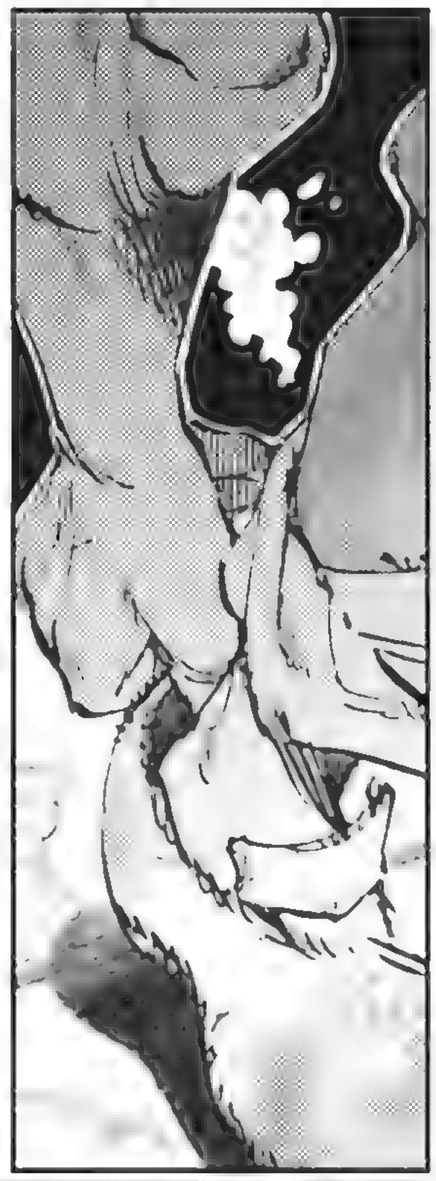
TWO HUNDRED FRANCS, AT LEAST.

A WHOLE SET OF THEM.

WHY, IT'S DOUBLE WHAT NINETEEN YEARS IN THE GALLEYS GOT US.

ALL THAT MONEY.

PLISH



WE THOUGHT SO.

WILL YOU DO IT?

WHAT IF HE YELLS?

WHAT IF THE OLD MAN WAKES?

YOU'RE A THIEF.

WILL YOU BEAT THEM... WITH YOUR WALKING STAFF?

WHAT OF THE TWO OLD LADIES?

WHAT THEN?

WITH YOUR DIRTY HANDS?

WILL YOU KILL THEM...

.....

GRP

I'VE NO OTHER CHOICE.

COWARD.

BLUB

JEANNE...

UNCLE...

WE'RE HUNGRY.

DON'T HAVE THE GUTS?

USELESS.

UNCLE...

YOU'RE SO USELESS...

UNCLE...

THAT'S WHY WE ALL DIED.

SKRT

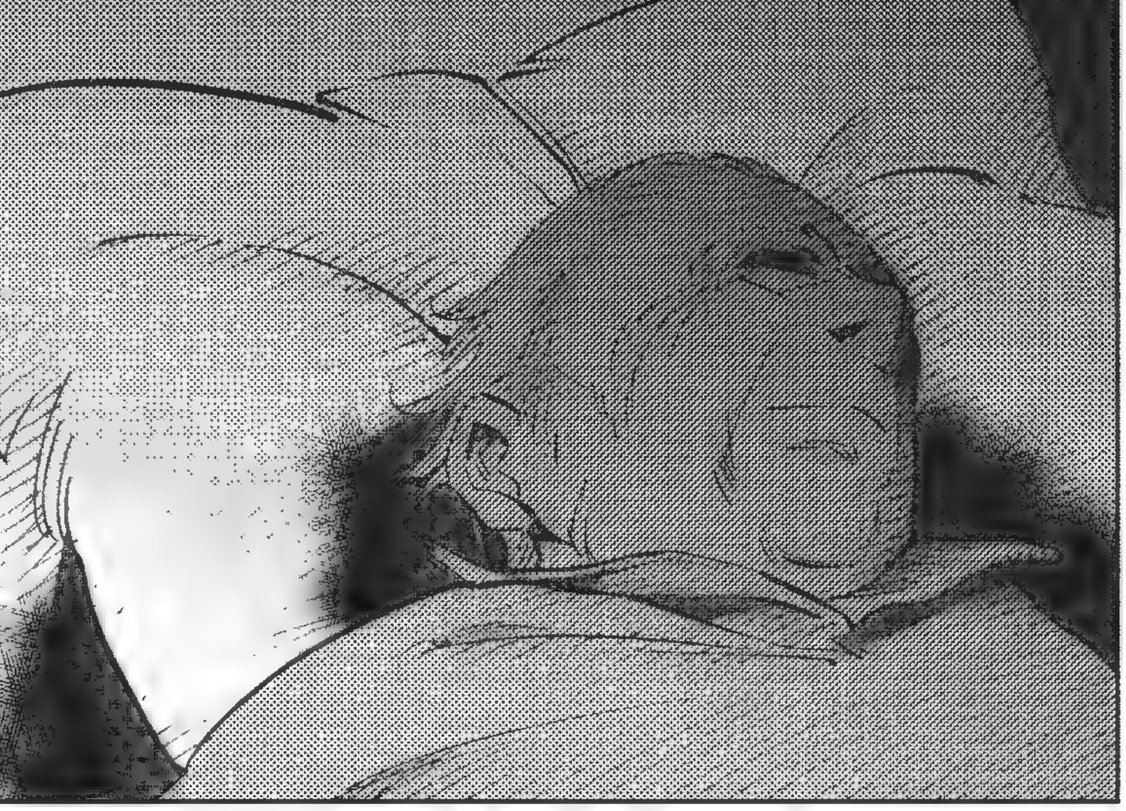
NOT FOR THE CHILDREN THIS TIME.

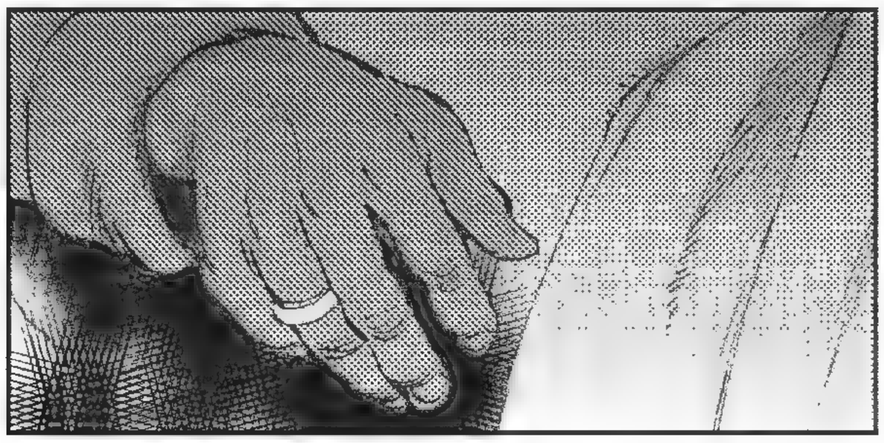
THE SAME AS WHEN I TOOK THE BREAD.

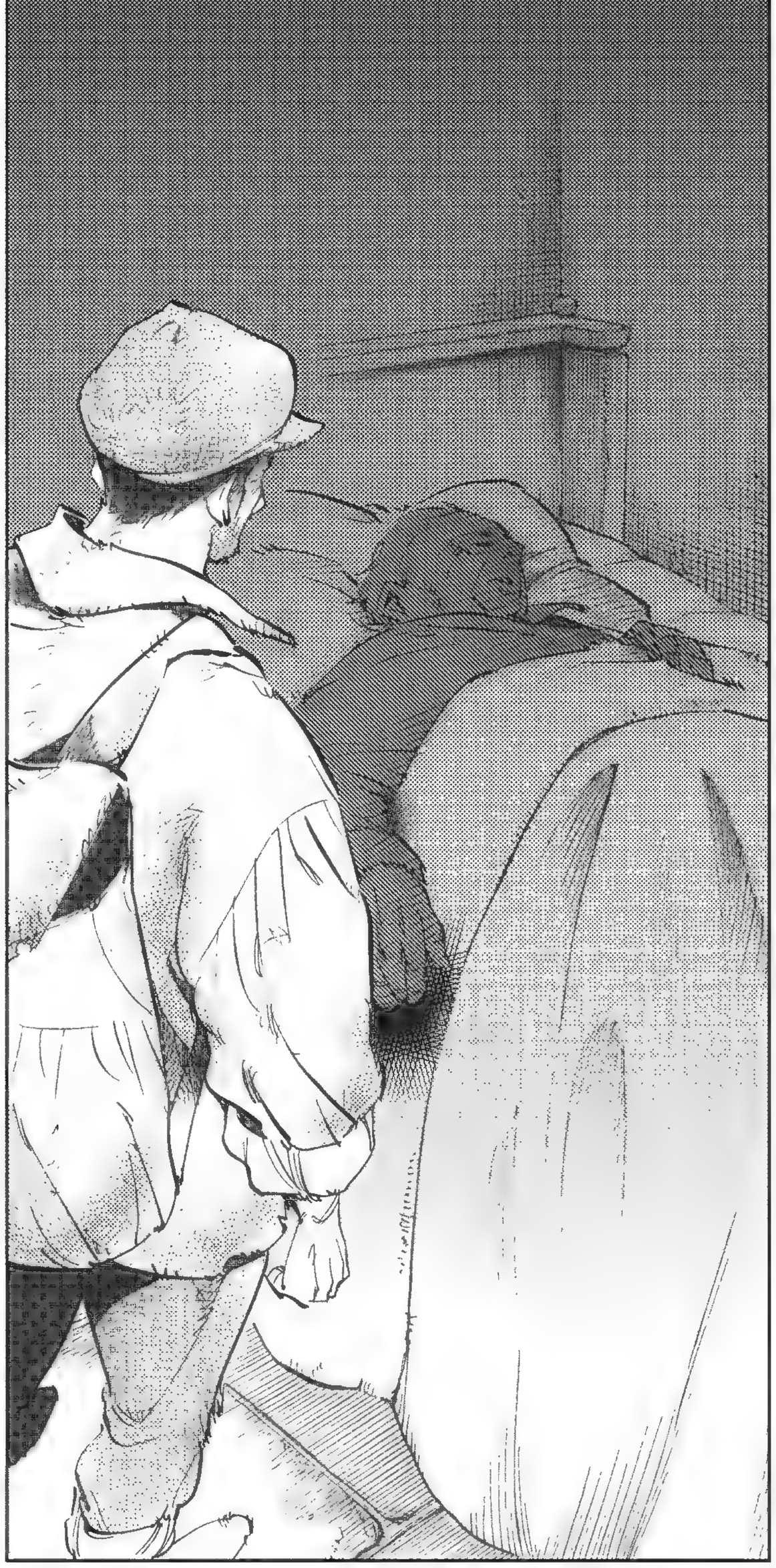
IT'S EASY.

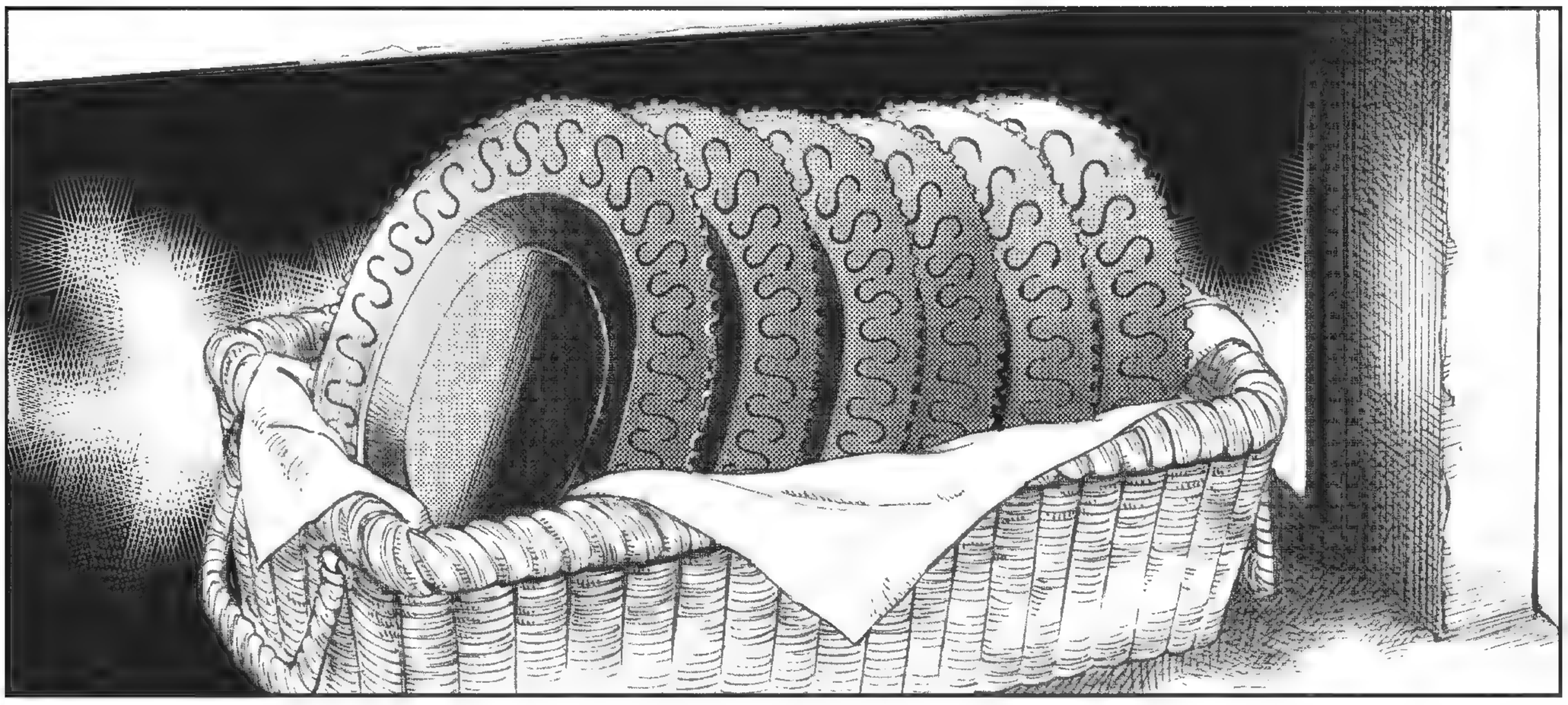
IT'S FOR ME.

KREEE









AM I GOING TO STEAL FROM THIS OLD MAN?

REALLY?

JUST THE SILVER.

NOTHING ELSE OF VALUE.

HOW PATHETIC.

THEY TOOK IT FROM ME.

TOOK IT ALL.

IT IS THE LAW.

IT IS SOCIETY.

GOD.

CHAINED.

WHIPPED.

YOU PAID YOUR DUES.

AND STILL THEY TORMENT YOU.

FINALLY FREE...

GET REVENGE.

PAY THEM BACK FOR THE NINETEEN YEARS OF PAIN AND HUMILIA-TION YOU SUFFERED!

YOU THINK HE TRULY MEANT THAT?

DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP.

GRURR...

GRSH

HE CALLED ME "BROTHER."

MERE HYPOCRISY!

I WAS JUST A NUMBER.

BUT HE CALLED ME "SIR."

NO! HE WAS LOOKING DOWN ON YOU!

KLATTA...

HE TOOK PITY ON ME...

AFTER WHAT YOU SUFFERED...

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO THIS.

REVENGE.

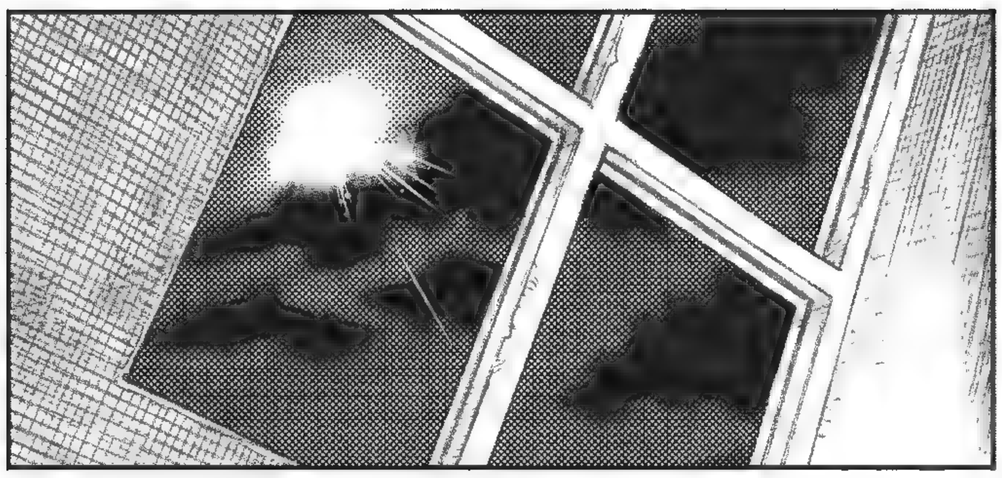
REVENGE.

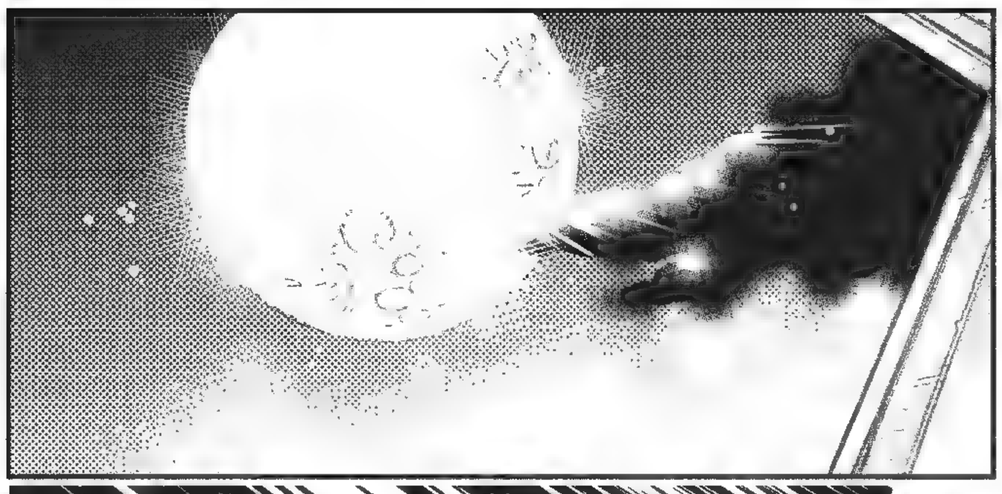
REVENGE.

WHO WOULD BLAME YOU?

REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.
REVENGE.

IS THAT ALL THE HATE YOU CAN MUSTER?





SUCH A PEACEFUL FACE.

URGH...

HE DOESN'T FEAR ME?

HE HONESTLY BELIEVES THEM...

GRP

HIS WORDS WEREN'T HOLLOW?

GOOD NIGHT, MY BROTHER.

FP

RATL

HE TRUSTS ME...

FWIP

WELL?

ITNAB

NO.
24601.

PRECISELY AS I THOUGHT.

THE WALL'S CRUMBLED THERE.

HE MUST'VE HOPPED OVER IT AND RUN TO THE ROAD.

FOR OUR NEW DINNERWARE.

HM? PEWTER?

WHAT OF IT, YOUR GRACE?

SHIVER

INVITING SUCH A MAN IN...

SLEEPING IN THE ROOM NEXT TO HIM, EVEN!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PEWTER?

I TRIED TO WARN YOU, YOUR GRACE.

WHAT OF IRON, THEN?

IRON HAS A TASTE TO IT.

PEWTER PLATES...? PEWTER... IT HAS A SMELL.

ALL RIGHT. WE SHALL HAVE WOOD, THEN.

TMP

TMP

HRM.

MADAME!

Ho ho ho!

AT LEAST NONE OF US WERE HARMED. WE OUGHT TO COUNT OUR BLESSINGS...

MAGLOIRE.

BEASTLY, HM?

.....

JUST THINKING OF THAT MAN MAKES ME SHUDDER.

BUT...NO. YOU ARE CORRECT.

SHIVER -SHIVER

SUCH BEASTLY EYES HE HAD!

OUI.

IS THAT HOW HE LOOKED TO YOU?

I'LL NEVER FORGET.

THAT FIRST DAY YOU AND THE MADAME ARRIVED IN DIGNE.

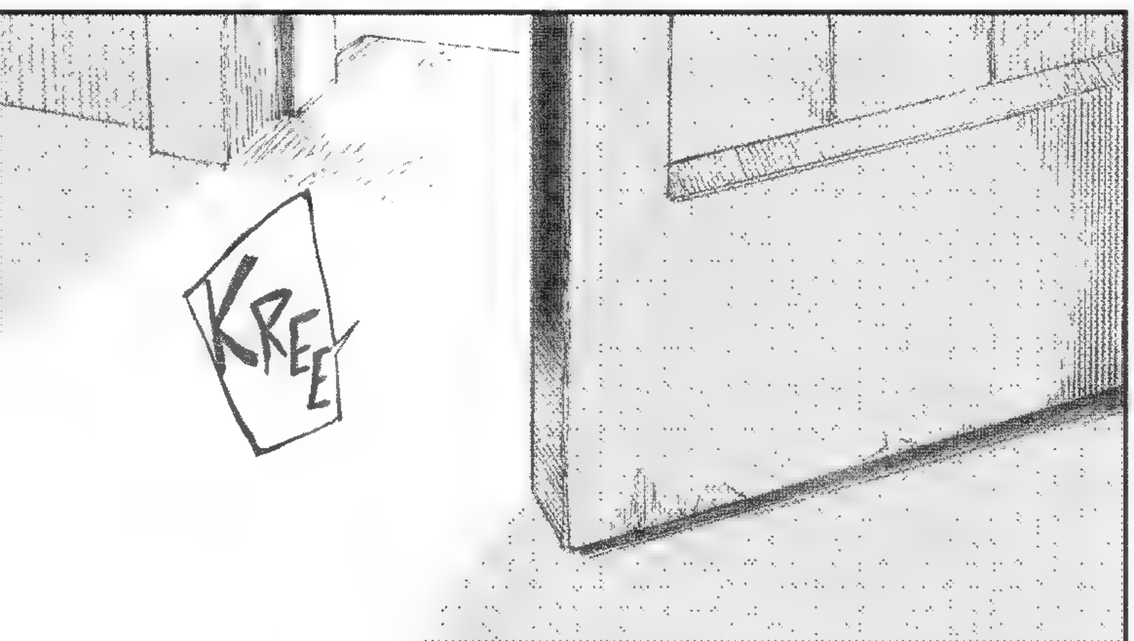
THAT FIRST DAY I HAD THE HONOR OF SERVING YOU.

I KNOW ALL TOO WELL, MONSEIGNEUR...

THAT THOSE SILVER PLATES WERE ALL OF VALUE YOU OWNED.

BAM
BAM
BAM

COME IN.
BAM
BAM
BAM
WHO MIGHT IT BE?


KREE

THAT MAN IS A BEAST WHO TOOK FROM YOU YOUR TREASURED SILVERS!

HIM!
FROM YESTER-DAY!

TAK

MONSEI-
GNEUR!

?!

SILENCE!

WATCH THAT COARSE TONGUE OF YOURS, CUR!

IMPOSSIBLE!

WHEN HE'S SO SHABBY?!

"MON-SEIGNEUR" ...?

THIS OLD MAN?!

HE'S THAT HIGH A RANK?

BISHOP ...?!

YOU SPEAK TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE BISHOP OF DIGNE!

KLAT

MON-SEIGNEUR BIENVENU.

WE NOTICED THIS SUSPICIOUS MAN LOITERING NEARBY AND QUESTIONED HIM.

BUT HE INSISTS THAT YOU GAVE THEM TO HIM LAST NIGHT, MONSEIGNEUR.

IN HIS POSSESSION WE FOUND THESE SILVER PLATES, LIKELY STOLEN.

WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING THIS VERY THING!

AAH! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

A REPEAT OFFENSE IS GRAVE INDEED.

THAT A LIE MEANS CURTAINS FOR YOU.

YOU DO KNOW, CUR...

IT'LL BE STRAIGHT TO THE GUILLOTINE WITH YOU.

THE OLD MAN IS A BISHOP.

A BISHOP.

HAAH!!

QUIT STRUG-GLING!

GIVE UP!

THAT SIMPLIFIES THINGS.

GO ON, SHEPHERD OF LOST SHEEP.

PUPIL OF GOD'S TEACHINGS.

MY LIFE IS NAUGHT BUT TORMENT!

ABAN-DONED BY GOD...

TELL THEM.

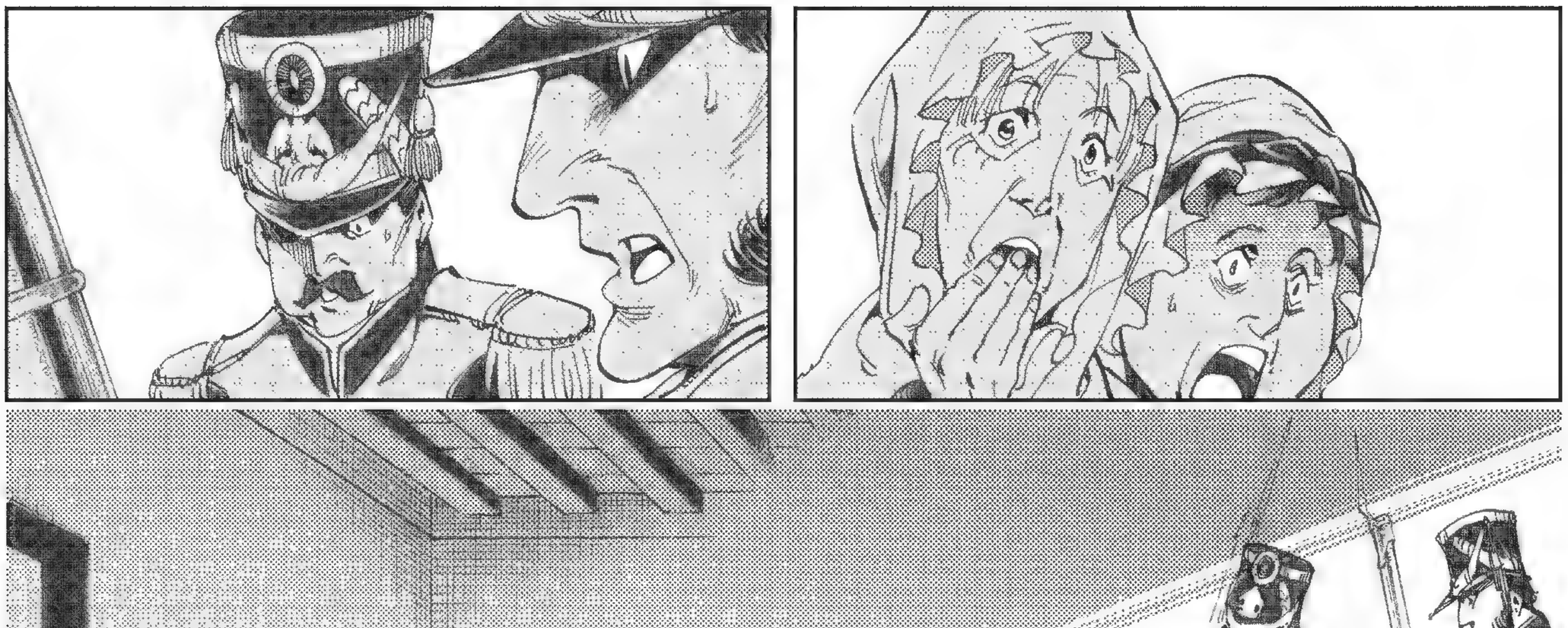
CONDEMN ME!

END IT...

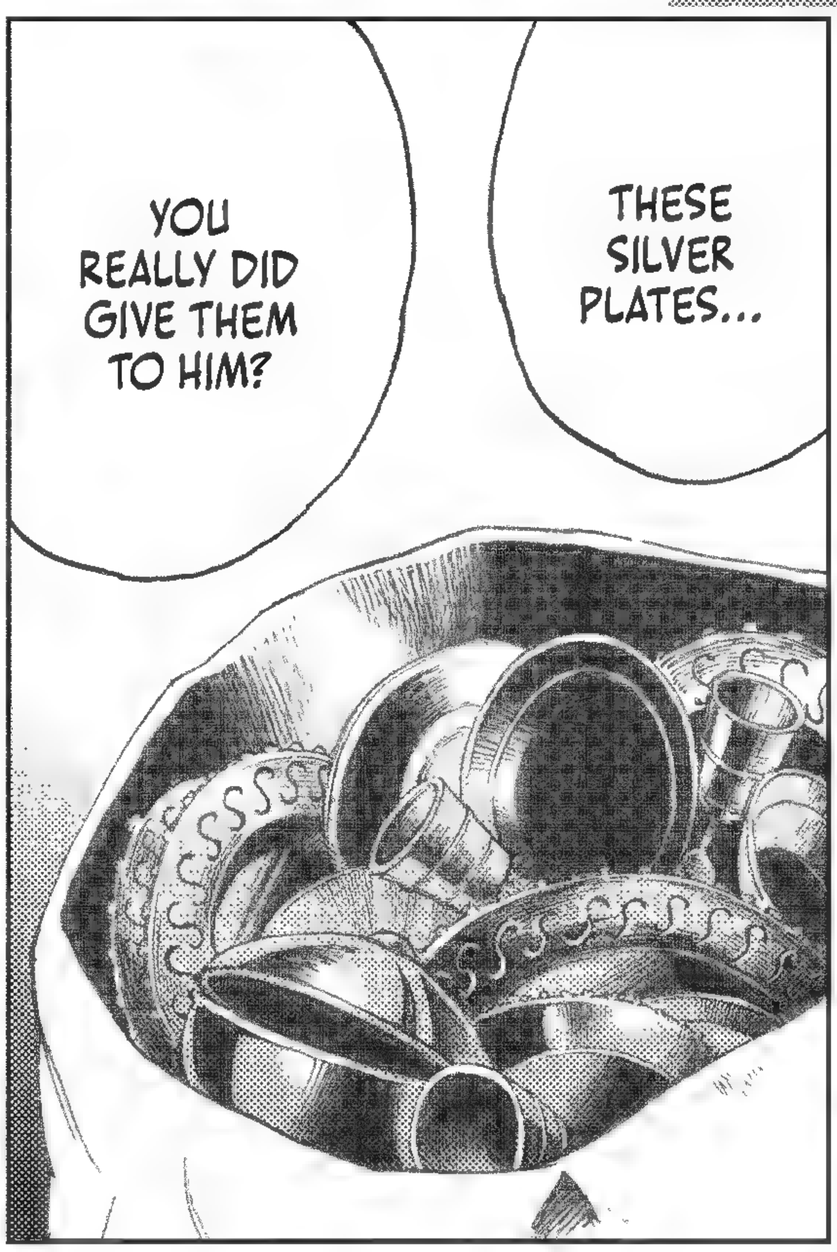
BY YOUR HAND!

BUT MY BROTHER, WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE CANDLESTICKS, TOO?

I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING.



I DIDN'T MEAN...
INDEED.
TO CAUSE ANY CONFUSION.


YOU REALLY DID GIVE THEM TO HIM?
THESE SILVER PLATES...

THEN...THIS MAN WAS TELLING THE TRUTH?
MONSEI-GNEUR...?

TUNK

YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE CANDLESTICKS WITH YOU.

BUT YOU LEFT IN SUCH A HURRY...

WITHOUT EVEN STOPPING FOR A CUP OF MILK FOR BREAKFAST.

I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME BACK FOR THEM.

YES. PLEASE DO.

THAT WOULD BE FOR THE BEST.

IF THAT'S THE CASE...

SHALL WE RELEASE HIM?

I...

I'VE BEEN FORGIVEN ...?

TAKE THEM.

!!

SHUU

YOU MUST NEVER FORGET.

DO NOT FORGET.

I HAVE PURCHASED YOUR SOUL.

WITH THIS SILVER...

PURCHASED...?

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

WHAT?!

I CAN'T!

IT'S BEYOND ME!

!!

DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE BOUND BY THIS SCRAP OF PARCHMENT.

EVERYTHING CHANGES WITH TIME.

YOU CAN CHANGE.

AS GOD WILLS.

AS YOU TRULY ARE.

INTO THE LIGHT OF GOD.

YOUR SOUL IS BROUGHT FROM DARK-NESS...

IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS SILVER...

BECOME WHOMEVER IT IS YOU WISH TO BE.

WHAT IS THIS FEELING?

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

MY HEART IS SPINNING.

GRRR

I DON'T KNOW.

MY MIND FEELS FULL OF FOG.

WOOSH...

HAVE I A FEVER?

SKF

SKF

SKF

SKF

WHY FORGIVE ME?

I REPAID YOUR KINDNESS WITH THEFT!

WHY GIVE IT TO ME?

WHY DO I HAVE THIS SILVER?

I CAN'T TELL.

AM I REALLY THIS MOVED...?

OR THIS INSULTED?

HF

HF

IF I'D KNOWN...

IT'D LEAVE ME FEELING LIKE THIS, THEN I—!!!

I ALMOST WISH HE'D LET THE GENDARMES TAKE ME...

HAUL ME OFF TO THE GUILLOTINE TO BE BEHEADED!

KILL HIM!

JUST KILL ME!

KILL ME!

NO, KILL HIM.

KILL!!!

NNN...!

NGK...

WHAT PROMISE?

I RECALL MAKING NONE.

WHY...?!

DO NOT FORGET.

NINETEEN YEARS.

ONLY HATE AND SPITE SUSTAINED ME.

YES. NEVER FORGET WHO YOU ARE.

RATL

NGK...

ON GOD.

ON THE LAW. ON SOCIETY.

TO REVENGE.

YOU ALONE HAVE THE RIGHT...

IT WAS SO HARD...

SO MUCH PAIN...

I'M A LOST CAUSE.

NOT NOW.

I CAN'T CHANGE.

I...

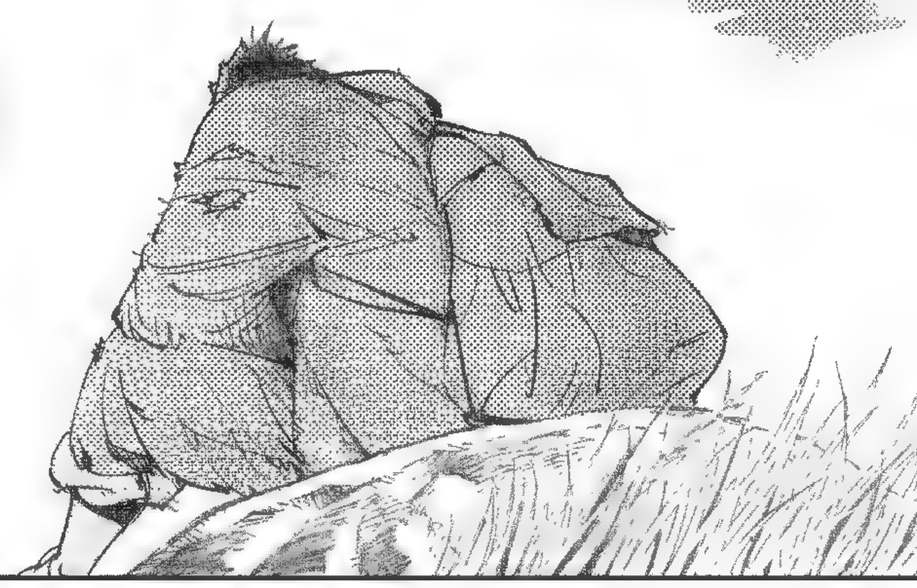
I...

NOT WHEN I WAS A BOY RAISED BY MY SISTER...

NOT WHEN I WAS A CHILD AT MY MOTHER'S KNEE...

NEVER ONCE IN MY LIFE...

HAVE I EVER BEEN SHOWN KINDNESS.



EVERYONE HURT ME. USED ME.

TOUCHES WERE ALWAYS TO HIT.

WORDS WERE ALWAYS TO INSULT.

AND YET...

I'VE NEVER BEEN LOVED.

NEVER KNEW HOW TO LOVE.

NOT MY WHOLE LIFE.

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME INTO MY LIFE?

I CAN'T OPEN THEM.

HURTS MY EYES.

SO BRIGHT ...

I SPENT TOO LONG LIVING IN DARKNESS.

ROLL ROLL

TINK

OOF!

TP
TP

MY PURSE SPILLED WHEN I TRIPPED, AND ALL MY COINS WENT ROLLING OFF!

THANK YOU, SIR!

UM...

.....

SIR? MY COIN?

PETIT GERVAIS, SIR.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

A SAVOYARD, EH?

WHO'RE YOU?

WAH!

SHOVE

GERVAIS. GO AWAY.

I WANT MY SILVER FORTY-SOUS PIECE BACK!

I WANT MY MONEY!

MY COIN, UNDER YOUR FOOT!

GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY, PLEASE.

MY COIN.

BUT...

MY MONEY!

SIR!

BAF

GIVE IT BACK!

BAF

THAT MONEY IS VERY IMPORTANT!

PLEASE, SIR!

STOP PESTERING ME!

AND I MUST SEND IT BACK TO MY MAMA AND PAPA!

I WORKED VERY HARD SWEEPING CHIMNEYS TO EARN IT...

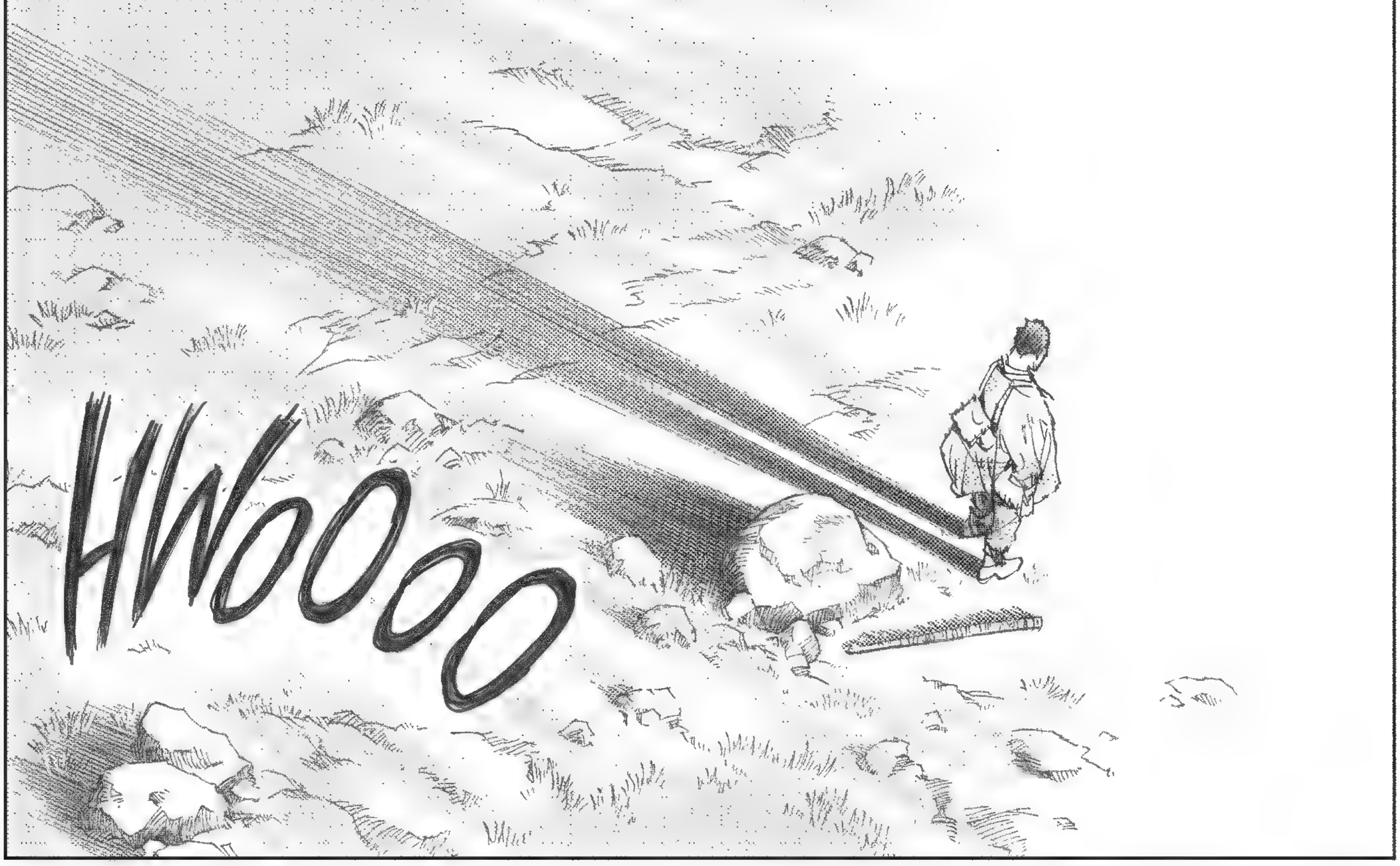
SO GIVE IT BACK!!

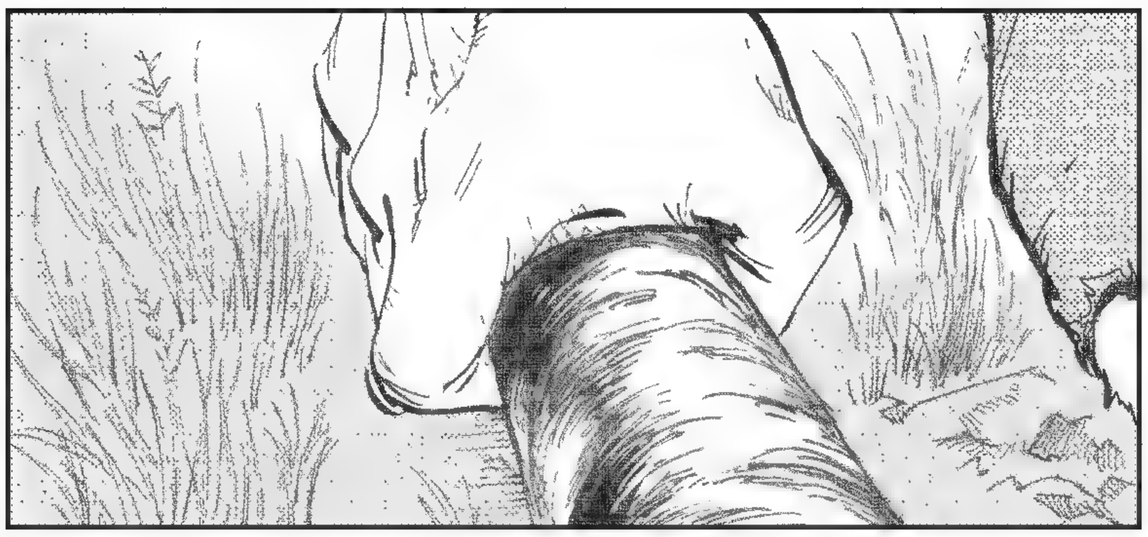
WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?!

I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE ME BE!

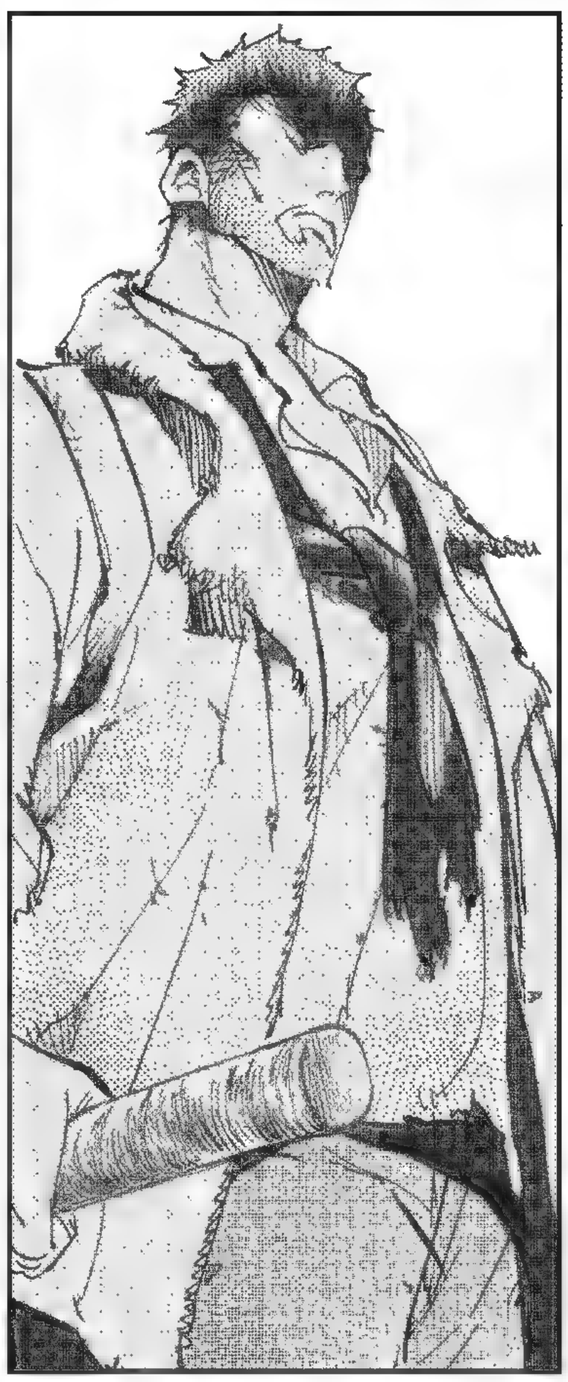
GO AWAY! NOW!!

Aa dá h'


HWOOO



SHIVER



WHAT'S THIS?
HRM...?

OH...
OH...!!

I WANT MY SILVER FORTY-SOUS PIECE BACK!

I WANT MY MONEY!

OH...

SIR!

THANK YOU...

PETIT GERVAIS!

PETIT, ER...

PETIT GERVAIS—!!

PETIT GERVAIS!!

DNP DMD

PETIT GERVAIS!!

KLOP KLOP

NO...

HF

HF

HE WAS A SMALL BOY. A SAVOYARD. HIS NAME WAS PETIT GERVAIS.

NONE BUT YOU.

I'VE SEEN NO ONE ON THIS ROAD.

AHA! YOU!

YOU THERE!

HAVE YOU SEEN A CHILD?!

YES. I AM.

YOU...

YOU'RE A PRIEST?

HF

HF

HUH?

SHIVER

SHIVER

SHIVER

HERE. TAKE THIS MONEY FOR YOUR POOR.

OH, YES! HE HAD A MARMOT IN HIS BASKET...

AND A HURDY-GURDY.

HE'S ABOUT THIS TALL...!

ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM?!

Um...

HEY NOW!

I WORKED NINETEEN YEARS FOR IT.

MANY SAVOYARD YOUTHS PASS THROUGH THESE PARTS LOOKING FOR WORK.

I CANNOT HELP YOU.

IF THIS BOY IS WHO YOU SAY, HE WON'T BE LIVING IN ANY NEARBY VILLAGE.

YOU'RE A PRIEST, YES? YOU MUST ARREST ME!

HERE! TAKE THESE FOR YOUR POOR, TOO!

ERM?!

HFF

HFF

I'M AFRAID I'M IN A HURRY!

FARE-WELL!

I'M A THIEF!

CALL THE GEN-DARMES!

HFF

HFF

HF

HF

PETIT GERVAIS!!!

VAIS—

AIS—

I...

EVEN AFTER HIS EXCELLENCY FORGAVE-ME EVERYTHING...

I STILL...

I...

AAA...

AAAAAH...!!

I AM A WRETCH!!

WF...

WNG...

YOU PROMISED YOU'LL BECOME A GOOD MAN.

YOU SWORE REVENGE!

I FORGIVE YOU.

GSH

THEY'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOUR SIN!

NOT THE LAW. NOT SOCIETY. NOT GOD!

WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?

YOU DECIDE...

NUMBER 24601.

NO, NO.

THAT ISN'T YOUR NAME.

KISH

YOUR NAME IS...

YOUR...

NAME...

IS JEAN VALJEAN.

KLOP
KLOP

KLOP
!

IT WAS IN THE WEE HOURS...

WHEN THE CARTER SAW HIM.

A MAN KNELT BY THE DOOR...

.....

OF THE BISHOP OF DIGNE'S RESIDENCE.

HE KNELT THERE IN THE PREDAWN DARK-NESS...

NOT MOVING.

WITH THE WEEDS...

UNDER THE STARS...

LOST IN PRAYER...

HE KNELT THERE...

TO THE GOOD PRIEST.

LOST IN HIS VOW...

BUT AFTER THAT NIGHT, HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

LES MISÉRABLES

Les Misérables

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GIRL?

I WAS SUCH AN INNOCENT.

CHAPTER 4:
A Merry End to a Merry Farce

DON'T YOU HAVE A NAME?

WHERE ARE YOUR PARENTS?

I THINK IT SUITS YOU.

WELL THEN, HOW ABOUT THIS FOR A NAME?

AAH...

I UNDER-STOOD NOTHING.

PETITE FANTINE.

PLIP
PLIP

I TOOK IT.

A PASSERBY GAVE ME MY NAME.

TINE.

FAN...

I ACCEPTED IT...

LIKE I ACCEPTED THE RAIN FALLING ON MY HEAD.

Paris, 1817.

The *Quartier Latin*, where university students gathered.

Aha ha ha ha!

HM?

ARE YOU LISTEN-ING?

FANTINE!

FANTINE?

OH, I'M SORRY.

FAVOURITE HERE WAS JUST TELLING US A STORY.

GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE CLOUDS.

I NOTICED THE RAIN HAD STOPPED.

NO, NO.

PERHAPS YOU SAW A HAND-SOME MAN OUT-SIDE?

MY! THAT'S BRITISH EDUCATION FOR YOU.

THEY WHIP YOU.

SO, FAVOURITE...

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU MISBEHAVE IN ENGLAND?

FAVOURITE, YOU WENT TO ENGLAND SOME YEARS AGO, RIGHT?

AHA HA HA HA! HOW AMUSING!

DO YOU THINK THEY ENJOY BEING WHIPPED?

Aha ha ha ha!

Hee hee!

IT WASN'T ANYTHING PARTICULARLY SPECIAL.

THAT I DID.

NON.

IN MONTREUIL-SUR-MER.

WHERE WERE YOU BORN?

IN PARIS?

WE'VE YET TO HEAR ANYTHING OF YOUR STORY...

FANTINE.

HOPING TO EARN SOME MONEY.

I CAME TO PARIS...

AHH.

EXACTLY! LIKE A BOOK FROM COVER TO COVER.

SHE MAY NOT LOOK IT, BUT FANTINE IS A DILIGENT WORKER!

YES, THOUGH NO MATTER HOW HARD FANTINE TOILS...

HER "GOLD AND PEARLS" ARE NEVER TARNISHED.

KLHAK

THAT'S HOW I FOUND YOU AMONG THE QUARTIER LATIN'S WEEDS AND STONES.

YOU SHONE TOO BRIGHTLY FOR ME TO IGNORE.

MY GOLDEN-HAIRED BEAUTY WITH THE PEARLY TEETH.

KISS

I MISSED YOU...

THOLOMYÈS...

WE'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG!

YOU'RE LATE.

INDEED.

THE FOUR OF US.

WE WERE DISCUSSING A CERTAIN PLAN...

OOH! WHAT?

Haha haha ha!

TOMOR-ROW MORNING COMES EARLY!

YAYYY!

A PLEASURE TRIP!

"WHEN WILL YOU GIVE US A SURPRISE?"

"THOLOM-YÈS," YOU SAY...

YOU BEAUTIES HAVE BEEN PESTERING US FOR NEARLY A YEAR NOW, AFTER ALL.

I LOVE YOU!

LISTOLIER!

Mnn!

OH, YOU DARLING MAN!

Ha ha ha!

OH, HAVE SOMEONE WATCH HER.

BUT WHAT ABOUT...

YOU'LL COME TOO, YES?

THAT SETTLES IT. WE GO.

MY FRIEND.

DON'T WE ASK TOO OFTEN?

EEE!

BUT WHO?

HE'S ALL TOO HAPPY TO DO IT.

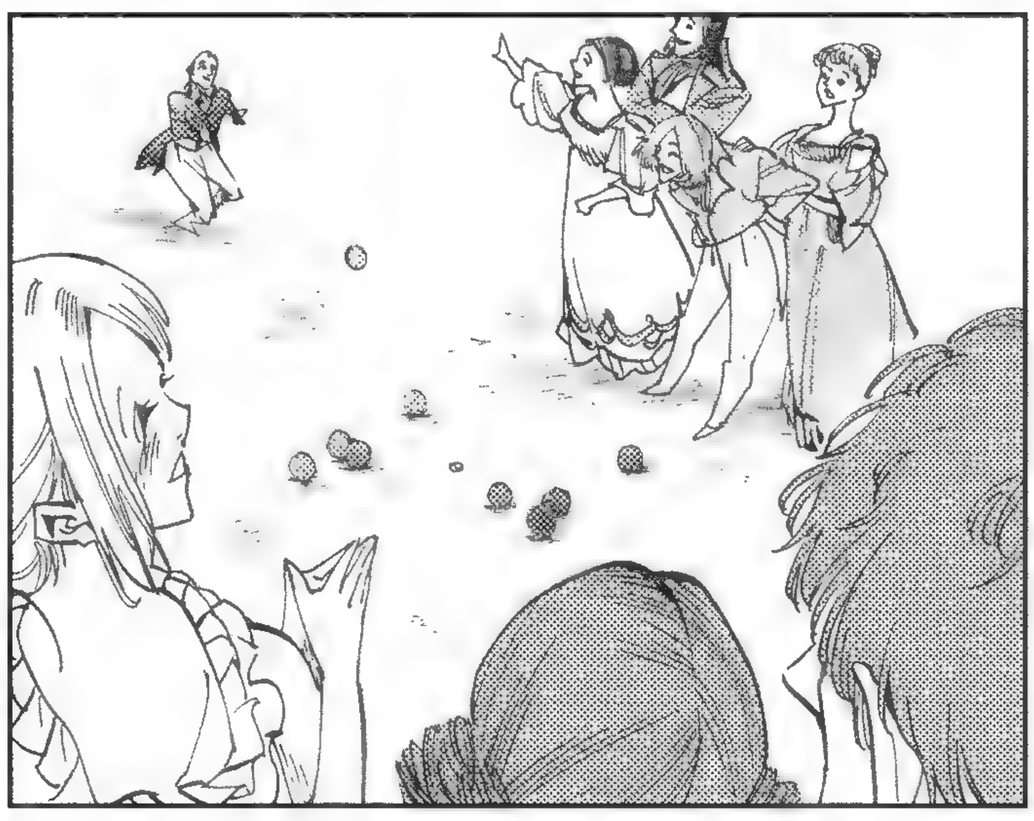
HE COULD USE THE MONEY.

I PROMISE I'LL GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE.

YES. VERY.

ARE YOU HAPPY, MY LOVELY?

Paris Suburbs. Parc de Saint-Cloud.



FROLICKING LIKE A LITTLE GIRL.

EUGH. LOOK AT THAT OLD HAG...

JUST BECAUSE SHE CAN READ.

SHE BOASTS OF HAVING BEEN TO ENGLAND...

AND THINKS HERSELF CLEVER...

SHE'S ALREADY TWENTY-THREE.

WHO ELSE IS THERE?

HAG? YOU MEAN FAVOURITE?

AND THEIR BEAUTY WANES.

YES, THE OLDER THEY GET, THE MORE THOUGHTS FILL THEIR HEADS...

A FOSSIL IN THE HANDS OF THE YOUNGEST GIRL!

HA HA!

IF SHE'S OLD AT TWENTY-THREE...

THEN AT THIRTY, I MUST BE A FOSSIL!

AND IGNORANCE.

INDEED.

YOUTH IS BEAUTY...

HAH.

THERE'S A CONTRADICTION IN WHAT YOU JUST SAID, MY FRIEND.

AND CLEVER.

FANTINE IS YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL...

FANTINE KNOWS LOVE.

EVEN KING SOLOMON HIMSELF SAID...

HARDLY.

THAT LOVE IS A PIECE OF WISDOM.

AND GIVES ME HER FIRST...

HER ONLY...

SHE LOOKS AT THIS FOSSIL...

TRUE LOVE.

SHE'S MADE A GRAVE ERROR.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH A MAN LIKE YOU...

NOT FANTINE...

HA HA HA!

AAH...

LOVE IS A FAULT.

MNCH

FANTINE IS INNOCENT.

♪

RUSTLE

RIP

RIP

OH, MY!

HOW LOVELY!

LOOK, DAHLIA.

THEY'RE DAHLIAS.

MORE THAN ANYONE.

OH, LISTOLIER. TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

DON'T EVEN JEST ABOUT THAT!

YOU TEASE!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

AND WALKED AWAY?

BUT WHAT IF I STOPPED LOVING YOU...

FWAP

Ha ha ha!

I'LL SET THE GENDARMES ON YOU AND HAVE THEM DRAG YOU BACK!

IF YOU LEAVE ME...

HMPH!

COME, FANTINE.

DON'T BE SUCH A SPOILSPORT, DAHLIA.

AWW

I DESPISE HIM.

YOU'RE KIDDING!

WHAT?

Hee!

YOU REALLY DO LOVE LISTOLIER, DON'T YOU?

THE MAN'S A MISER AND A SKINFLINT...

DESPITE HIS COUNTRY FAMILY SENDING HIM AN ALLOWANCE OF 4,000 FRANCS A YEAR.

NEVER MIND HIM...

AAH...

I'M SURE HE MUST BE AN ACTOR.

I DREAM OF THE CUTE YOUNG MAN LIVING IN THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY.

AAH...

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU HAVE...

TRY TO BE CLEVER ABOUT IT, THOUGH.

HAVE YOU FOUND A SPECIAL MAN OTHER THAN THOLOMYÈS?

WELL, UM...

WHAT OF YOU?

FAN-TINE.

YOU'VE MORE BEAUTY THAN MOST.

MEN ARE SIMPLE CREATURES.

TELL THEM YOU LOVE THEM, THAT THEY'RE ALL YOU HAVE...

AND THEY'LL BE PLEASED AS PUNCH. BUT ONLY... WELL...

YOU GET IT, RIGHT?

ANY-WAY!

THOLO-MYÈS!

WELL?!

WHERE'S OUR SURPRISE? I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!

WHEN WILL YOU SHOW IT TO US?

PATIENCE, LADIES!

ALL IN GOOD TIME!

Champs-
Élysées.

Bombarda
Public
House.

GENTLE-MEN!

WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?

THOLO-MYÈS!

YOUR OPINION WILL BE OUR LAW.

TELL US.

WINE!

ALL GLORY TO WINE!

BACCHUS, GOD OF WINE, WE SING YOUR PRAISES!

AH! I BEG PARDON, LADIES.

Hic

THAT WAS THE SPANISH WAY.

THE MAN WHO DEPENDS ON WOMEN IS DOOMED TO UNHAPPINESS!

YOU CAN'T TRUST WOMEN!

PERSONALLY, I'D TAKE WOMEN OVER WINE.

AND SHE WHO CAUSED ADAM TO FALL!

IT WAS EVE WHOM THE SERPENT TEMPTED...

WOMEN?!

PSHH!

I'M STILL QUITE SOBER.

HIC

THOLOMYÈS, PLEASE.

YOU'RE DRUNK.

LET'S GO HOME.

IT'S LATE.

I AGREE!

SOUNDS TO ME YOU NEED MORE MERRIMENT.

YAMR
HAMR

BUT...

HOME?! BUT WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN!

DAMMIT!

KCHK

WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE OUTSIDE?

UP, YOU LAZY NAG! UP!

PULLING SO HEAVY A CART?

THAT FRAIL, STARVED HORSE...

FANTINE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

THAT HORSE.

SMAK

IT'S DEAD.

HE'S WASTING HIS TIME.

SMAK

WHAT DO I THINK?

DAMNED NAG!

I FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR THING.

BEST TO SAVE YOUR PITY.

.....

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOUR SURPRISE!

COME, LADIES!

YES...

THE TIME HAS COME.

OOH!!

BUT FIRST, A KISS.

WAIT FOR US HERE, UNTIL WE'RE READY!

BUT WE NEED TO PREPARE.

LADIES! YOUR SURPRISE IS ALMOST HERE!

HEE HEE!

YES. ON THE BROW.

SH!

IT'S ALREADY GETTING INTERESTING!

HA HA! WHAT WAS THAT?

DON'T TAKE TOO LONG!

WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR YOU!

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL, I'M SURE.

I WANT GOLD.

WHAT WILL THEY BRING US, DO YOU THINK?

WELL, YES.

FISH WILL JUMP.

OOH!

THERE. AGAIN!

HA HA!

FANTINE, YOU ARE SUCH A SILLY GIRL.

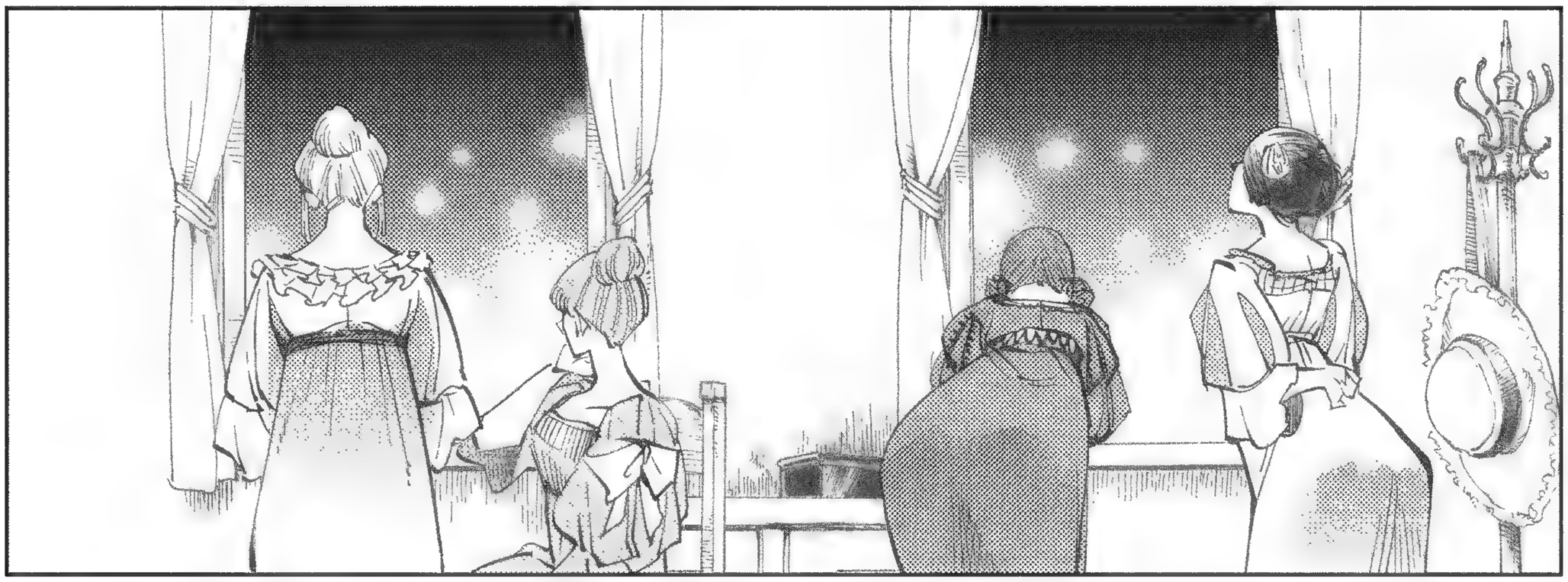
HEE HEE!

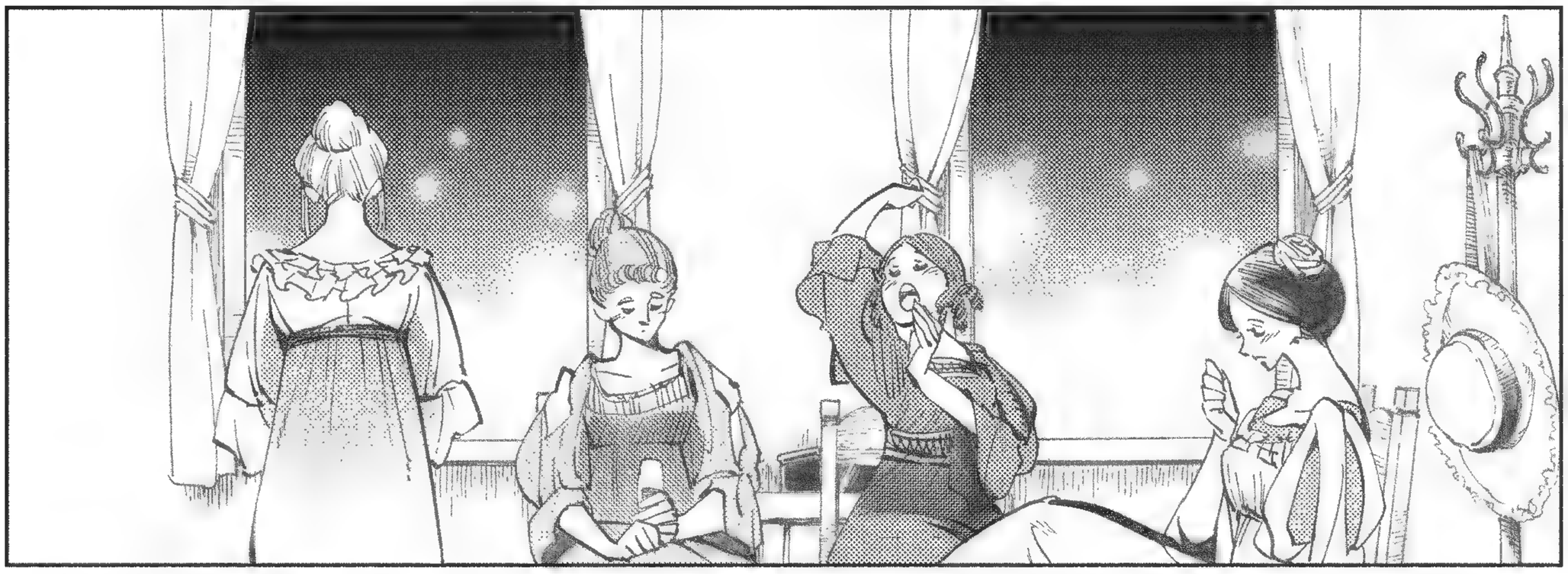
YOU SEE THEM?!

AH!

NO.

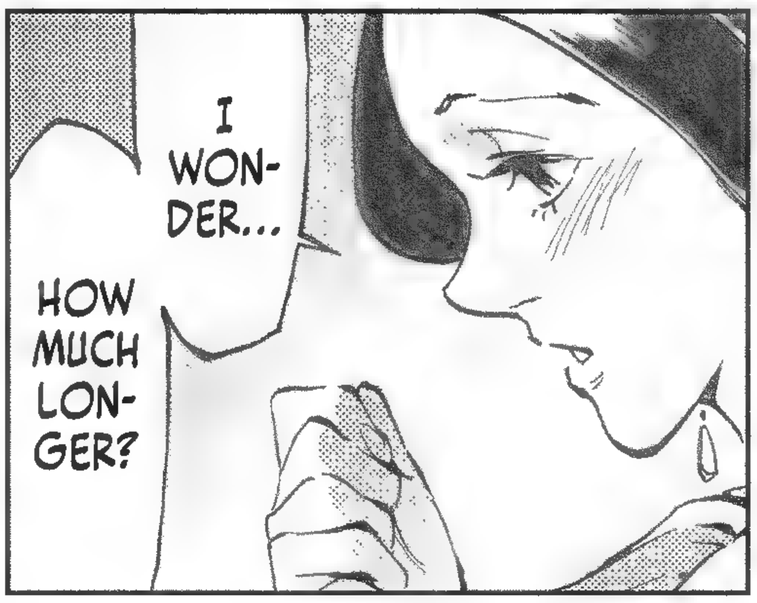
BUT I SAW A FISH JUMPING IN THE RIVER!

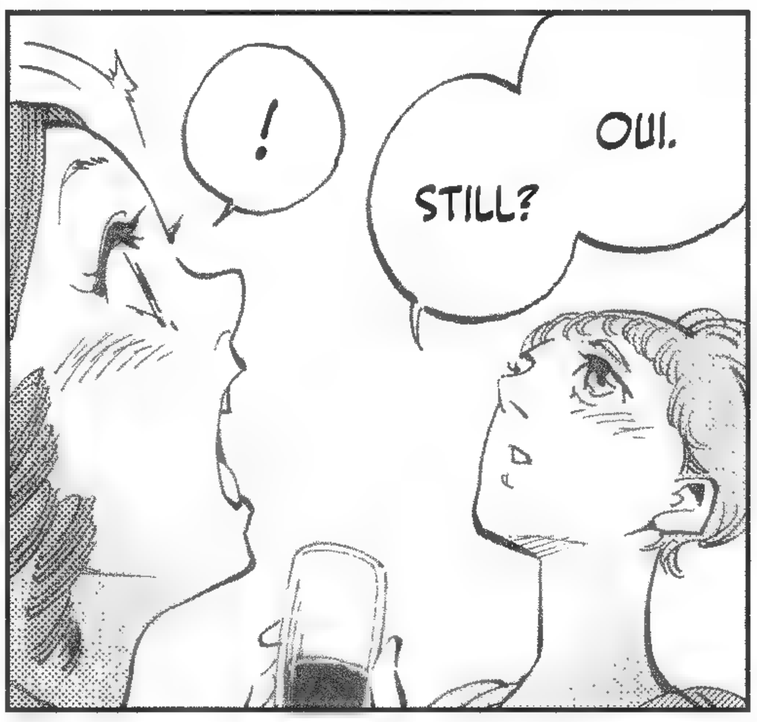


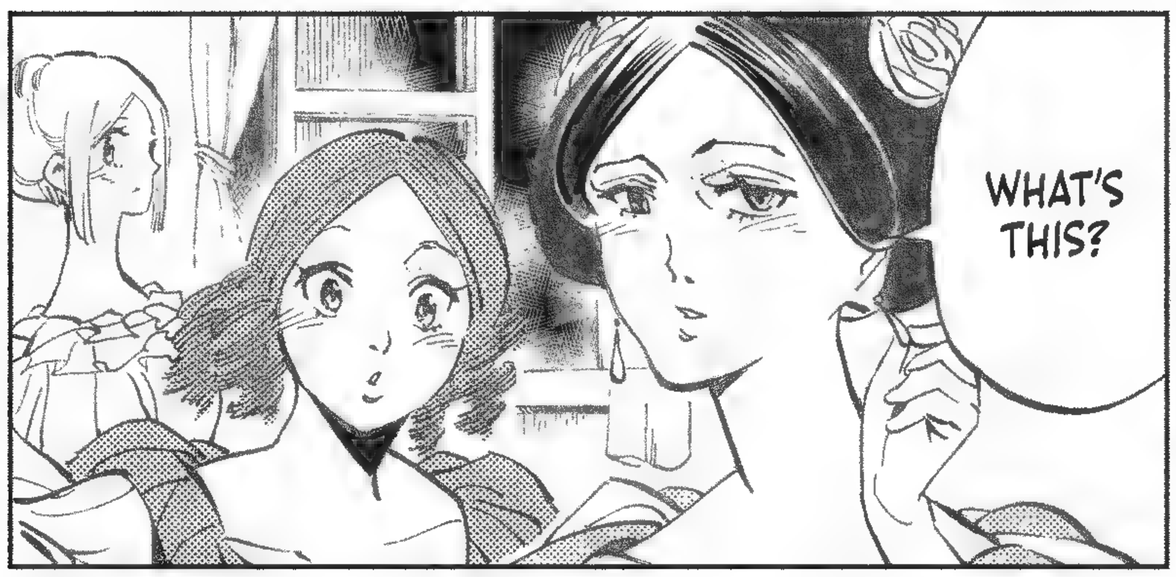


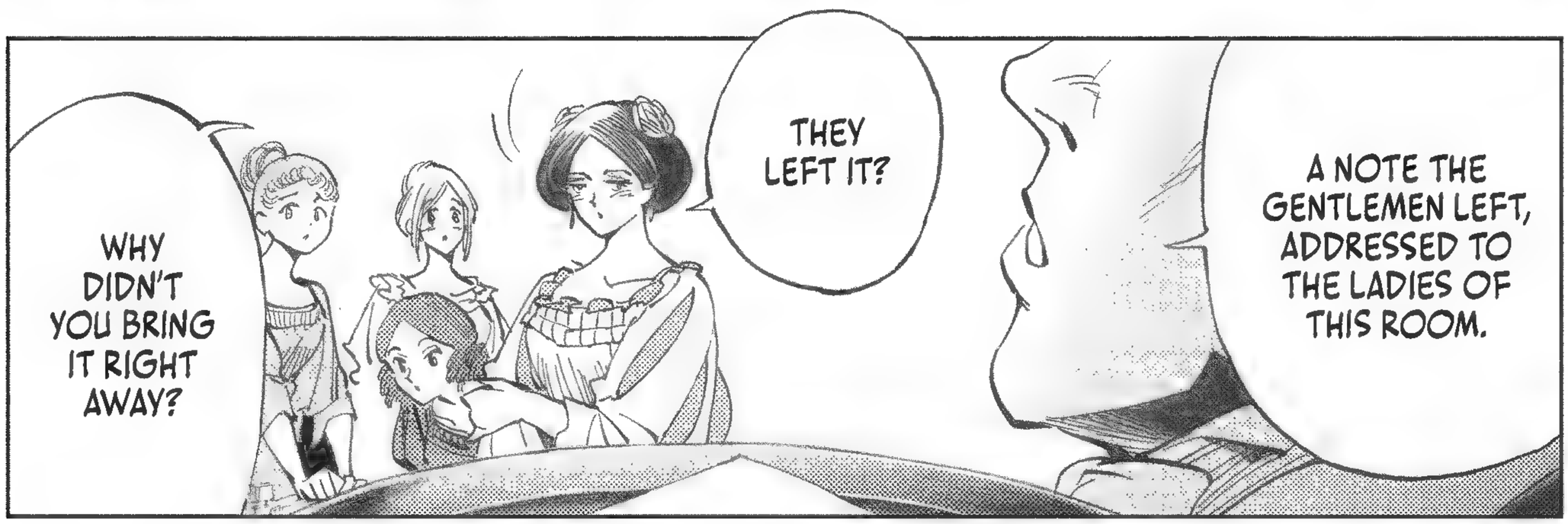
NOK
NOK

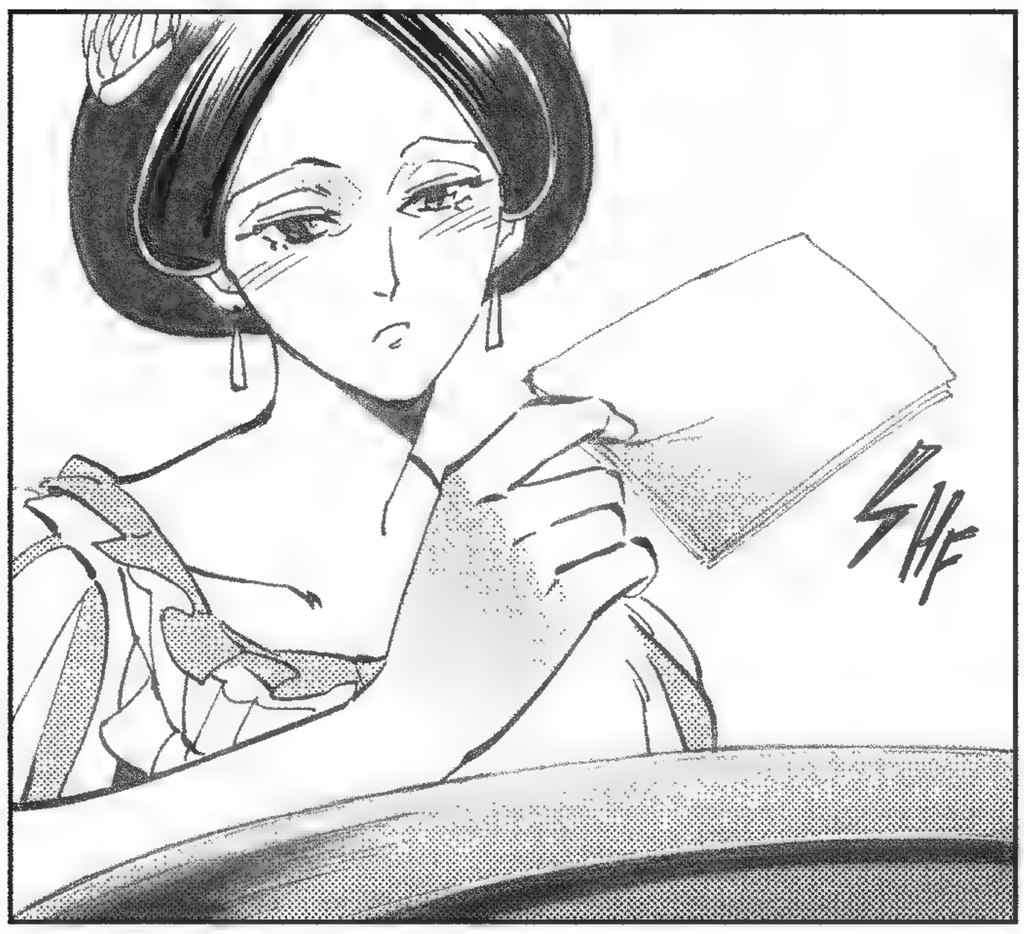
Ha ha ha!
WE WERE WAITING FOR OUR SURPRISE!
OH, YES!
I'D FORGOTTEN ENTIRELY.


I WON-DER...
HOW MUCH LON-GER?


!
OUI.
STILL?


WHAT'S THIS?


WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING IT RIGHT AWAY?
THEY LEFT IT?
A NOTE THE GENTLEMEN LEFT, ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES OF THIS ROOM.



I WAS TOLD...
I WAS TO WAIT ONE HOUR BEFORE DELIVERING IT.

READ IT!

WHAT'S IT SAY?

DON'T RUSH ME!

NOW!

NOW!

OOH!

I'M SO EXCITED!

"TO OUR DEAR LADIES."

SO POMPOUS.

MY!

TO OUR DEAR LADIES...

WE'RE SURE YOU MUST BE AWARE THAT WE HAVE PARENTS.

FOR YEARS, OURS HAVE CALLED FOR THEIR PRODIGAL SONS... BEGGING FOR US TO RETURN.

YES, PARENTS.

YOU MAY BE UNFAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT. BY WORD OF LAW, ONE HAS A MOTHER AND A FATHER.

AND OUR PARENTS GROW OLD.

WE ARE DEEPLY MORAL MEN...

"ACCORD-INGLY...

"WE'VE DECIDED TO RETURN TO OUR HOMES.

AND SEARCH FOR OTHER MEN.

GIVE UP. FORGET US...

TO SUCCESS!

WE MADE YOU AS HAPPY AS WE COULD.

THESE PAST TWO YEARS...

"HOLD NO GRUDGES.

"PLEASE...

RIDING A SPEEDING COACH TRAVELING AT THREE LEAGUES PER HOUR.

BY THE TIME YOU RECEIVE THIS NOTE, WE WILL BE LONG GONE...

GO!

HURRY!

MOVE!

MOVE!

"P.S.... "DINNER HAS BEEN PAID FOR."

.....

OUI.

I MUST SAY, I'M SURPRISED.

WHAT A TRICK.

WELL.

IT'S FAR TOO CLEVER FOR LISTOLIER.

TRUE!

HE MUST'VE COME UP WITH THIS.

THOLOMYÈS, I'D SAY.

I DON'T WANT TO WORK.

I'LL CHIP MY NAILS.

WELL, BOO. HE RAN AWAY.

HUZZAH!!

AND THREE CHEERS FOR THOLOMYÈS!!

BACCHUS, GOD OF WINE...!

WE SING YOUR PRAISES!

PRAIS-ES!

Aha ha ha

AND SO, FANTINE'S FIRST LOVE CAME TO AN END.

DON'T CRY, COSETTE.

Wa ah!

Wa ah!

THERE, THERE.

I'M SO SORRY.

Mph.

Nf.

I'M SORRY.

THE UPPER CRUST AND THE LOWER CLASS.

IT WAS CLEAR HOW IT WOULD END FROM THE BEGINNING.

TOTR

LOVE THAT CROSSED THE BOUNDARIES OF SOCIAL STATUS.

WORKING WOMEN AND STUDENT PEERS.

BUT FOOLISH, INNOCENT FANTINE...

HAD GIVEN HERSELF TO THOLOMYÈS...

AS SHE WOULD TO A HUSBAND...

I'M SORRY.

AND SO THE POOR GIRL BORE HIS CHILD.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A SINGLE MOTHER IN THOSE DAYS?

FANTINE HAD LITTLE HOPE THAT ANY JOB WOULD ACCEPT HER.

BURDENED BY HER ILLEGITIMATE CHILD...

YOUNG WOMEN HAD ONLY TWO CHOICES IN LIFE.

THEY COULD GET MARRIED, OR THEY COULD FIND WORK IN FACTORIES OR AS A MAID.

WITH THE MEN THAT HAD CONNECTED THEM GONE, THE FOUR FRIENDS SCATTERED.

WITHOUT FRIENDS, WITHOUT FAMILY, WITHOUT THOLOMYÈS, FANTINE WAS ALONE.

SHE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE PARIS.

Ten months later.

HM?

WHAT IS IT, COSETTE?

MAMAN!

HOW CHARMING!

THAT GIANT CHAIN LOOKS ALMOST LIKE AN ANGEL'S SWING WITH THEM ON IT.

THOSE GIRLS LOOK ABOUT AS OLD AS YOU ARE.

AV SERGENT DE WATERLOO

"THE SERGEANT ...

"OF WATER-LOO."

WATERLOO

SAID THE WARRIOR ...

IT MUST BE...

MAMAN?

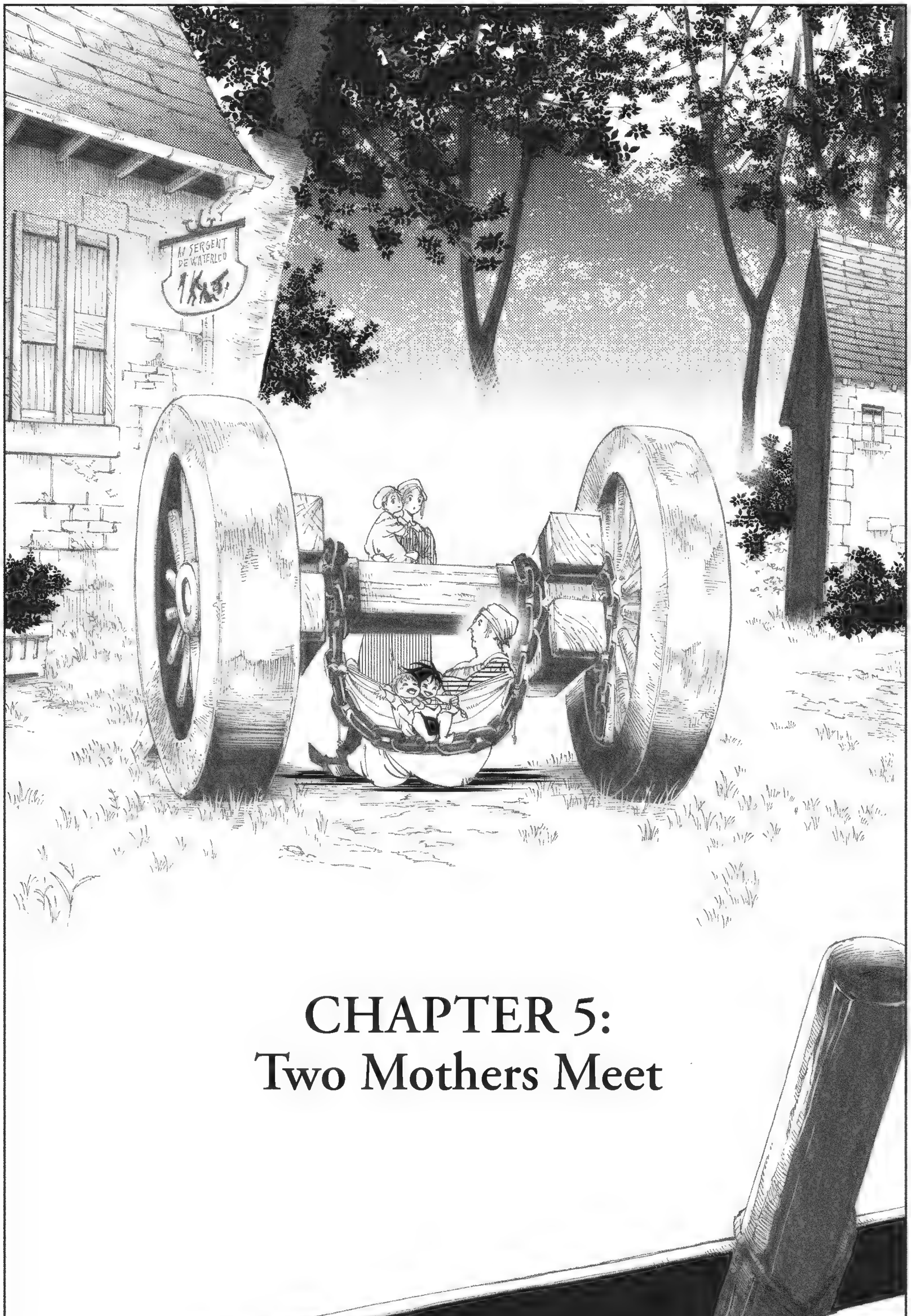
TO FAIR...

TENDER ...

MAMAN!

MORE!

IMOGENE.



CHAPTER 5:
Two Mothers Meet

ARE THESE YOUR CHILDREN, MADAME?

THEY LOOK LIKE CHARMING ANGELS.

YOU WANT DOWN?

WIGL

WIGL

TP

GO AND PLAY TOGETHER.

TMP

SHE'S THE SAME AS MY OLDER GIRL, EPONINE, THEN.

SHE'LL SOON BE THREE.

HOW OLD?

COSETTE.

WHAT'S YOUR GIRL'S NAME?

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE ON A TRIP.

MY NAME IS FANTINE.

I'M THE WIFE OF THE OWNER, THENARDIER.

I HELP RUN THIS INN.

I WAS A GRISETTE."

NO. I'VE JUST COME FROM THERE, IN FACT.

OFF TO PARIS?

*A young woman garment worker, often associated with the bohemian milieu.

HE DIED.

HE...

MY HUSBAND ...

BUT MY...

YES.

IT'S HARD ENOUGH FOR A WOMAN ON HER OWN TO FIND WORK. NEAR IMPOSSIBLE IF SHE'S GOT A CHILD.

SORRY TO HEAR IT.

THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT TO RETURN TO THE COUNTRY...

AND START OVER.

AREN'T CHILDREN WONDERFUL?

.....

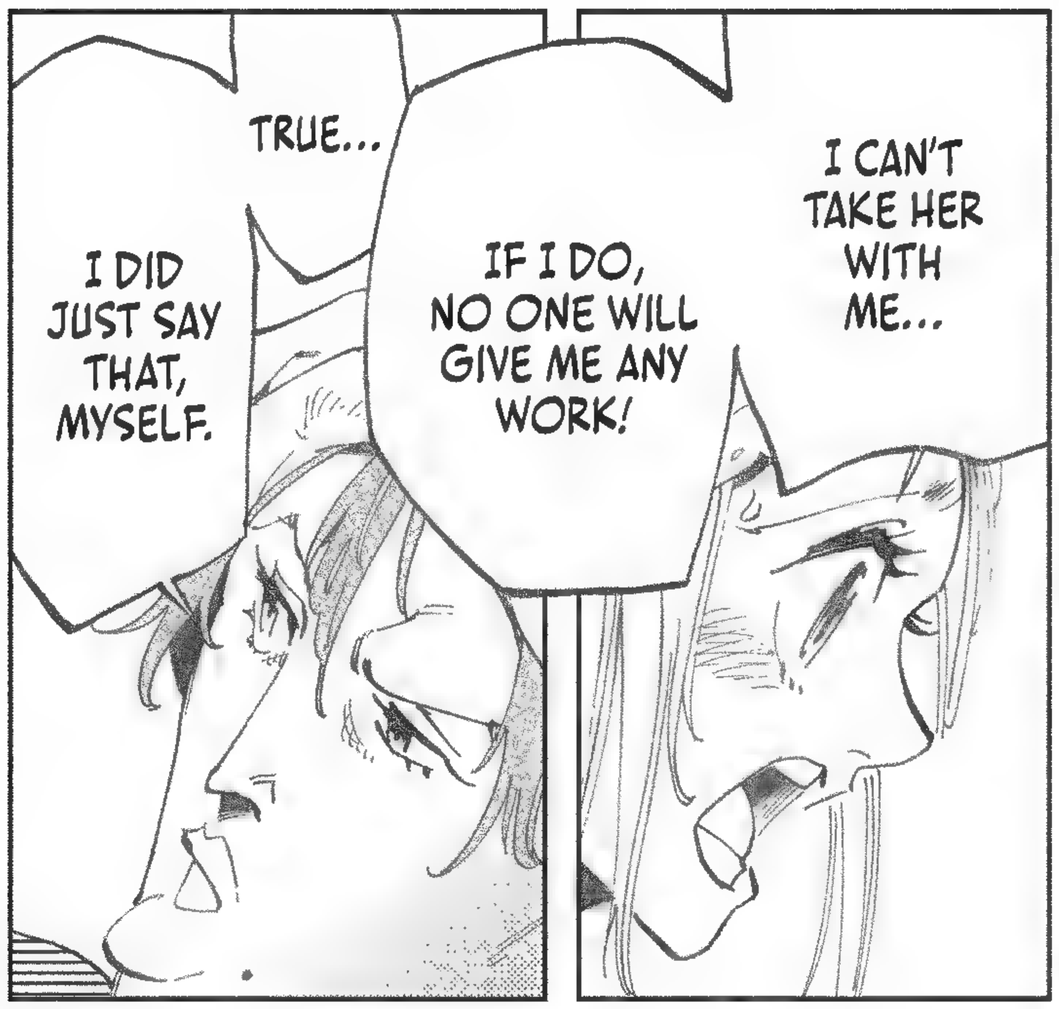
THEY'RE ALREADY LIKE SISTERS.

LOOK THERE.

SISTERS...

EXCUSE ME!

BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
KEEP HER?


TRUE...
I DID JUST SAY THAT, MYSELF.
IF I DO, NO ONE WILL GIVE ME ANY WORK!
I CAN'T TAKE HER WITH ME...

I DID, BUT...
AND YOU ALSO SAID THEY'RE ALREADY AS CLOSE AS SISTERS!

WILL YOU KEEP MY DAUGHTER FOR ME?!

ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED MEANS MORE EXPENSES FOR US....

STILL...

I'LL FIND WORK...

AND ONCE I'VE SAVED ENOUGH, I'LL COME AND GET HER!

SURELY GOD MUST'VE GUIDED ME HERE.

I CAN TELL BY HOW HAPPY YOUR GIRLS ARE!

I KNOW YOU MUST BE A WONDERFUL MOTHER!

I'LL PAY YOU SIX FRANCS A MONTH!

WE WON'T TAKE LESS THAN SEVEN.

AND SIX MONTHS UP FRONT.

HMMM

.....

THAT'D BE FORTY-TWO.

SIX MONTHS' WORTH AT SEVEN FRANCS.

I...

I'LL PAY IT.

ANOTHER FIFTEEN FRANCS.

MANY OTHERS. WE'D NEED, SAY...

THERE'LL BE OTHER EXPENSES, TOO.

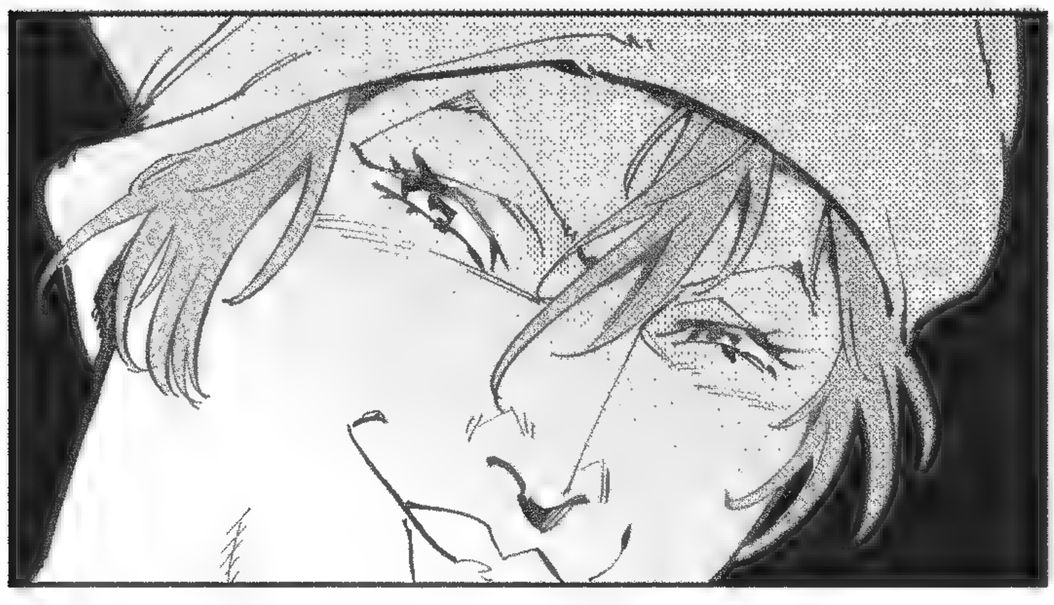
FIFTY-SEVEN FRANCS TOTAL.

.....

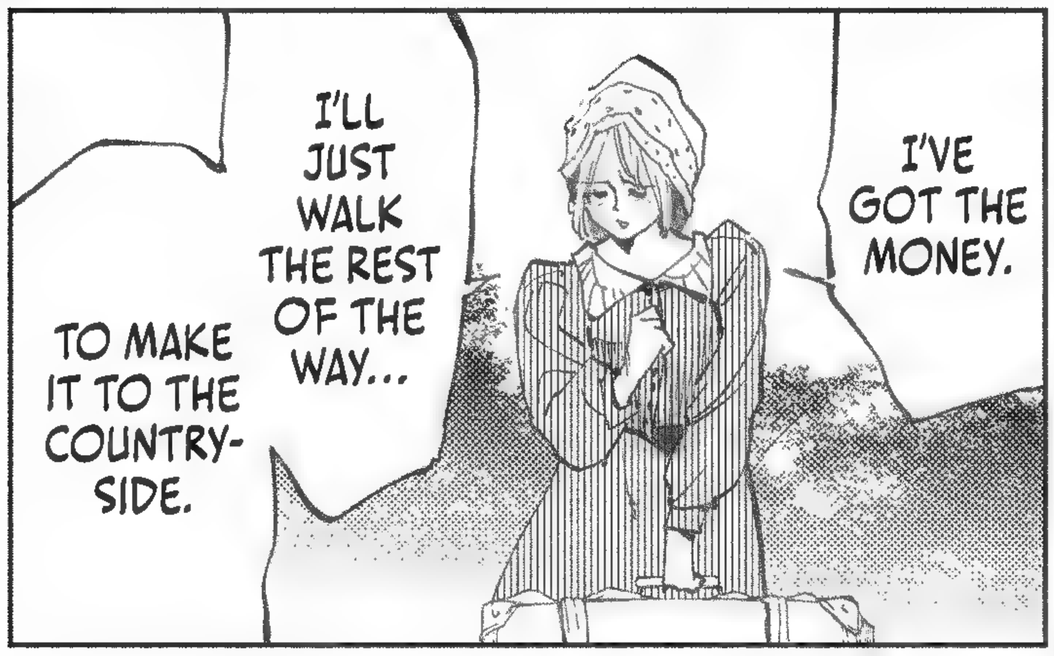
THAT MUCH...?

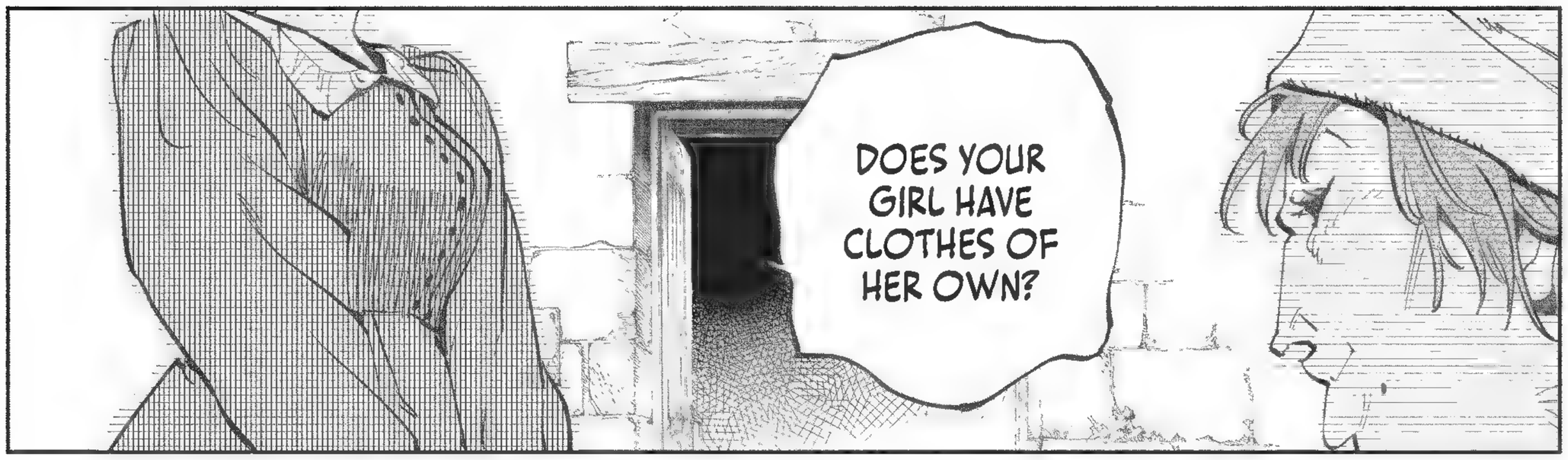
IT MUST BE...

SAID THE WARRIOR... ♪

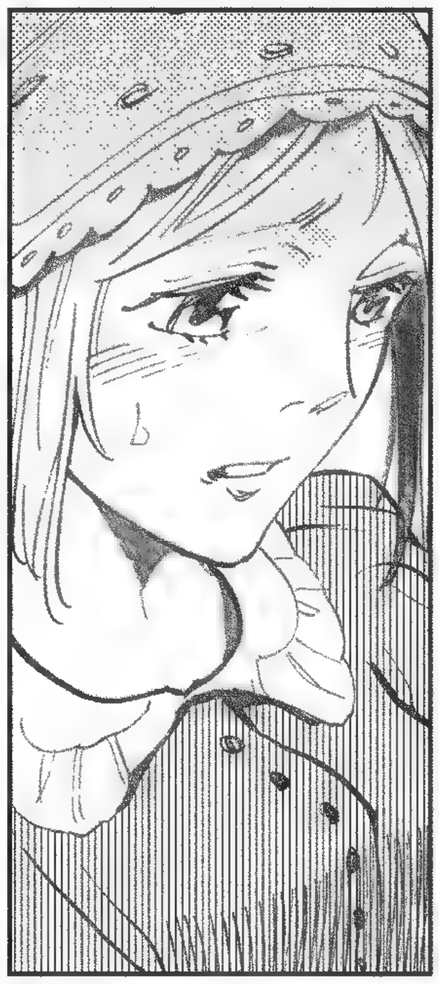


I'LL PAY!


TO MAKE IT TO THE COUNTRY-SIDE.
I'LL JUST WALK THE REST OF THE WAY...
I'VE GOT THE MONEY.


DOES YOUR GIRL HAVE CLOTHES OF HER OWN?

IN THIS CARPETBAG.
YES.



THAT'S MY HUSBAND.
.....

A PLAIN LINEN SMOCK FOR YOU...

AND SILK AND LACE FOR YOUR GIRL. HOW NOBLE!

ARE ALL HER CLOTHES LIKE THAT?

THAT DRESS OF HERS IS... NICE.

I WANTED TO MAKE SURE MY GIRL HAD SOMETHING FINE TO WEAR, AT LEAST.

YES.

THAT ISN'T QUITE WHAT I...

I CAN UNDER-STAND IT.

A YOUNG MOTHER'S INNOCENT SHOW OF PRIDE.

TMP

WHY WOULDN'T I LEAVE THEM WITH HER?

OF COURSE!

IF THE GIRL DOESN'T HAVE A CHANGE OF OUT-FIT...

YOU MUST LEAVE THESE CLOTHES HERE.

EXCELLENT! I THINK WE'VE REACHED AN AGREEMENT.

TUG

COME HERE, SWEET-LING.

MAMAN!

LOOM

STAY WITH US AT OUR INN, TONIGHT.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER OUGHT HAVE ONE LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

YOU WON'T SEE HER FOR A WHILE, RIGHT?

MAMAN...?

YOU WOKE UP MY GIRLS!

UGH, YOU'RE SO LOUD!

AAAA!!

AH! THERE THERE.

AAA?

AAAA

TONIGHT, YOU WEAR THIS WHEN YOU SLEEP.

HERE, EPONINE.

LOOK AT YOU, YOU NASTY LITTLE THING...

WEARING SUCH NICE CLOTHES.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

WE'RE SELLING EVERY LAST SCRAP SHE'S GOT.

Waaahh!

DEAR!

GIVE IT!

YANK

SEE? DOESN'T IT LOOK SWEET?

BUT DEAR...

CAN'T WE KEEP THIS ONE?

FEH

GUESS YOU MIGHT.

THIS HAUL WAS THANKS TO YOU, AFTER ALL.

SNIFF

Maman!

SMART MOVE, USING THE BRATS TO LURE IN THAT WOMAN.

GOOD JOB.

NOW I CAN MAKE MY DEBT PAYMENT THAT'S DUE TOMORROW.

HA HA...

WELL, AH...

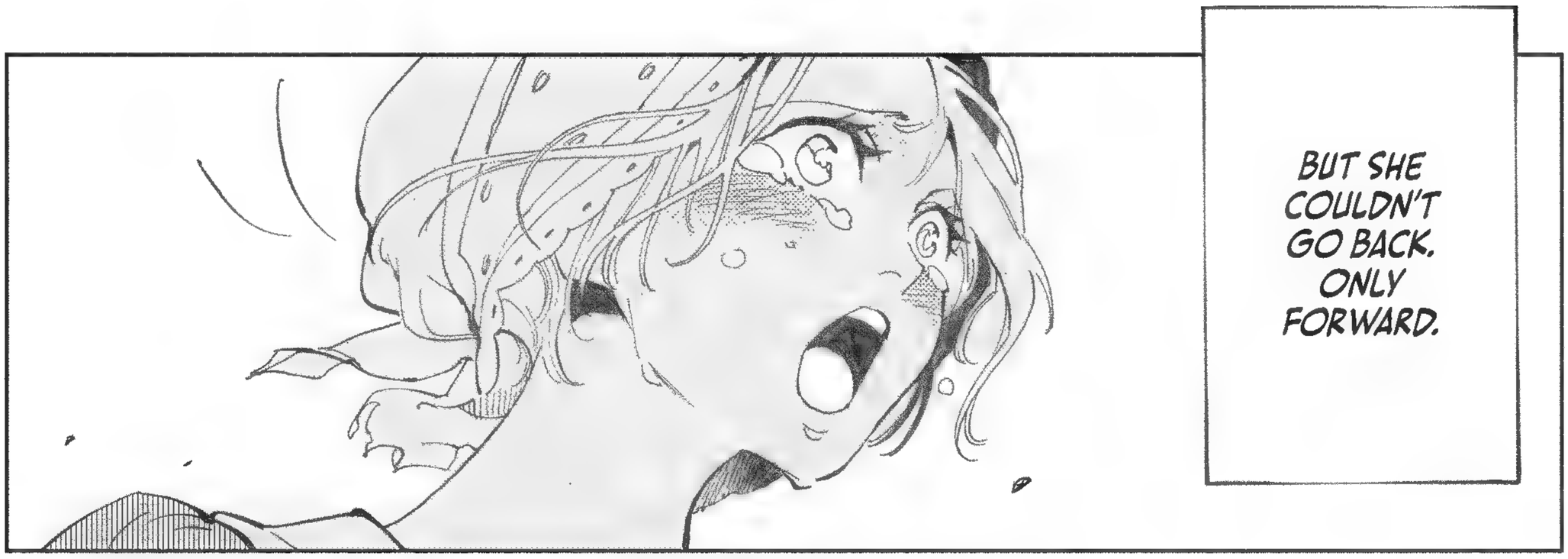
NOT THAT I'D INTENDED TO.

CLUTCHING A CARPET-BAG GROWN LIGHTER...

THE MOTHER SADLY RETURNED TO THE ROAD.

"I PROMISE I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU," SHE WHISPERED.

FOR A MOMENT, SHE THOUGHT SHE HEARD COSETTE CRY.


BUT SHE COULDN'T GO BACK. ONLY FORWARD.

TO GO BACK WOULD ONLY MAKE IT HARDER.

DESPAIR AND HOPE IN HER HEART...
SHE MADE FOR HOME...

1818.
Montreuil-
Sur-Mer.

THE VERY TOWN FANTINE...

HAD ONCE BEHIND LEFT...

BONK

!!

?

BOY. WATCH YOUR STEP.

ARE YOU OKAY?

CAN YOU STAND?

OOOH, OWCH ...!

!!

HERE.

PLINK

ARE YOU A SAVOYARD, BOY?

.....

TUG

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

TAKE THEM. THEY'RE YOURS.

MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

BONJOUR, MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS?

I DO.

LET ME TAKE YOU THERE.

PARDON ME.

I'M LOOKING FOR THE BEAD FACTORY.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WELL, WELL!

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT FACTORY THIS IS!

NOK NOK

NO, NO.

ARE YOU A WORKMAN HERE?

THANK YOU.

NOW THEN, THE OWNER'S OFFICE IS...

HELLO THERE, SIR!

I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM SPAIN!

I'D LOVE TO PLACE AN ORDER FOR ALL THE TRINKETS YOU MAKE!

YOU MUST BE THE OWNER, MONSIEUR.

ERM... SIR?

I'M AFRAID I'M MERELY THE SEC-RETARY.

TRULY FANTASTIC! IT'S BECOME INCREDIBLY POPULAR.

YOUR BLACK GLASS JEWELRY IS FANTASTIC!

BEHIND YOU, SIR.

MY APOLOGIES! WHO IS THE OWNER, THEN?

?

I'M MADELEINE, THE OWNER OF THIS FACTORY.

MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

CALLED SUCH WITH AFFECTION BY EVERYONE IN TOWN...

HE FIRST ARRIVED IN MONTREUIL ON A HARROWING NIGHT.

UM!

I MEAN, AHH...

I'M SORRY! I HAD NO IDEA...

MY WORD! HOW RUDE OF ME!

Ha ha ha.

THREE YEARS AGO...

FIRE!

THE TOWN HALL IS BURNING!

?!

DID I JUST SEE A MAN GO IN THERE?!

WHAT?!

MY CHILDREN!

MY CHILDREN ARE INSIDE!

STOP! DO YOU WANT TO DIE TOO?!

HE'S CRAZY...!

!!

PAPA...

Waaa

Oohh!!

OH, THANK GOD...

THEY'RE ALIVE!!

WAIT.

I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

THANK YOU.

I'M THE CAPTAIN OF THE TOWN GENDARMERIE.

.....

GEN-DARMES ...?

YOURS IS A FACE I HAVEN'T SEEN.

YOU TRAVELING THROUGH HERE?

I'LL GET MY PASSPORT...

GRP

MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, TRAVEL-ER?

NEVER YOU MIND THAT.

IT'S ASH...?

THAT WAS AMAZING!

ER...

I'M, AH...

WHAT INCREDIBLE BRAVERY!

Ha ha ha

Ha ha ha

I COULD NOT HEAR YOU.

WHAT WAS THAT?

HE USED THE MONEY TO START A BUSINESS.

HE KEPT THE CANDLESTICKS AND SOLD THE REST.

HE CARRIED ROUGH CLOTHING, A KNAPSACK, AND A WALKING STICK...

ALONG WITH SEVERAL FINE SILVER PLATES AND TWO SILVER CANDLE-STICKS.

THANKS TO A SMALL IDEA, HE WOUND UP REVOLUTIONIZING THE MANUFACTURE OF JET BEADS.

HIGH QUALITY FOR A LOW PRICE.

LOWER PRODUCTION COSTS MEAN HIGHER WAGES, TOO.

WITHIN A MERE TWO YEARS, MONTREUIL-SUR-MER BECAME A RENOWNED CENTER FOR BLACK GLASS JEWELRY.

THE TOWN FLOURISHED.

HE ENRICHED THOSE AROUND HIM.

MADELEINE BECAME RICH NEARLY OVER-NIGHT, AND IN TURN...

WITH THE INCREASED POPULA-TION...

THE SCHOOL YOU FOUNDED IS GROWING CROWDED.

AND HOW MUCH WOULD YOU LIKE TO DONATE TO THE HOSPITAL?

ENOUGH FOR TEN BEDS.

IT'S SCHEDULED TO START ACCEPTING STUDENTS IN THREE MONTHS' TIME.

MOVING ALONG NICELY, SIR.

HOW GOES THE CONSTRUC-TION OF THE SECOND?

ALLOTTED FROM YOUR PERSONAL COFFERS, SIR.

IT'LL BE TWICE THEIR OFFICIAL PAY...

AS INSTRUCT-ED...

WHAT OF THE TEACHERS' PAY?

ESTABLISHED A FUND TO AID OLD AND INJURED WORKMEN FROM HIS OWN MONEY...

AND BUILT A FREE DISPENSARY FOR THE POOR.

NOT ONLY THAT, HE FOUNDED A PRESCHOOL, PREVIOUSLY UNHEARD OF IN FRANCE...

GOOD.

I'LL HIRE YOU ON ONE CONDITION...

SIR... WE HEARD YOU WOULD EMPLOY ANYONE WHO ASKED.

WE WANT TO WORK AT YOUR FACTORY.

LIVE AN HONEST LIFE.

AND HE'S ONLY GROWN KINDER AND GENTLER AS TIME GOES BY.

I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HE FIRST CAME TO TOWN...

I KNOW! HE'S HUMBLE AND POLITE.

MONSIEUR MADELEINE IS SUCH A WONDERFUL PERSON.

Ha ha ha!
SOUNDS RIGHT TO ME!
A KIND-HEARTED ECCENTRIC?
HE'S, OH HOW TO SAY IT...
HE TURNED DOWN A MEDAL, TOO.
WHY, THE KING HIMSELF OFFERED HIM THE MAYORALTY, BUT HE REFUSED.
YES! HE'S ALWAYS WEAVING TOYS FOR THEM OUT OF STRAW.
THE CHILDREN LOVE HIM, TOO.
I OFTEN SEE HIM READING A BOOK.
MADELEINE IS A FRAUD.
DON'T LET HIM FOOL YOU.
COULD BE. HE TAUGHT ME...
THINK HE'S FROM THE COUNTRY-SIDE?
HNF!!
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
FAUCHELE-VANT! YOU AGAIN?
AND EVEN A HANDFUL OF USES FOR THISTLES!
HOW TO KEEP WEEVILS OFF MY WHEAT...

THINK OF HOW SUCCESSFUL MONSIEUR MADELEINE'S BUSINESS HAS BEEN.

WELL OF COURSE HE'D HAVE MONEY.

Ahahaha ha!

THE MAN HAS OVER 630,000 FRANCS IN THE BANK! HE'S UP TO NO GOOD!

IT LOOKS LIKE A HOUSE ANY OF US MIGHT LIVE IN.

IT'S SUCH A PLAIN AFFAIR.

HE'S DONATED OVER A MILLION FRANCS TO THE TOWN.

WHY, JUST AS FAR AS I KNOW...

BUT LOOK AT HIS HOUSE.

COME TO THINK OF IT, I'VE HEARD A RUMOR ABOUT THAT.

NO...

BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE INSIDE?

HMF. SO YOU SAY.

THEN WHY DON'T WE?

HUH?

WHY IT'S PRACTICALLY A MAUSO-LEUM!

THEY SAY HE DECORATES IT WITH WINGED HOURGLASSES AND HUMAN BONES AND SUCH.

REALLY! I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT.

KCHAK

AND GOOD MONSIEUR FAUCHELEVENT, TOO.

AH. HELLO THERE, LADIES.

JUST FOR A MOMENT.

MY HOUSE?

SAY, AH... MONSIEUR MADELEINE?

MIGHT WE SEE THE INSIDE OF YOUR HOME?

OF COURSE.

PLEASE COME IN.

.....

OHO!

THOSE ARE VALUABLE!

THEY ARE...

BUT THAT'S ALL THERE IS.

.....

HEY.

WHAT OF THIS "MAUSOLEUM"?

SILVER CANDLE-STICKS!

LOOK!

WHY, THIS IS PLAINER THAN MY FAMILY'S HOME.

?

ERM! NOTHING!

PAY ME NO MIND, MONSIEUR.

Oho ho ho...

1820. FOR THE SECOND TIME...

THE KING TRIED TO APPOINT HIM MAYOR OF MONTREUIL-SUR-MER.

EVEN THE PEOPLE IN THE STREET BESEECHED HIM.

THE PEOPLE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT.

DMP DMP

AGAIN HE DECLINED. BUT THIS TIME...

YOU MUST ACCEPT IT!

TOWN NOTABLES ...

THE PREFECT ...

MONSIEUR MADELEINE, PLEASE!

MONSIEUR MADE-LEINE!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

I'M SORRY, MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAY?

MAMAN...

BREAD FOR THE STARV-ING.

WORK FOR THE ABLE.

AS OUR MAYOR, YOU COULD DO EVEN MORE GOOD!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, TURNING UP YOUR NOSE AT THIS APPOINT-MENT?!

MONSIEUR MADELEINE!

DO IT FOR US.

MONSIEUR MADELEINE, PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT.

I'LL ACCEPT THE POST.

Wada

AND SO MONSIEUR MADELEINE...

BECAME MONSIEUR MAYOR.

THAT WILL BE ONE SOU.

I'LL BORROW A COPY, PLEASE.

OH! BONJOUR, MONSIEUR MADELEINE...

I MUCH PREFER BEING CALLED BY MY NAME.

RATHER THAN MY TITLE...

I MEAN MONSIEUR MAYOR.

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

A NEWSPAPER SQUARE.

AT THE TIME, NEWSPAPERS IN FRANCE WEREN'T OFTEN SOLD IN SHOPS. IT WAS MORE COMMON FOR A TAVERN OR TOWN HALL TO HAVE A FEW COPIES THEY'D RENT FOR A FEE.

WHO COULD'VE IMAGINED HIS SUCCESS?

BONJOUR.

BONJOUR, MONSIEUR MAYOR.

MONSIEUR.

EVERYTHING COULD BE TRACED BACK TO WHEN THEY MET.

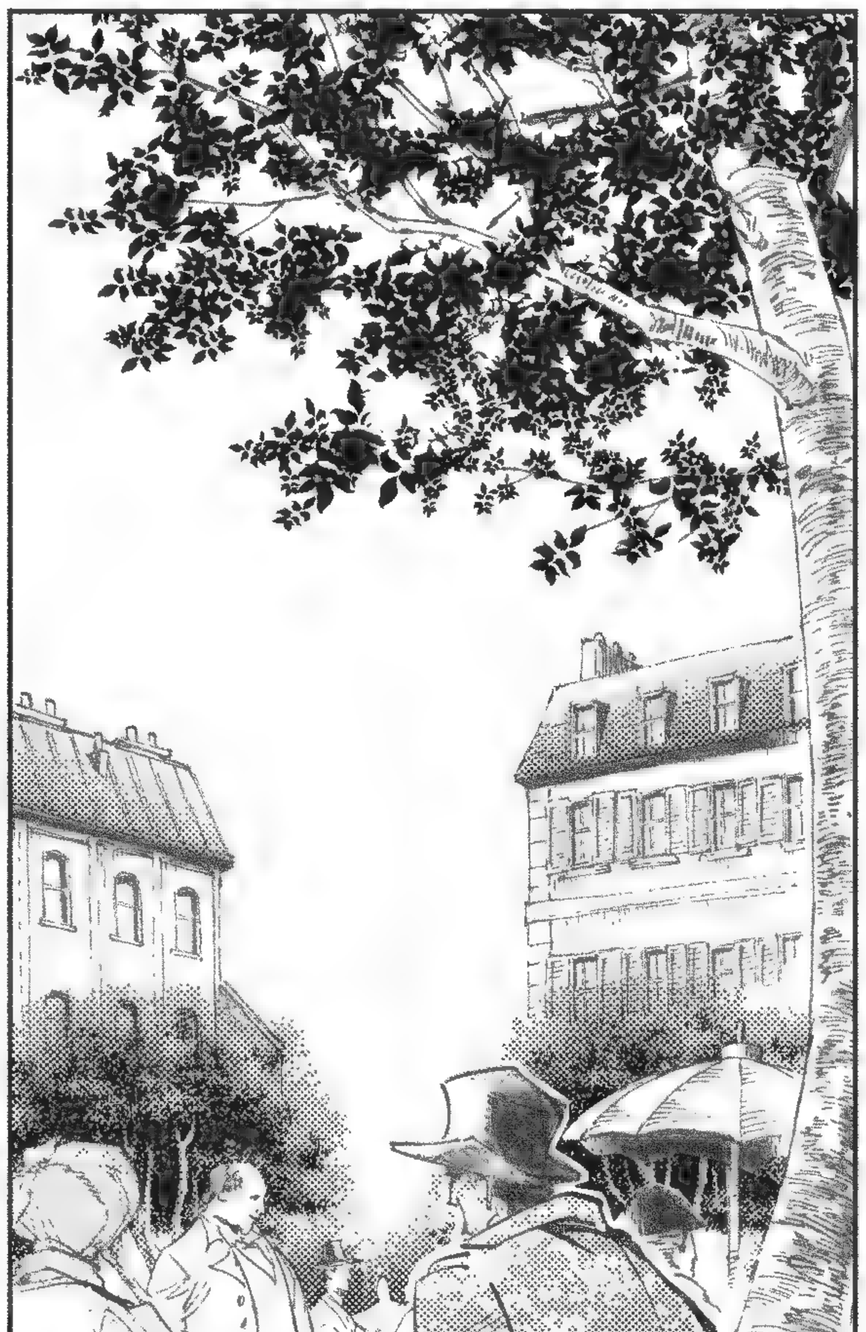
YES...

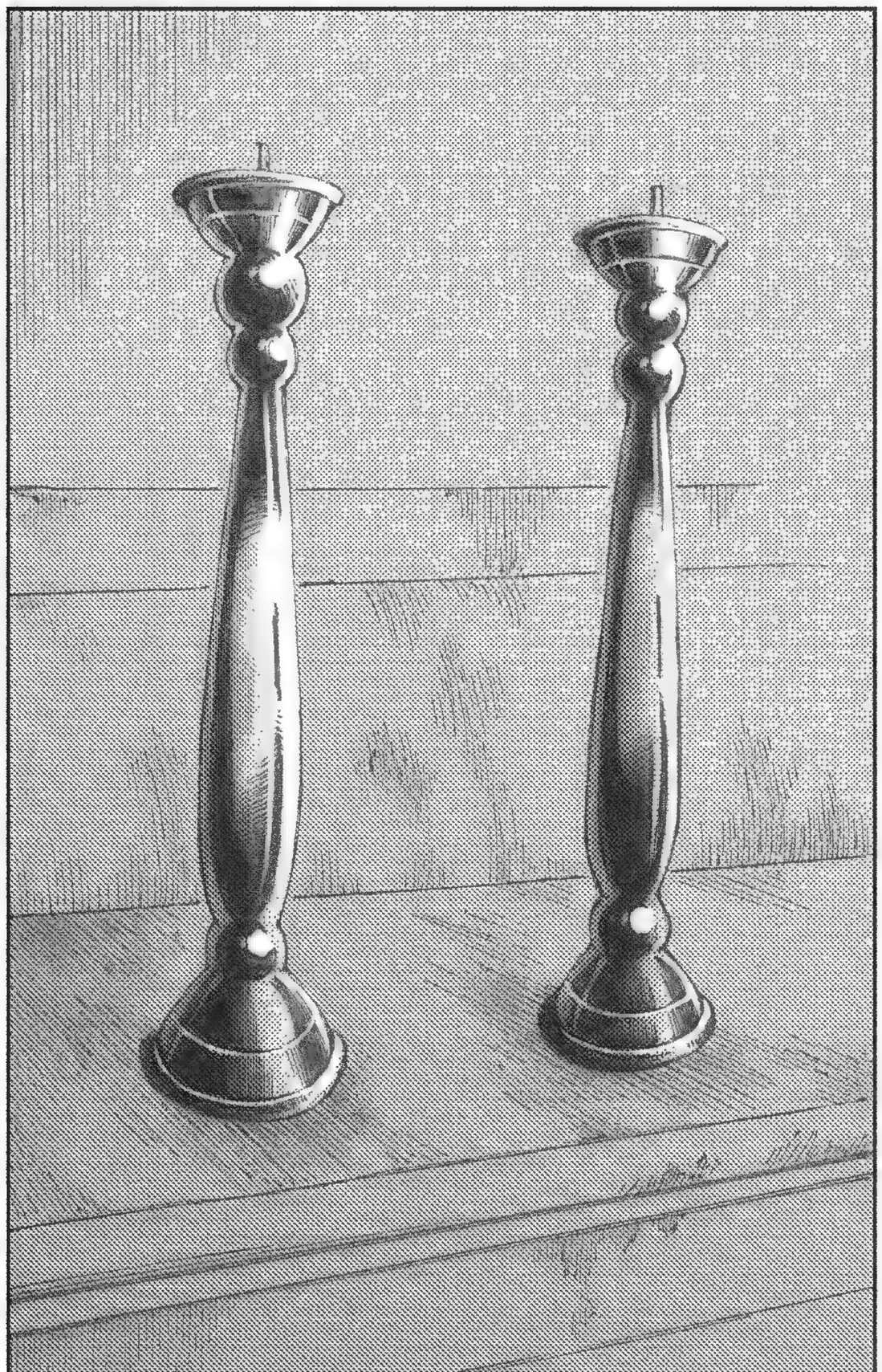
HE'D TRIED HIS BEST TO FOLLOW BISHOP MYRIEL'S EXAMPLE.

IN THE SIX YEARS SINCE HIS RELEASE...

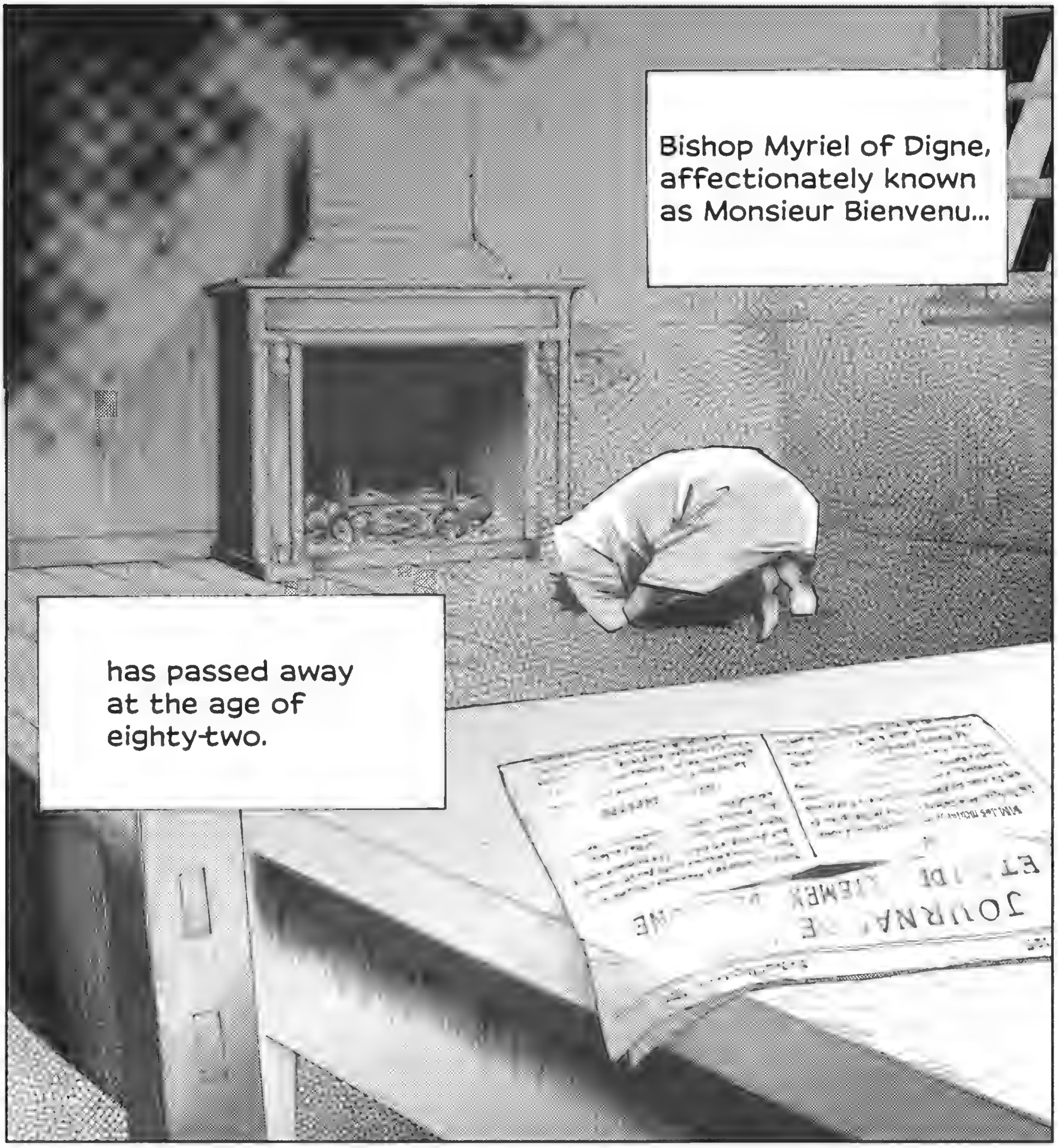
AND IN THE YEAR 1821, IN MONTREIUL-SUR-MER, THE TITLE "MONSIEUR MAYOR"...

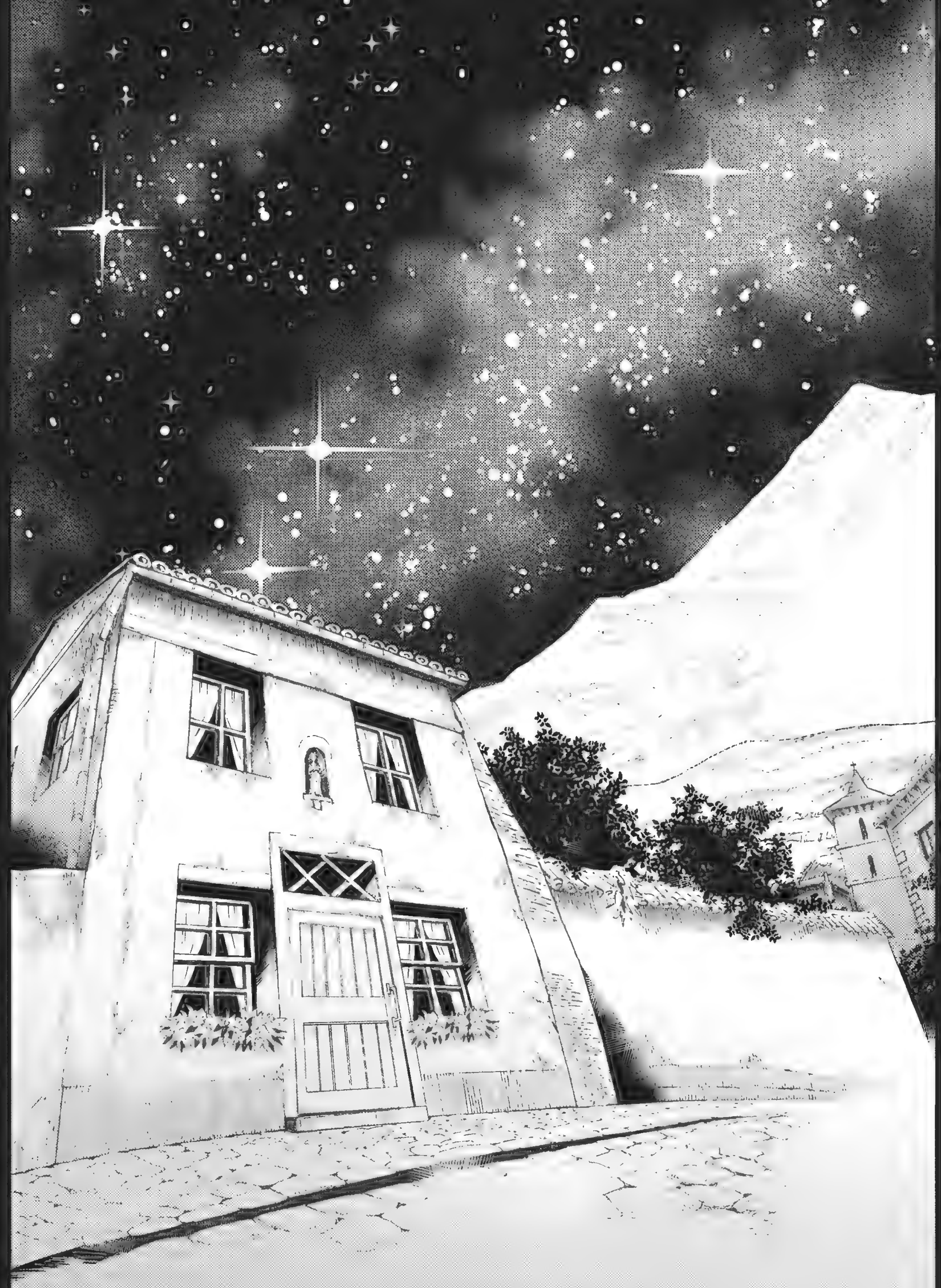
HAD TAKEN ON EXACTLY THE SAME MEANING AS "HIS EXCELLENCY, THE BISHOP" IN DIGNE.





Obituary—


Bishop Myriel of Digne, affectionately known as Monsieur Bienvenu...
has passed away at the age of eighty-two.



CHAPTER 6:
Madeleine in Mourning

...

BAPTISTINE?

HERE, MY BROTHER.

I'M RIGHT HERE.

SO WARM.

THANK YOU.

IT'S ODD. NOW THAT I'M BLIND...

THERE'S ONE THING THAT I NOW SEE MORE CLEARLY THAN EVER.

THE GREATEST BLESSING THAT ANYONE COULD HAVE...

WHAT IS THAT?

IS THE CONFIDENCE THAT ONE IS LOVED.

I'M BLESSED, TOO.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

YES.

ARE THE STARS OUT?

BAPTISTINE.

OF COURSE, CHARLES.

OF COURSE.

IF YOU PLEASE.

I'D LIKE YOU TO STAY BY ME...

FOR A TIME.

Montreuil-sur-Mer.

MUR

DID SOMEONE PASS AWAY?

MONSIEUR MAYOR IS WEARING MOURNING CLOTHES.

THEY SAY HE'D GONE BLIND SOME YEARS AGO.

BISHOP MYRIEL WAS EIGHTY-TWO.

HRM.

I READ IT IN YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPER.

THE BISHOP OF DIGNE, WHO WAS CALLED MONSIEUR BIENVENU.

WELL, WHATEVER THE CASE...

MONSIEUR MAYOR IS IN MOURNING FOR HIM.

THAT MAY SHED SOME LIGHT ON HIS PAST.

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, A RELATIVE OF THE LATE BISHOP OF DIGNE?

MONSIEUR MAYOR...

BUT YOU'RE IN MOURNING FOR HIM, ARE YOU NOT?

OH. YES.

OH?

I'M NOT, MADAME.

NO.

OH!

I SERVED IN THE BISHOP'S HOUSEHOLD WHEN I WAS YOUNGER.

HE WAS AN INCREDIBLE MAN.

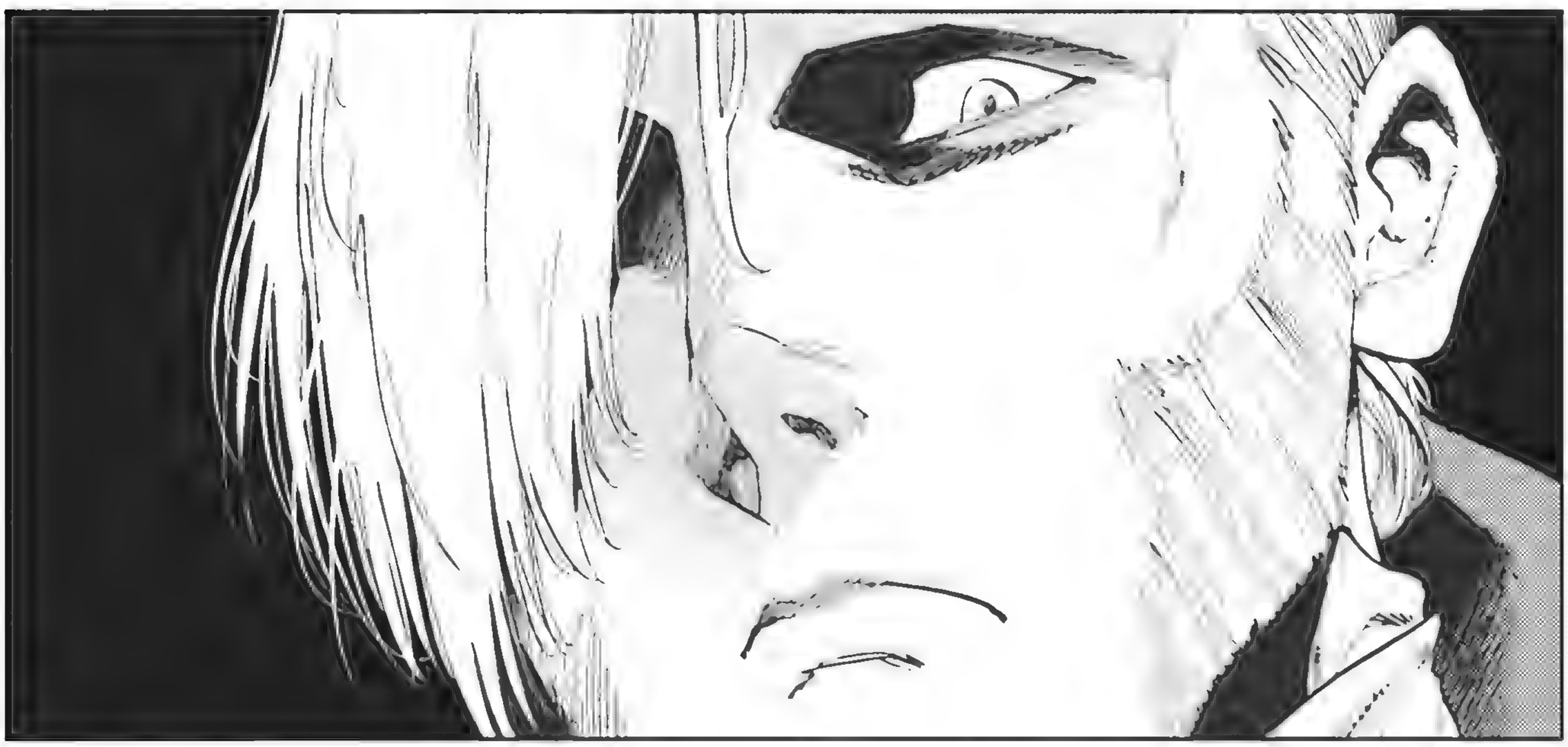
I'VE NO WORDS.

DIGNE?

MADE-LEINE.

HE WAS IN DIGNE BEFORE HE CAME HERE SIX YEARS AGO?

!



I MEAN INSPEC-TOR.

SORRY...

JAVERT, WAS IT?

ERR...

DID YOU HEAR THAT?!

ANYWAY!

.....

SURELY IT MUST BE SOMETHING UNSPEAK-ABLE...

ISN'T THAT ODD?

APPARENTLY MADELEINE WAS IN DIGNE BEFORE HE CAME HERE!

NOBODY KNOWS THE LEAST DETAILS OF HIS PAST.

FOR ALL THE SUCCESS THAT MAN'S RACKED UP...

IT'S ODD! NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, IT'S ODD!

YOU HAVE TO INVESTIGATE MADELEINE! PLEASE!

AND?

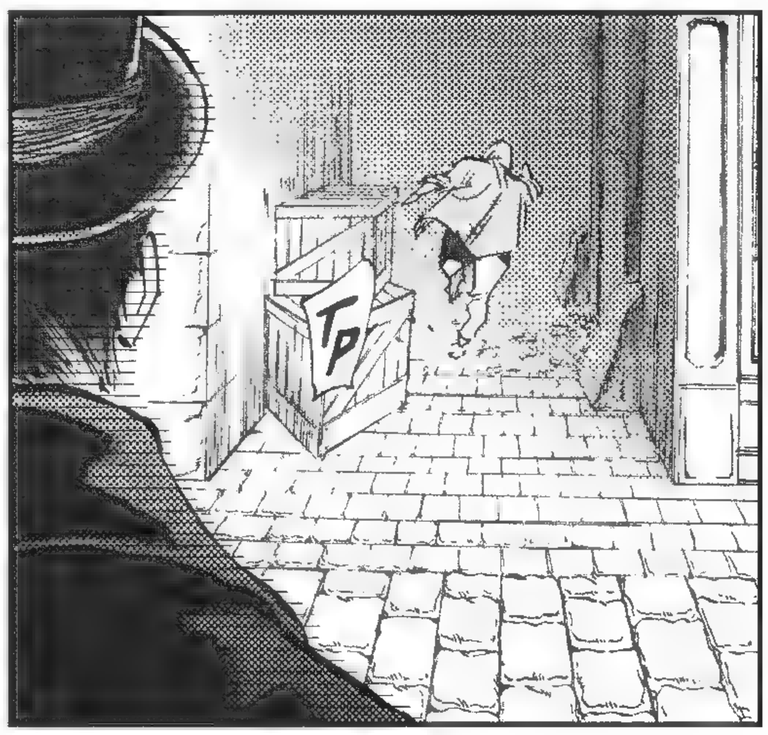
GULP

WELL, ER...

I JUST...

A SIMPLE CITY INSPEC-TOR...

INVESTIGATING A MAYOR DULY APPOINTED BY THE CROWN?


TP

JAVERT?

HE'S HIGHLY COMPETENT. PARIS'S OWN PREFECT, COMTE ANGELES, RECOMMENDED HIM.

FROM WHAT I HEAR...

OH...

HE'S THE INSPECTOR WHO WAS APPOINTED TO THIS REGION SOME MONTHS AGO.

THEY SAY IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS HE WAS A GUARD AT THE SOUTHERN GALLEYS. IN...

YOU MAY LEAVE.

IT'S NOTHING. NEVER MIND.

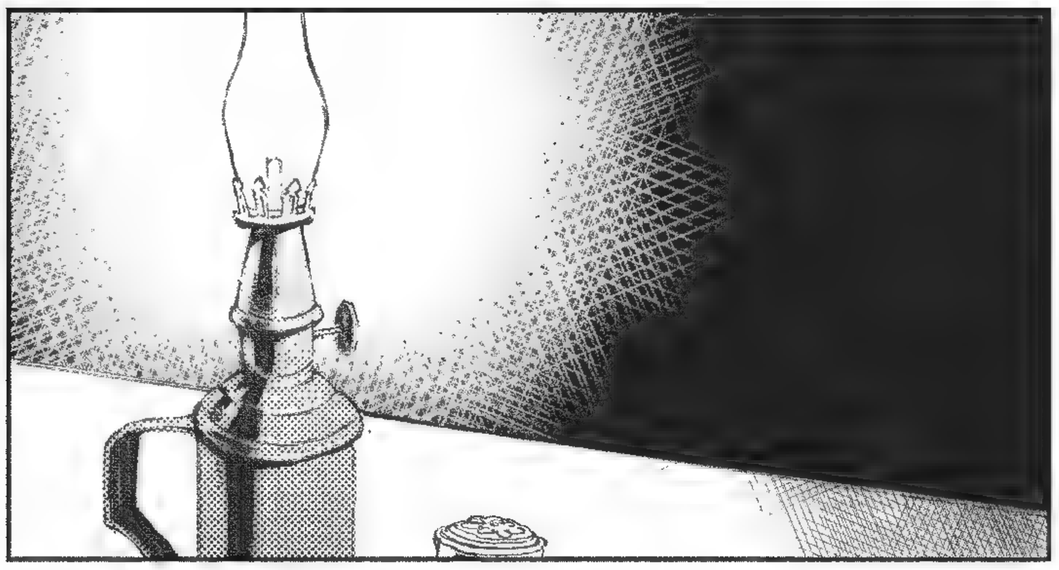
SO THEN...

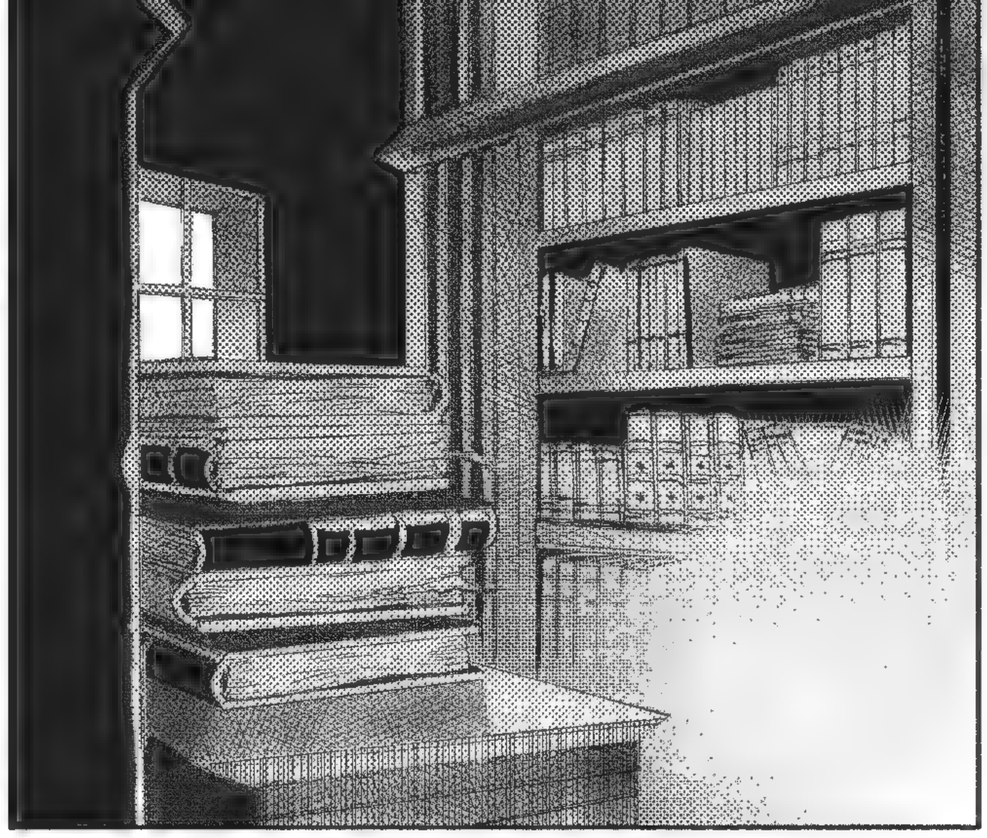
WHAT ABOUT HIM, SIR?

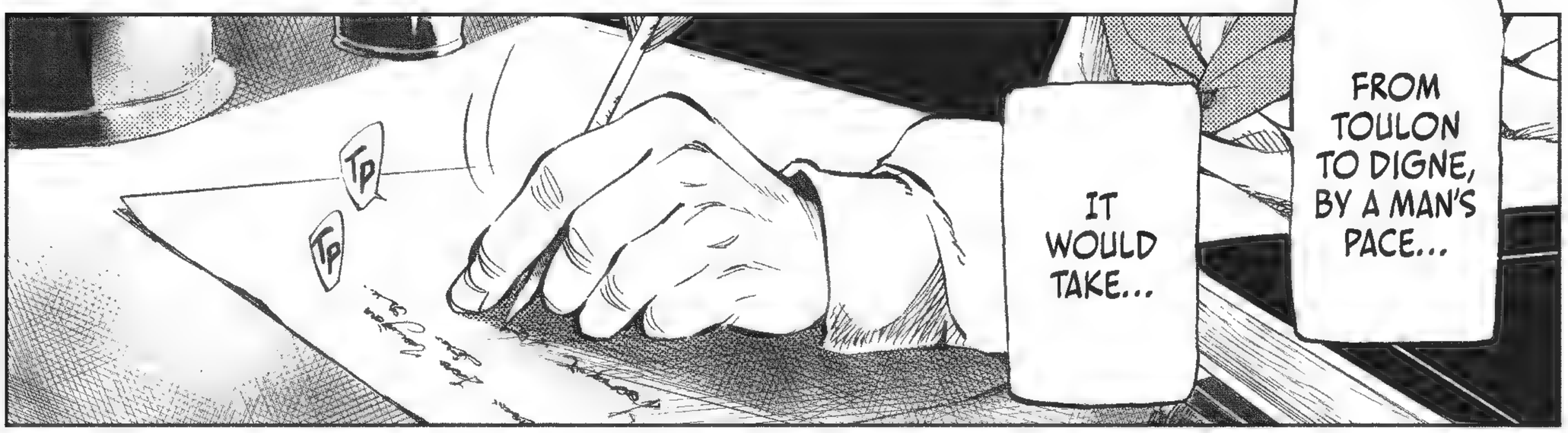
YES! THAT'S PRECISELY IT.

TOULON.

JAVERT...



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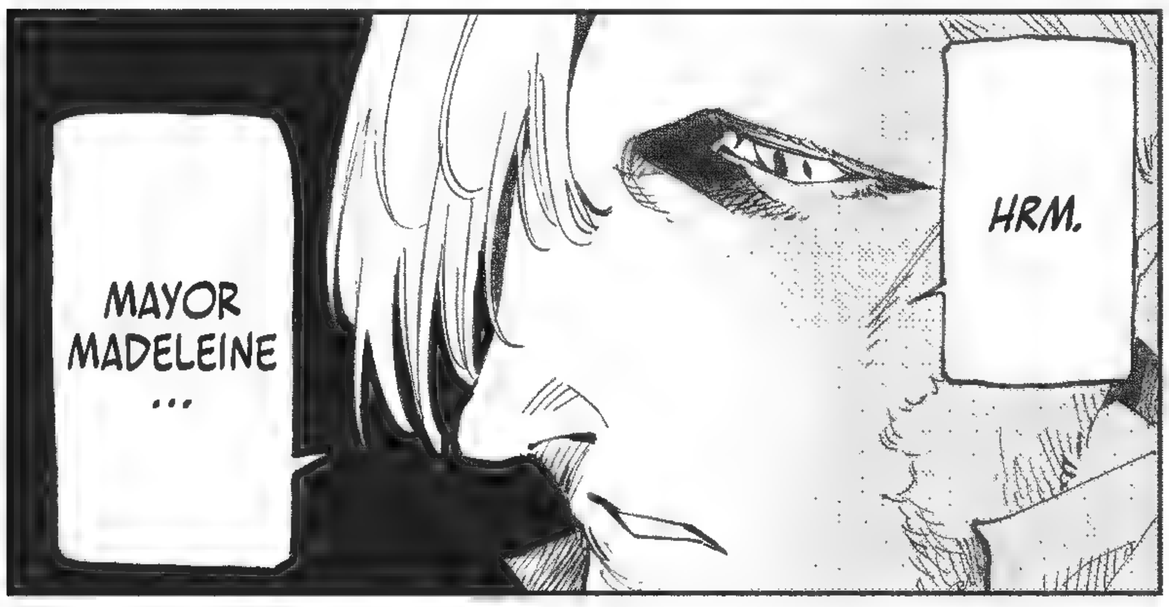
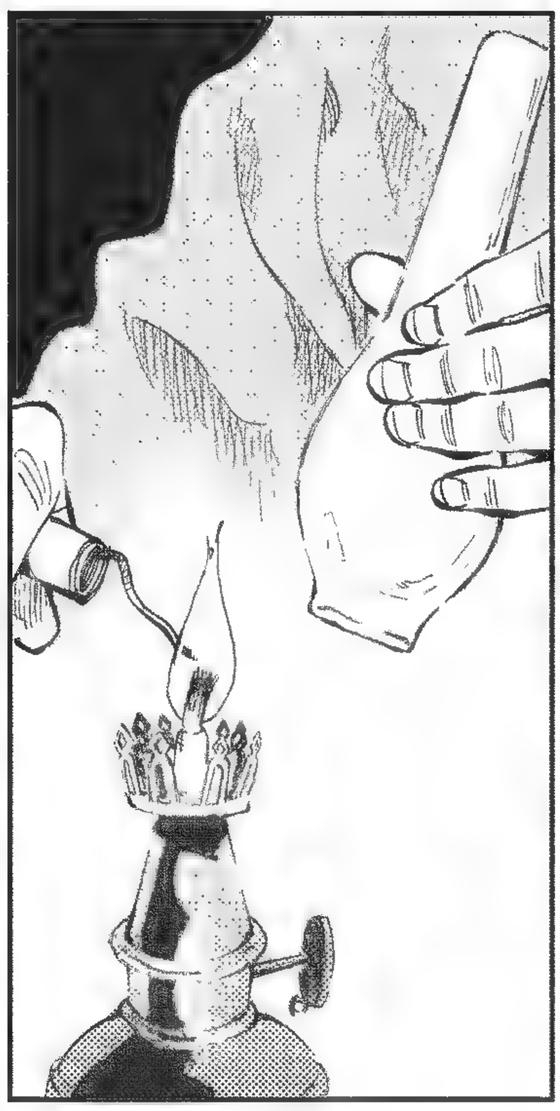
TP
IT WOULD TAKE...
FROM TOULON TO DIGNE, BY A MAN'S PACE...


MAYOR MADELEINE ...
HRM.



THE DATE...
THE REPORT OF A SAVOYARD BOY WHO CLAIMED HE WAS ROBBED...

BEG-GING FOR PITY? TCH.

YOU MAKE ME SICK.

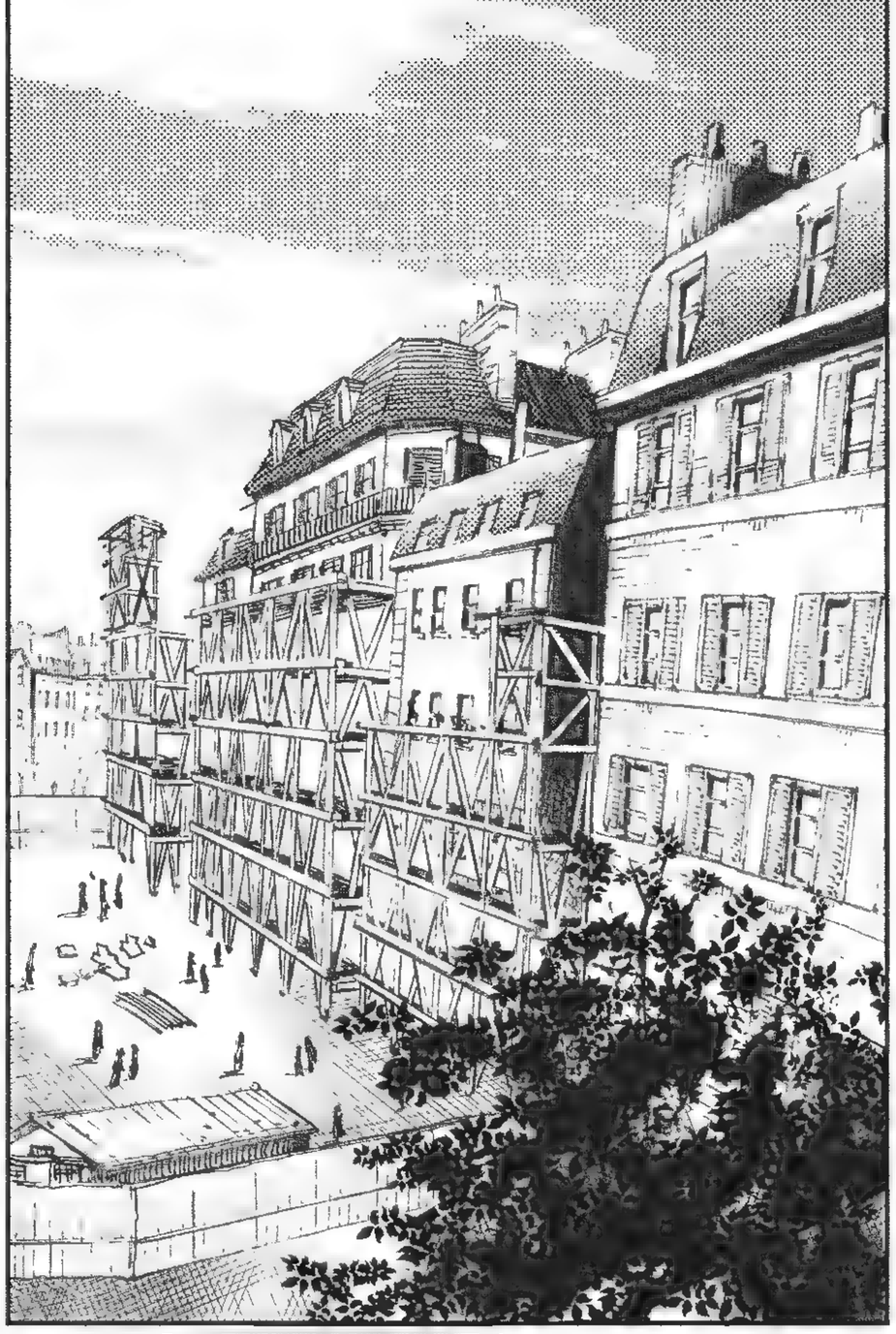
PRISONER24601

24601

WRETCH.

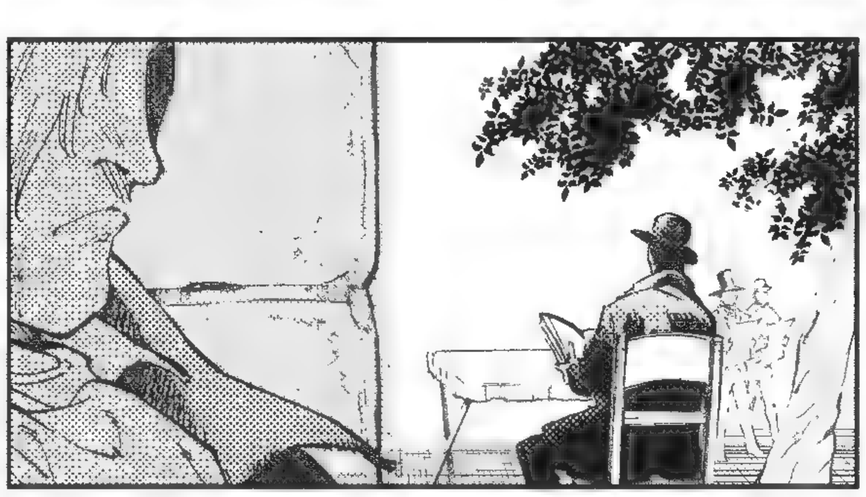
FILTH.

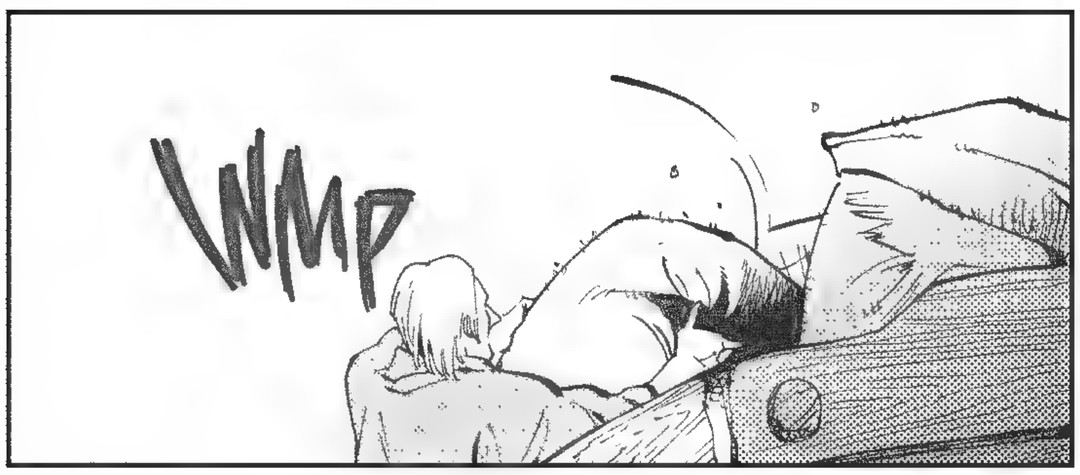
WHO ARE YOU?



GAB
GAB

PLISH
PLISH

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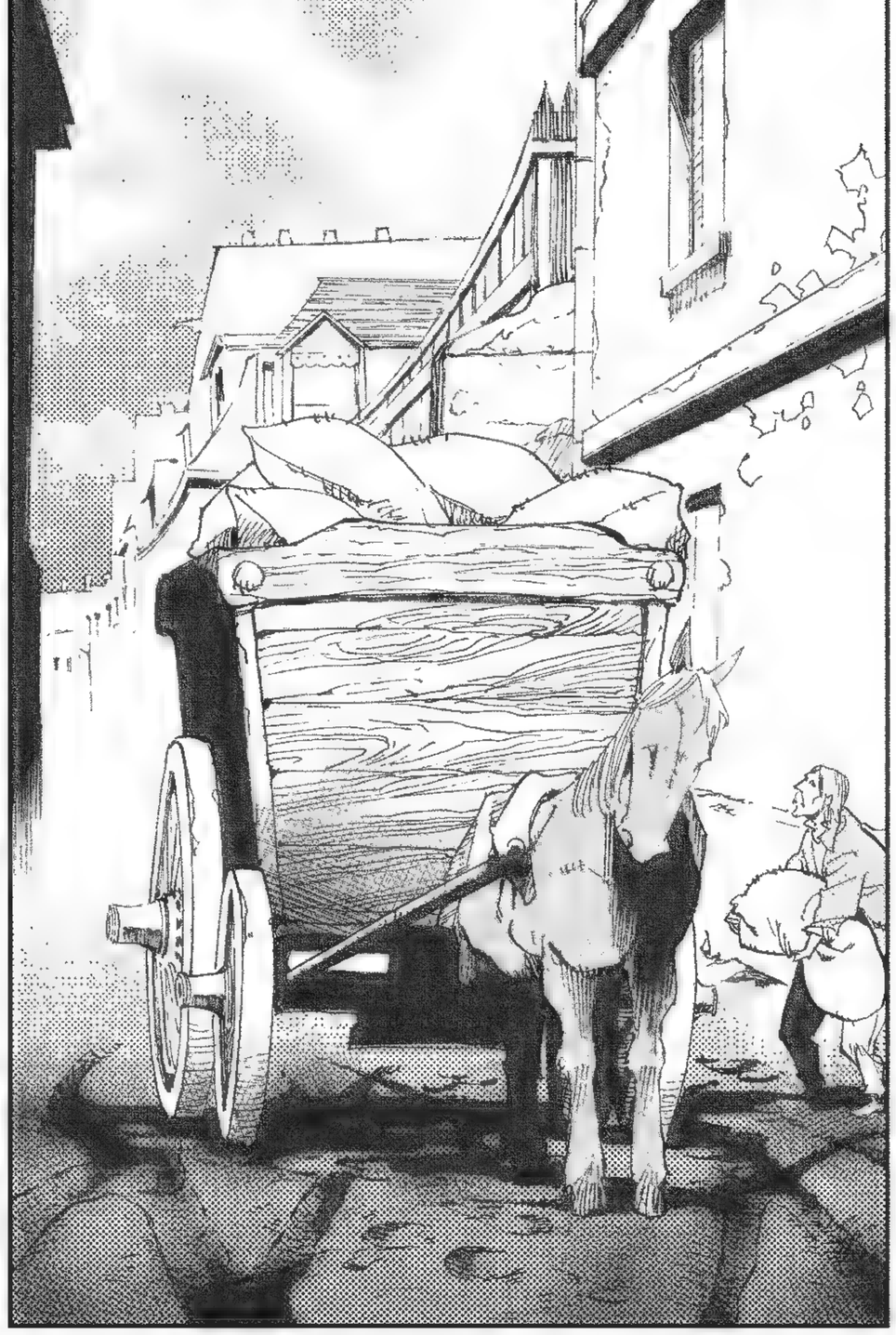
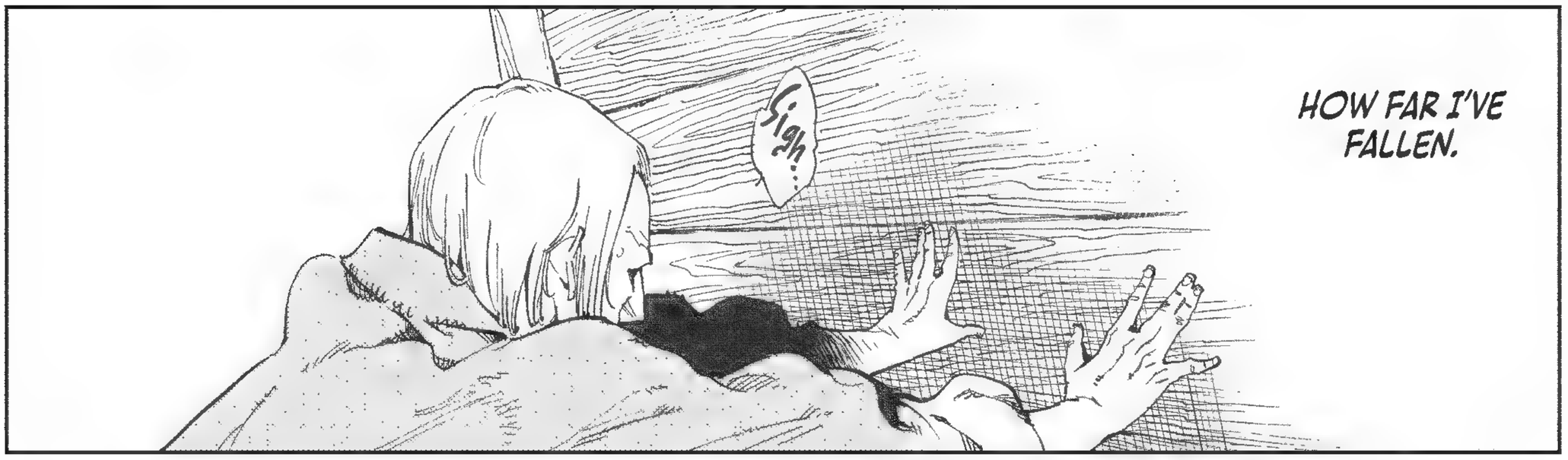


Whew...


Sigh...
HOW FAR I'VE FALLEN.

BLASH

OOF!
WUMP

OOP! LOOK OUT, OLD MAN!
I USED TO BE A NOTARY. A MAN PEOPLE RESPECTED.

LOOK AT ME.

MRRRG ...!

SORRY, I'M IN A RUSH! BYE!!

HEY THERE, YOU!

WHAT. I APOLOGIZED.

YOU DID NOT!!

THE WHOLE TOWN'S BESOTTED WITH HIM...

THEY JUST WATCHED WHILE I FAILED.

RATL

RATL

PEOPLE TIPPED THEIR HATS WHEN I WENT BY. BUT MY BUSINESS FAILED...

AND NOW THAT DRIFTER BLOWS IN AND GETS RICH.

MADELEINE...

ALL OF IT.

IT'S HIS FAULT.

HEEELP!!

ZWAK

FASTER!

MOVE, YOU NAG!

KRAK

MONSIEUR!!

WHAT HAPPENED?!

FAUCHE-LEVENT?!

AND IT'S SITTING RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM!

WE CAN'T! THE LOAD'S TOO HEAVY...

TIP THE CART BACK UPRIGHT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

ONE WRONG MOVE AND WE COULD ACCIDENTALLY CRUSH HIM!

WE ARE!

THEN BRING A CRIC*!

*A jack.

ZLUP

I'VE SENT A MAN, BUT IT'LL TAKE HIM FIFTEEN MINUTES...

THE ONLY WAY IS TO LIFT IT STRAIGHT UP FROM UNDERNEATH.

HRK!

WE CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG.

MONSIEUR MAYOR.

PLEASE STOP.

HANG IN THERE.

I'LL GET YOU OUT!

MAYOR...

BUT...!

IT WILL ONLY CRUSH YOU, TOO.

NO NORMAL MAN CAN DO THIS.

NO, MONSIEUR MADELEINE...

I KNOW OF ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD LIFT SUCH A WEIGHT...

MONSIEUR.

HE WAS A CONVICT.

THEY CALLED HIM "JEAN LE CRIC."

THOUGH I'M SURE A MAN OF YOUR STATURE HASN'T HEARD OF HIM.

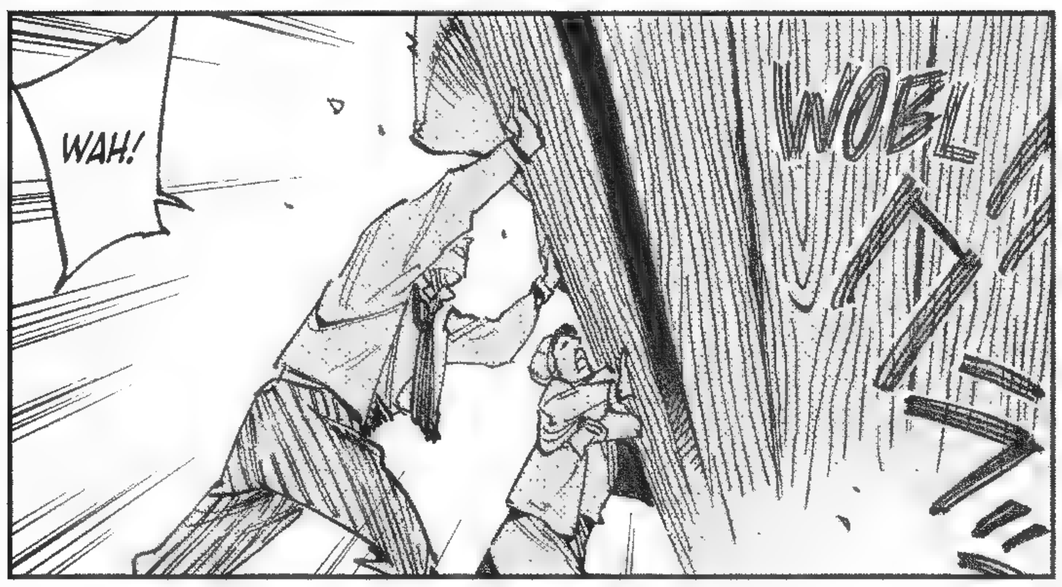
GRP

THEY'LL HAVE THAT CRIC HERE IN TWO SHAKES!

DON'T GIVE UP, FAUCHE-LEVENT!

OH, NO!
HE ZIPPED RIGHT UNDER!

WSH
!!


WAH!
WOBL

HNG

KRK

HF HF

IT'LL CRUSH YOU!

MONSIEUR! GET OUT FROM THERE!

THERE IS NO WAY HE CAN LIFT THAT HEAVY CART...

I WON'T LET YOU DIE!

NO...!

I... I'LL BE...

YOU GET OUT...

YOU, NGH...

FLUP

MUH...

MADELEINE...

IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

I WON'T ABANDON YOU.

MONSIEUR!

NCH

MOVE...

QUICKLY...

!!

WHILE I STILL CAN...

HE LIFTED IT!!

MON DIEU...!

MOVE, MOVE, MOVE!!

HURRY!! PULL FAUCHELEVENT OUT!

WUMP

Wada

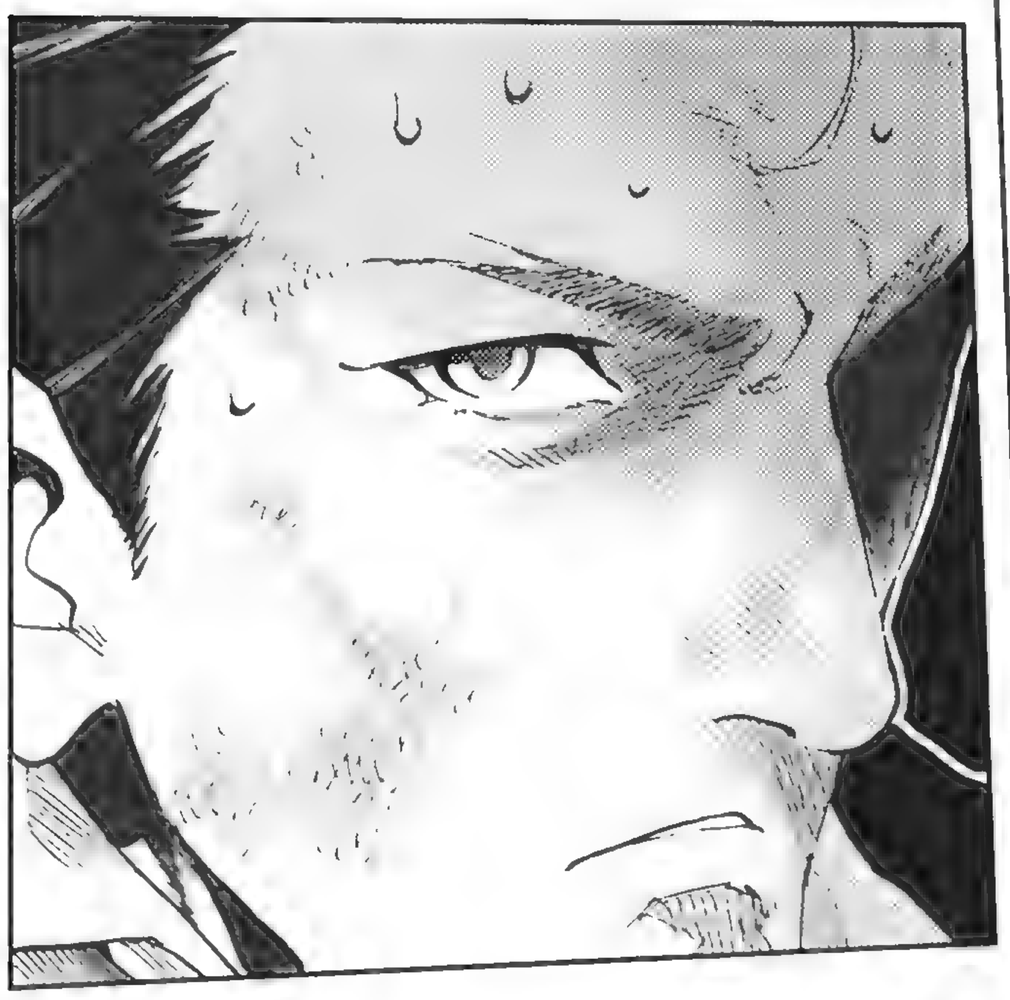
YOU ARE INCRED-IBLE!!

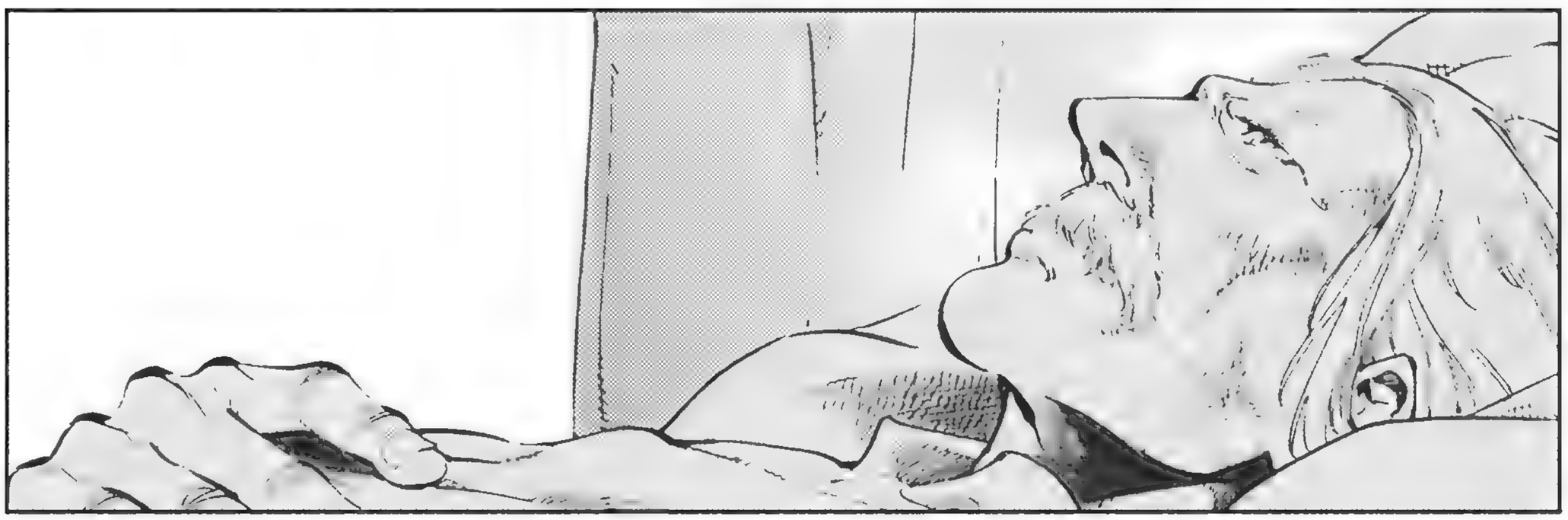
MONSIEUR, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THAT!

GET HIM TO A DOCTOR.

HFF

HFF





WHERE AM I?

.....

THIS IS THE HOSPITAL MONSIEUR MADELEINE ESTABLISHED FOR HIS FACTORY WORKERS.

ARE YOU AWAKE?

FAUCHELEVENT.

MY NAME IS SIMPLICE. I'M A SISTER OF THE CHURCH, HERE TO HELP.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO AID YOU.

YOU'VE A DISLOCATED KNEECAP.

ACCORD-ING TO THE DOCTOR ...

PLEASE, DON'T MOVE YET.

NGK!

A SISTER OF THE CHURCH WILL NOT LIE.

YOU'RE A BLUNT ONE.

NEVER AGAIN?

BUT IT'LL LIKELY NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

YOUR KNEE MAY HEAL...

"FOR PURCHASE OF YOUR HORSE AND YOUR CART."

FWP

FOR A THOUSAND FRANCS...?!

A BANK NOTE?

YOUR HORSE IS DEAD.

YOUR CART IS DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR.

SIGNED "MADELEINE."

WHAT'S THIS?

I TRIED TO RUIN HIM!

I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO SLANDER HIS NAME!

I...

AND FOR THIS EXORBITANT SUM?!

THEN WHY BUY THEM?!

THE ONLY PERSON IN THIS ENTIRE TOWN...

WHO HATED HIM!

AFTER ALL THAT...

I'M HIS ENEMY!

ALL ALONE, I FELL AS FAR AS A MAN COULD FALL.

MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY WERE GONE.

BEFORE I KNEW IT...

I ENVIED HIS SUCCESS WHILE I FAILED...

I...I ENVIED HIM...

I BLAMED HIM FOR IT.

AND...

HE PUT HIMSELF IN DANGER...

RISKED HIS LIFE!

JUST TO SAVE MINE...

BUT DESPITE THAT...

HE...

MONSIEUR MADELEINE...

THEY KNOW OF A CONVENT THAT COULD USE A NEW GARDENER.

Nff...

HE'S PRESENTLY DISCUSSING IT WITH HIS PRIEST.

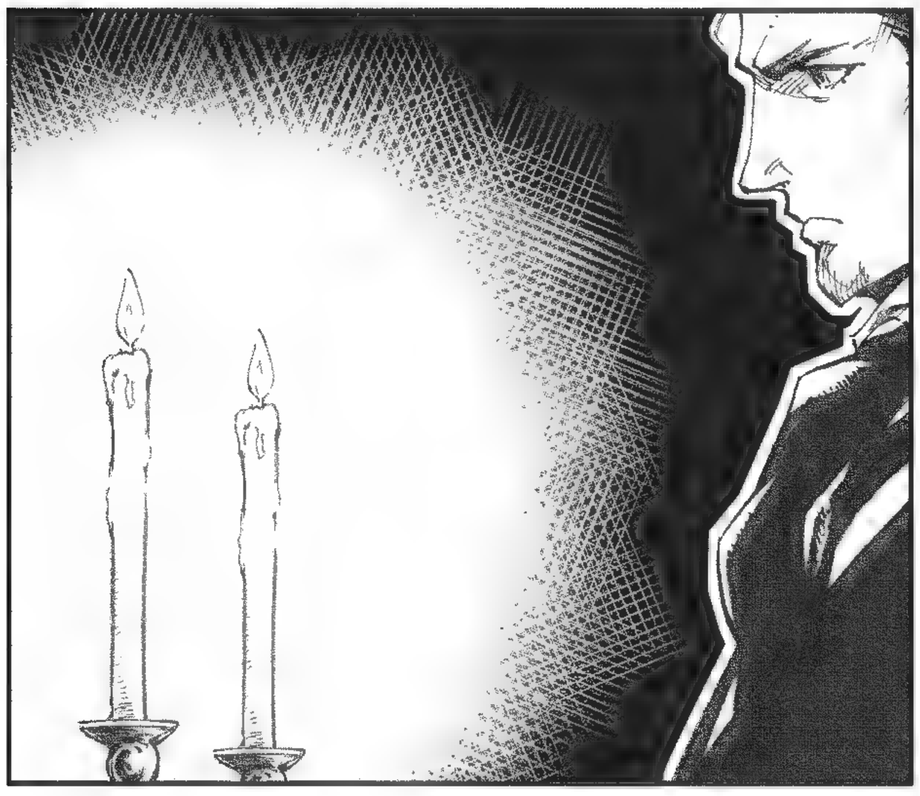
MONSIEUR MADELEINE WILL ARRANGE A JOB FOR YOU.

ONCE YOU'VE HEALED...

SOb

SOb...

Flicker



DARKNESS FROM MY PAST FLITTED THROUGH MY MIND.

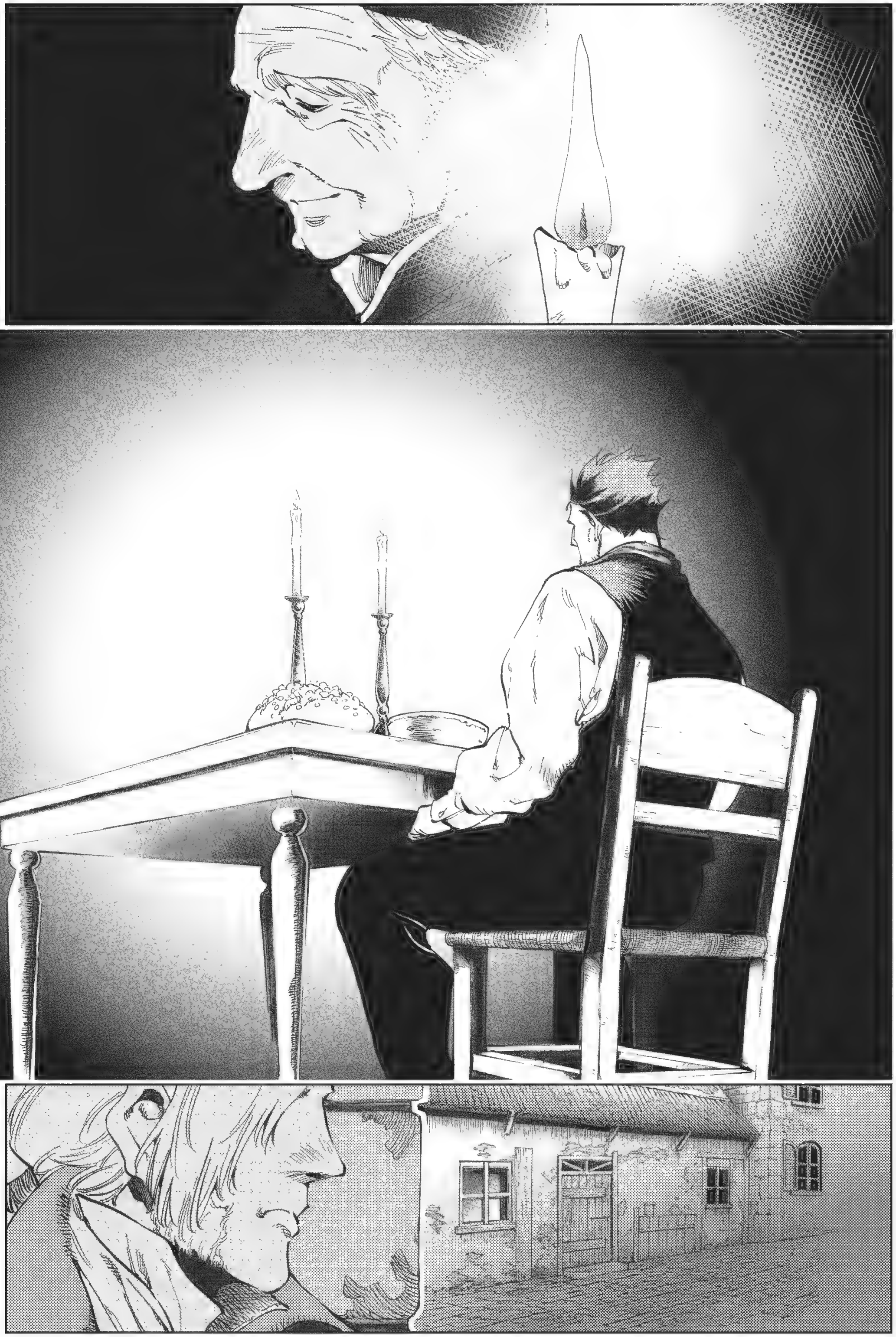
I WONDERED IF I SHOULD HELP ...

HE WAS A CONVICT.

THEY CALLED HIM "JEAN LE CRIC."

KLAT

HAVE I BECOME WORTHY OF YOU, YET?



MADELEINE LE MAIRE.

JEAN LE CRIC.

24601.

Ha ha ha!

Hee hee!

Ha ha!

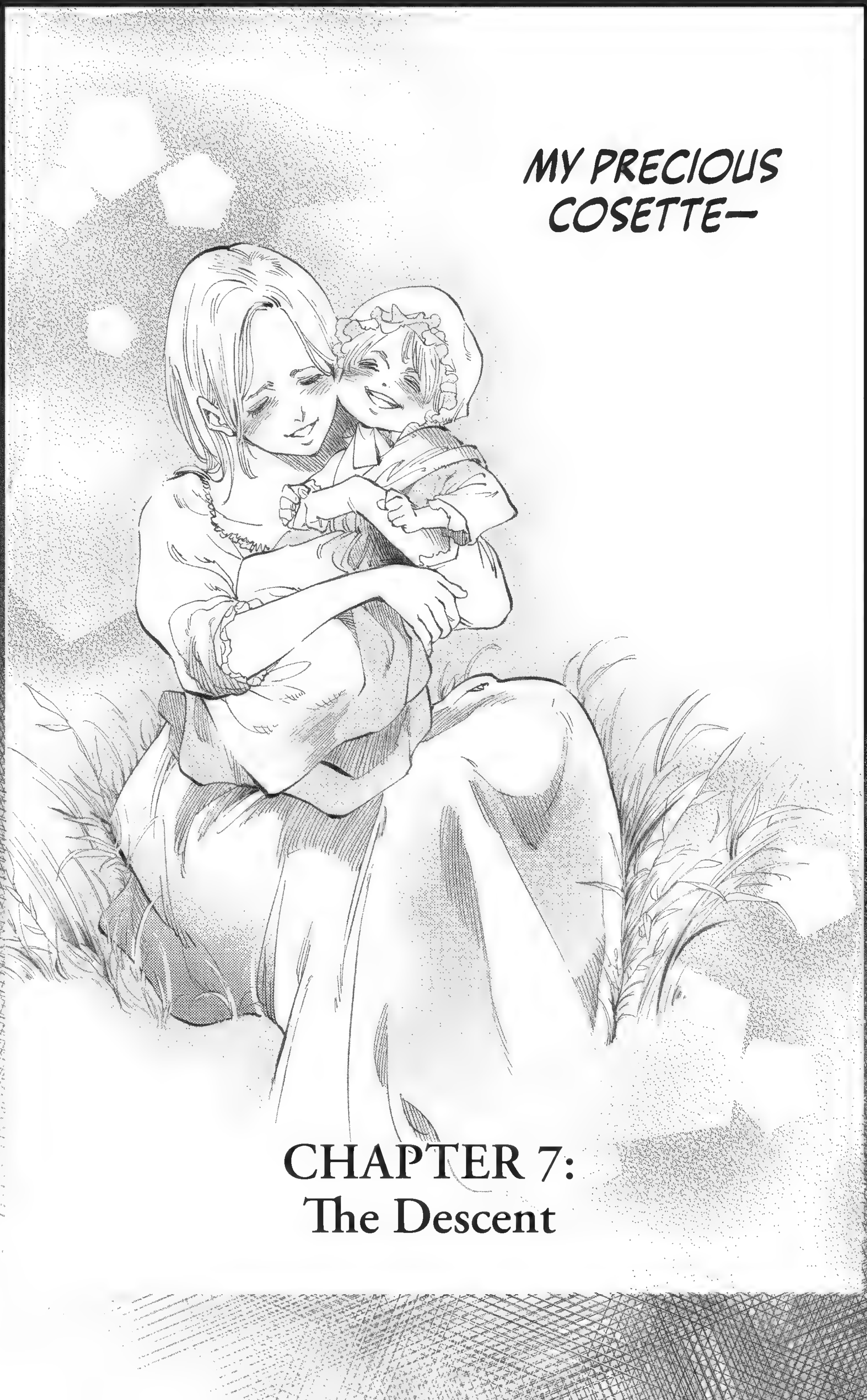
Aha ha ha!

GOT YOU!

I LOVE YOU.

Hee hee hee!

CHAPTER 7: The Descent



CHAPTER 7: The Descent

CHEEP

WAS I IN YOURS?

COSETTE.

YOU WERE IN MY DREAM LAST NIGHT.

ARE YOU BEING A GOOD GIRL FOR MADAME THENARDIER?

ARE YOU WELL?

ARE YOU NOT TOO LONELY?

HAVE YOU GROWN?

ARE YOU GETTING ALONG WELL WITH EPONINE AND AZELMA?

I MISS YOU.

KOLF

WAIT FOR ME, COSETTE.

OFF TO WORK.

AFTER I SAVE UP JUST A LITTLE MORE MONEY, I'LL COME GET YOU.

Madeleine's Factory.

MADEI

IN REGARD TO THIS MONTH'S RECORD OF ACCOUNTS...

MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT.

YOU'RE DIRECTOR OF THE LADIES' FACTORY.

I FULLY TRUST YOUR DECISION REGARDING NECESSARY ALMS AND AID.

KLANG KLANG

MUR

MUR

YOU'RE AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER.

DONE WITH WORK FOR TODAY?

HELLO THERE, FANTINE!

GOOD DAY.

SEE YOU TOMORROW, FANTINE.

PEEK

THEY PAID SCRIBES TO WRITE LETTERS OR PETITIONS FOR THEM.

PUBLIC SCRIBES.

IN THIS ERA, WHEN MANY FRENCH PEOPLE COULD NOT WRITE...

"WE HAVE CARED FOR YOUR DAUGHTER A FULL YEAR NOW.

ER...

"DEAR MADAME FANTINE.

"REQUIRING WE SPEND MORE ON HER FOOD AND CLOTHING.

"COSETTE HAS GROWN...

ERM, IF THAT'S WHAT THEY REQUIRE OF ME...

OH!

MADAME?

"INSTEAD OF OUR PRIOR AGREEMENT OF SEVEN FRANCS MONTHLY."

"WE MUST ASK YOU TO SEND TWELVE FRANCS NOW...

HOW WILL YOU REPLY?

THANK YOU.

THAT WILL BE FIVE SOUS.

EXCUSE US.

WHEW.

WHAT WAS IN THAT LETTER TO HER?

THAT WOMAN A MOMENT AGO.

ARE YOU THIRSTY AT ALL? I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK.

SAY...

OH COME. DON'T BE THAT WAY.

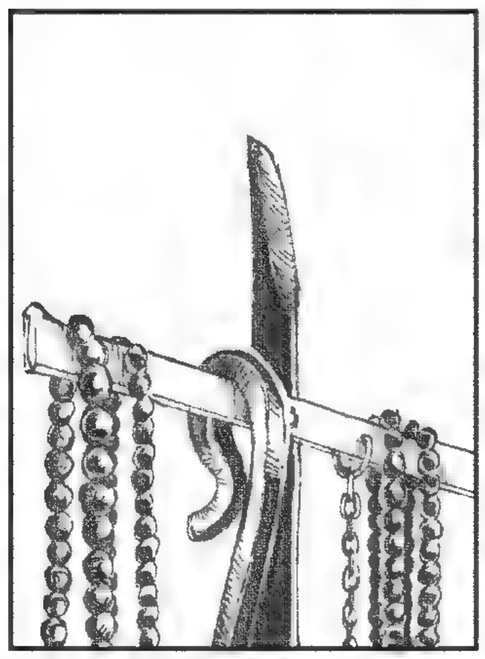
I KEEP MY CLIENTS' CONFIDENCE.

I CAN'T SAY.

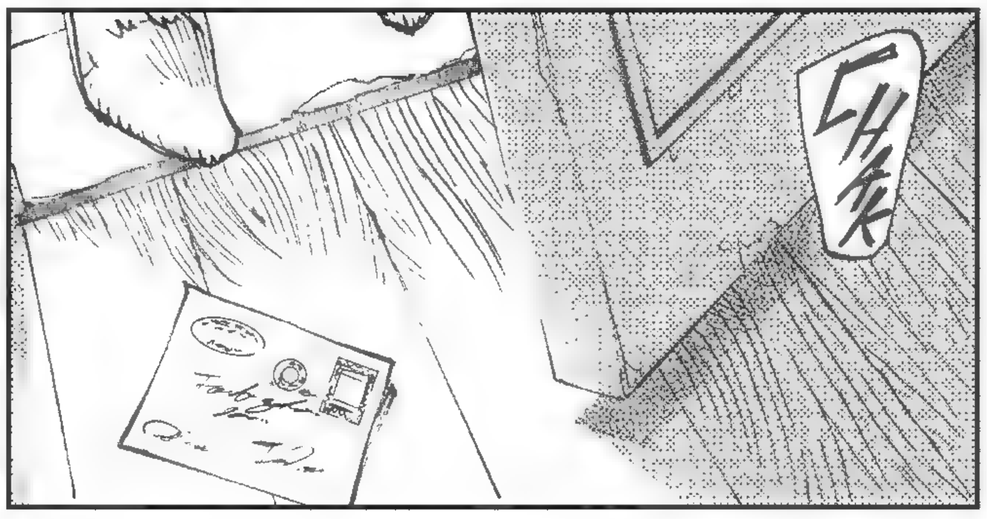
WHERE'S IT FROM?

GULP

OR TWO.



PSST
PSST


CHEK

FANTINE.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU WORKED AT THIS FACTORY NOW?

HM?

I SEE.

A LITTLE OVER ONE YEAR, MADAME.

MADAME DIRECTOR...

THIS IS FROM THE MAYOR.

UM...

I'M NOT SURE I...

YOU NEEDN'T REPORT FOR WORK TOMORROW.

YOUR FINAL PAY.

WHAT'S THIS FOR?

FIFTY FRANCS...?

YOU'RE HEREBY DISMISSED.

I CAN'T LOSE MY JOB!

I NEED THE MONEY!

YAMA

WHAT?! PLEASE, MADAME!

THIS IS TOO SUDDEN!

YOU KEPT YOUR CHILD A SECRET THIS ENTIRE TIME.

YOUR FATHERLESS CHILD.

PSST PSST

MONSIEUR MADELEINE ASKS ONLY ONE THING OF THE WORKERS HE HIRES...

HONESTY!

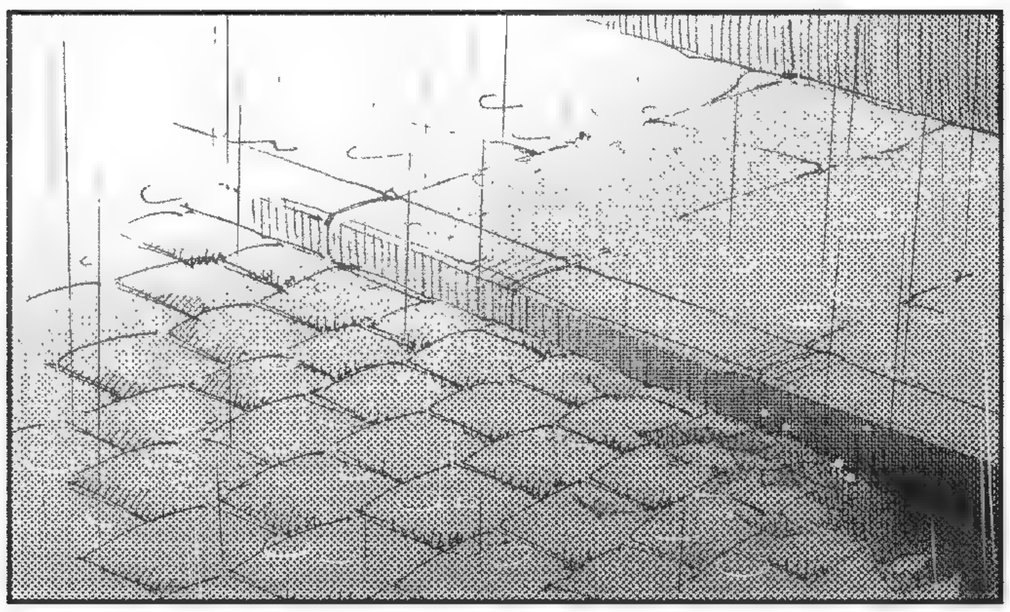
YOU HAVE BETRAYED HIS TRUST!

NOW LEAVE!

YOUR POOR MORALS SET A BAD EXAMPLE!

A LOOSE WOMAN LIKE YOU HAS NO BUSINESS HERE!

TOTO



Fifth

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!

CHAK...

FANTINE! OPEN UP!
BAM
BAM
BAM

I KNOW YOU WERE FIRED FROM MONSIEUR MADELEINE'S FACTORY.

HAVE YOU THE MEANS TO PAY IT?

KOFF KOFF

COULD YOU WAIT JUST A LITTLE LONGER FOR THIS MONTH'S RENT?

I'M SORRY, MONSIEUR.

IT'S A SMALL TOWN.

NEWS TRAVELS QUICKLY.

HOW...?

HOW MUCH?

TWELVE SOUS A DAY.

I'VE TAKEN SOME WORK AS A SEAM-STRESS...

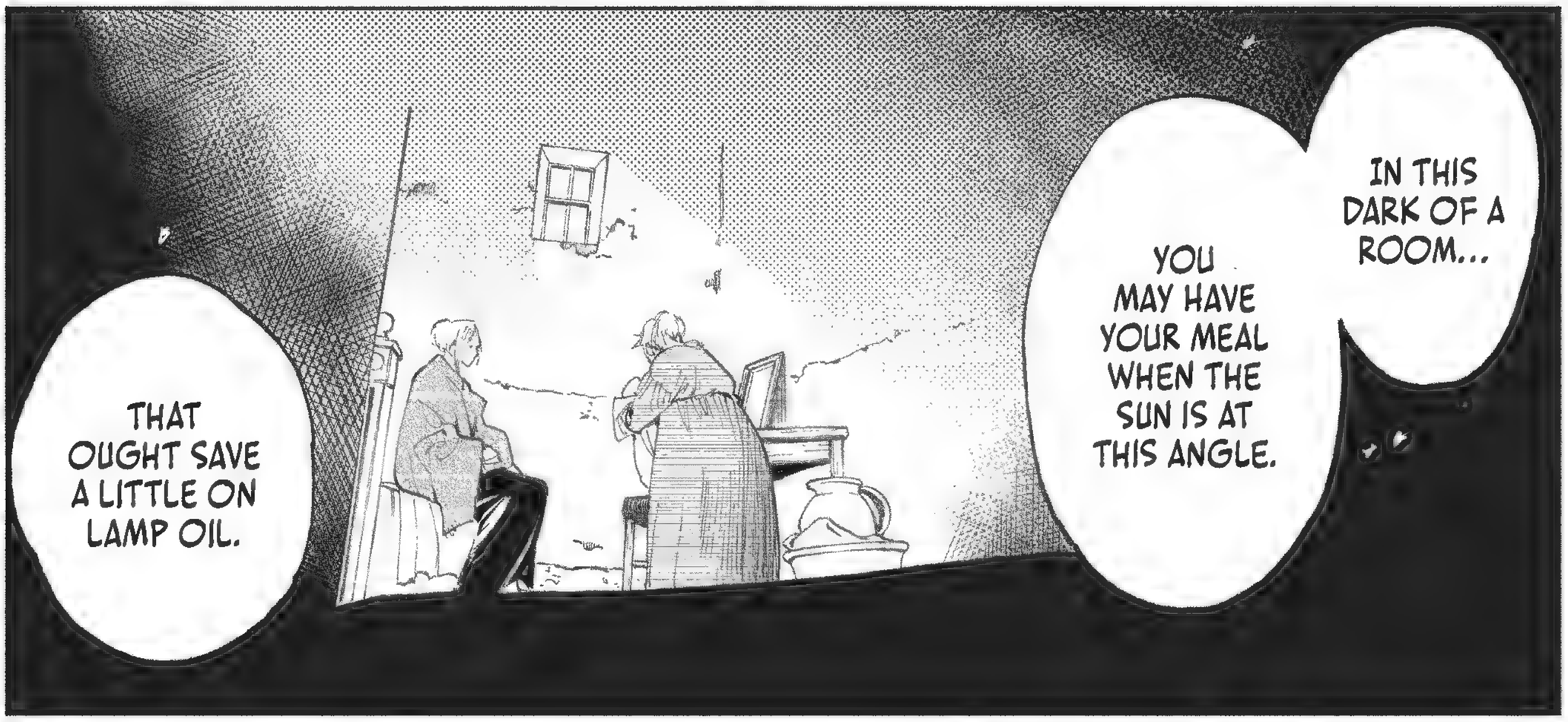
UHHN...

DON'T TRY TO RUN. IF YOU DO...

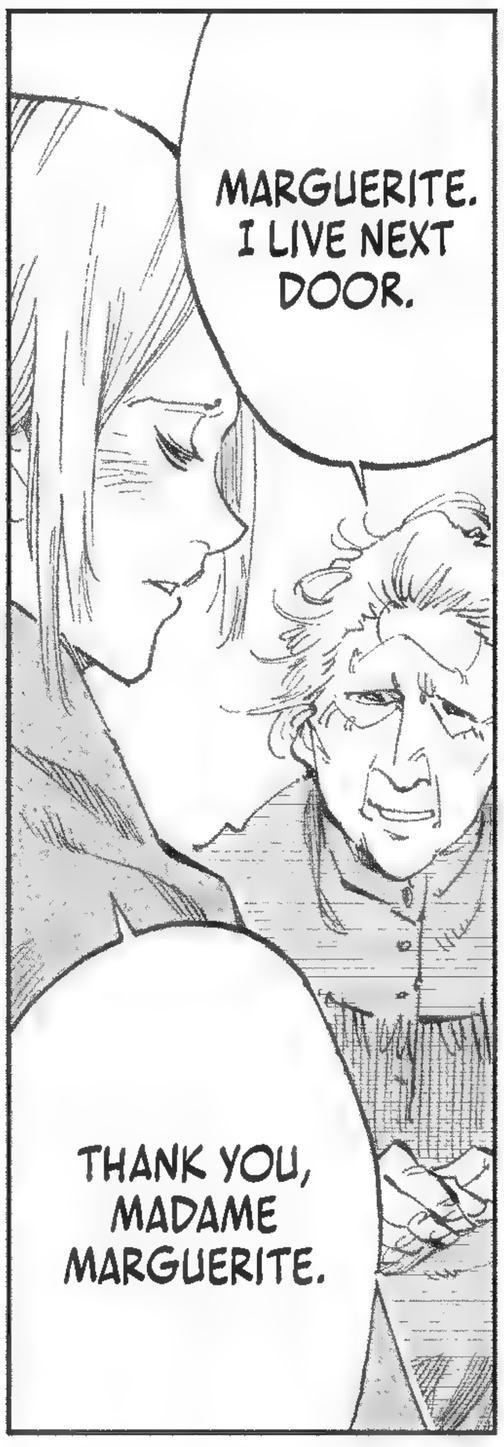
I'LL HAVE THE GENDARMES FIND AND ARREST YOU!

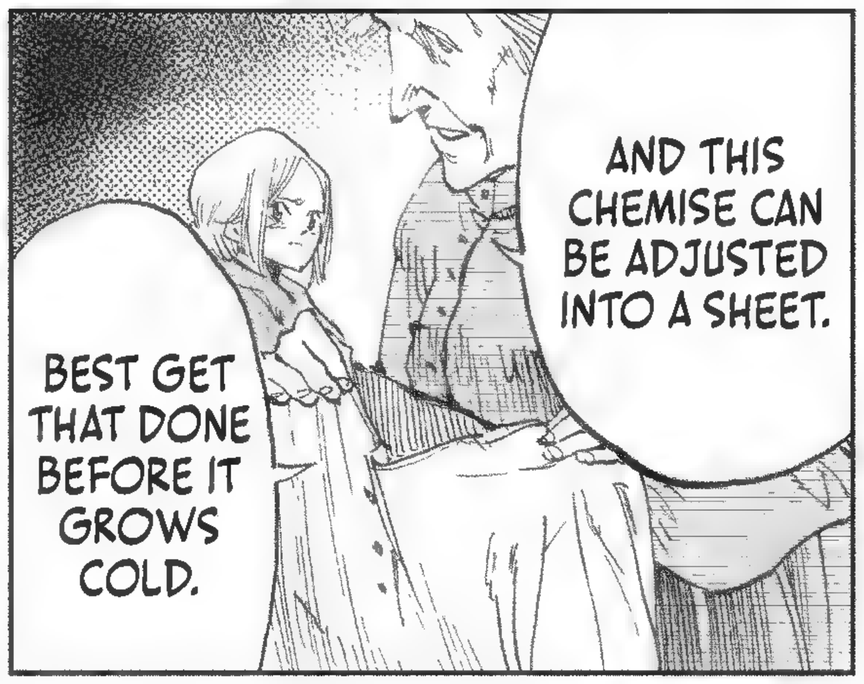
THAT'S EIGHTEEN FRANCS A MONTH.

TCH!


THAT OUGHT SAVE A LITTLE ON LAMP OIL.
YOU MAY HAVE YOUR MEAL WHEN THE SUN IS AT THIS ANGLE.
IN THIS DARK OF A ROOM...

NO, NO. A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.


MARGUERITE. I LIVE NEXT DOOR.
THANK YOU, MADAME MARGUERITE.


BEST GET THAT DONE BEFORE IT GROWS COLD.
AND THIS CHEMISE CAN BE ADJUSTED INTO A SHEET.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS...
ER...

WHAT IS SHE LIKE?

YES.

COSETTE?

WHAT WAS YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S NAME AGAIN?

SHE'S WONDERFUL.

SHE HAS EYES LIKE GEMSTONES, AND LONG EYELASHES.

SHE'S A BLONDE LIKE ME, TOO.

YOU CAN HARDLY AFFORD TO KEEP PAYING THAT.

TWELVE FRANCS A MONTH IS A FORTUNE.

WHAT?

WHY NOT BRING HER HERE TO MONTREUIL WITH YOU?

SHE STILL DOESN'T SPEAK WELL, THOUGH. SHE CALLS HERSELF "CONETTE."

Ho ho.

BUT I CAN'T.

OH, HOW WONDERFUL IT'D BE IF I COULD...

SHE'LL BE HAPPIER THERE, I'M SURE.

BETTER TO LET HER STAY WITH THE KIND THENARDIERS.

RATHER THAN SELFISHLY KEEPING HER WITH ME IN POVERTY...

I HAVEN'T THE MONEY TO TRAVEL ALL THE WAY TO MONTFERMEIL.

EVEN IF I DID WANT TO GET HER...

THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I CAN DO.

HMPH. PRETENDING TO BE AN UPRIGHT GIRL.

I'M SHOCKED SHE DARES SHOW HER FACE IN PUBLIC.

SHAMELESS HUSSY.

WITH THE FATHERLESS CHILD.

IS THAT HER?

YES. MY EMPLOYER DECIDED...

THAT CRIMINALS SHOULD BE PAID LESS.

WHAT?!

YOUR PAY WAS REDUCED TO NINE SOUS?!

I CAN'T FIND ANY OTHER WORK.

I'VE NO CHOICE.

KOFF KOFF

BUT ONLY NINE SOUS FOR SEVENTEEN HOURS' WORK A DAY?

ANOTHER LETTER?

YES. FROM THE THENARDIERS.

I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MAKE SOMETHING WORK.

IF I SELL OFF MY FURNITURE A BIT AT A TIME...

THEY SAY COSETTE NEEDS A WOOLEN SMOCK...

DO YOU HAVE THAT MUCH MONEY?

TEN FRANCS...?

THIS WINTER WILL BE A COLD ONE.

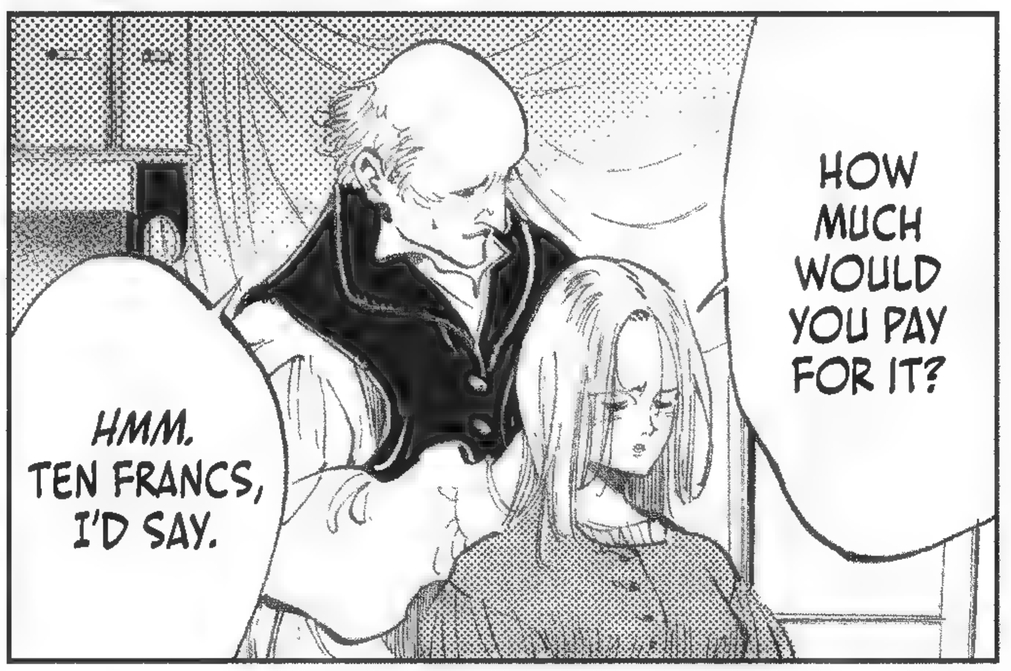
AND THAT I'M TO SEND THEM TEN FRANCS.

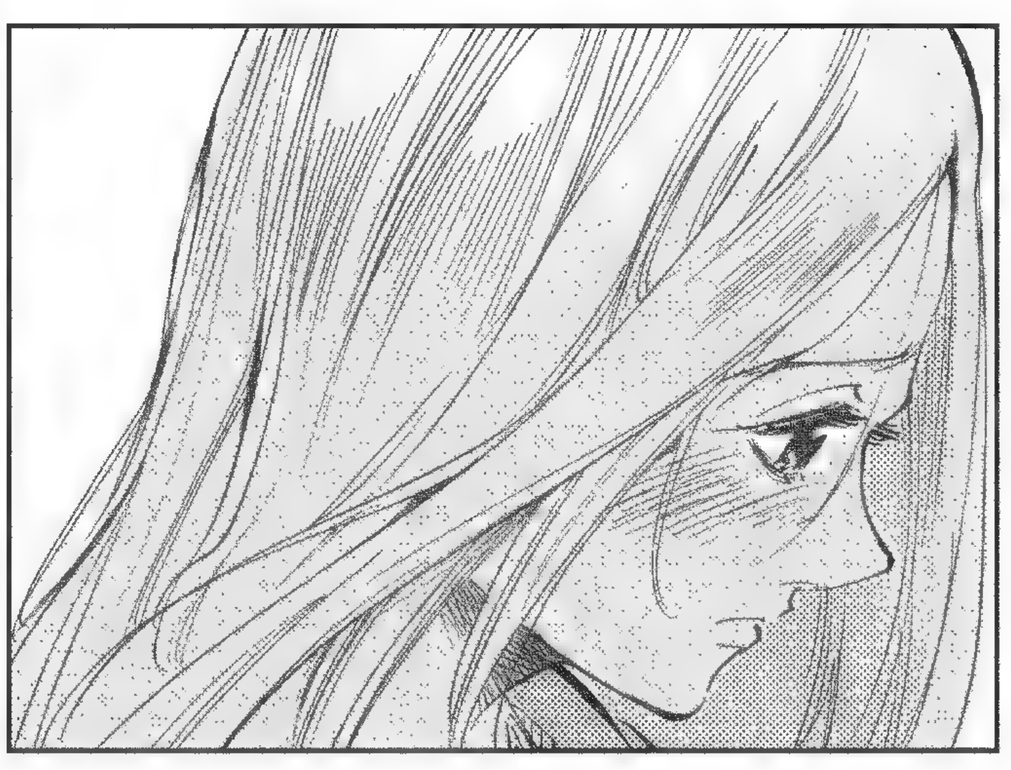
.....

YOU AREN'T GOING TO...

IT'D MAKE AN EXCELLENT WIG.
YES, YOUR HAIR IS LOVELY.

YOU MAY HAVE IT.


HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY FOR IT?
HMM. TEN FRANCS, I'D SAY.



NNNG...

NGK...

SNFL

HIF...

COSETTE...

THERE, COSETTE.

NOW YOU WON'T BE COLD.

MAMAN WILL KEEP YOU WARM.

TEE HEE HEE!

AHA HA HA HA!

HM?

OH, HOW DISTURB-ING.

WHO'S THAT?

YOU'RE JOKING!

THAT PRETTY YOUNG LADY IS NOW...

THAT'S FANTINE.

Aha ha!

Ha ha ha!

THINGS WON'T END WELL FOR HER, WILL THEY?

FANTINE?

FANTINE!!

"DEAR MADAME FANTINE.

"YOUR DAUGHTER COSETTE...

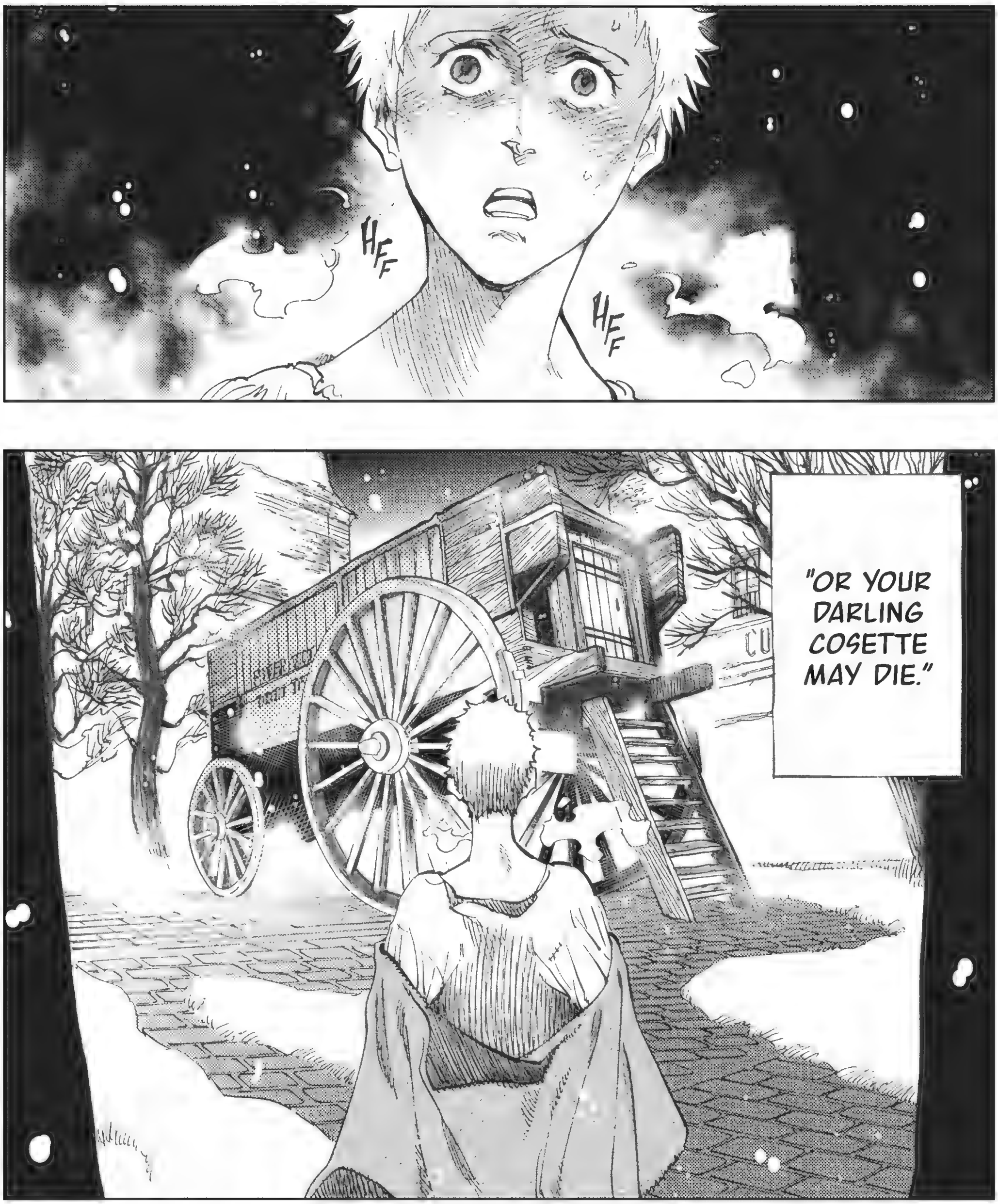
"HAS CAUGHT A PLAGUE THAT RECENTLY SWEPT THROUGH TOWN.

"THE DOCTORS CALL IT THE MEASLES.

"SEVERAL CHILDREN HAVE DIED FROM IT ALREADY.

"SHE NEEDS MEDICINE QUICKLY.

"THIS MEDICINE IS PRICEY. SEND FORTY FRANCS INSIDE THE WEEK...


HFF
HFF
"OR YOUR DARLING COSETTE MAY DIE."
VICTURNIEN
DENTISTE

TOCK

I WORRIED FOR YOU!

WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GO?!

!

HF...

HERE...

GHK

!!

FANTINE...

WHERE DID YOU GET SO MUCH MONEY?!

FORTY FRANCS?!

OH, LORD!

THIS POOR CHILD!

BUT THEY WERE AS BEAUTIFUL AS PEARLS!

YOUR TEETH...

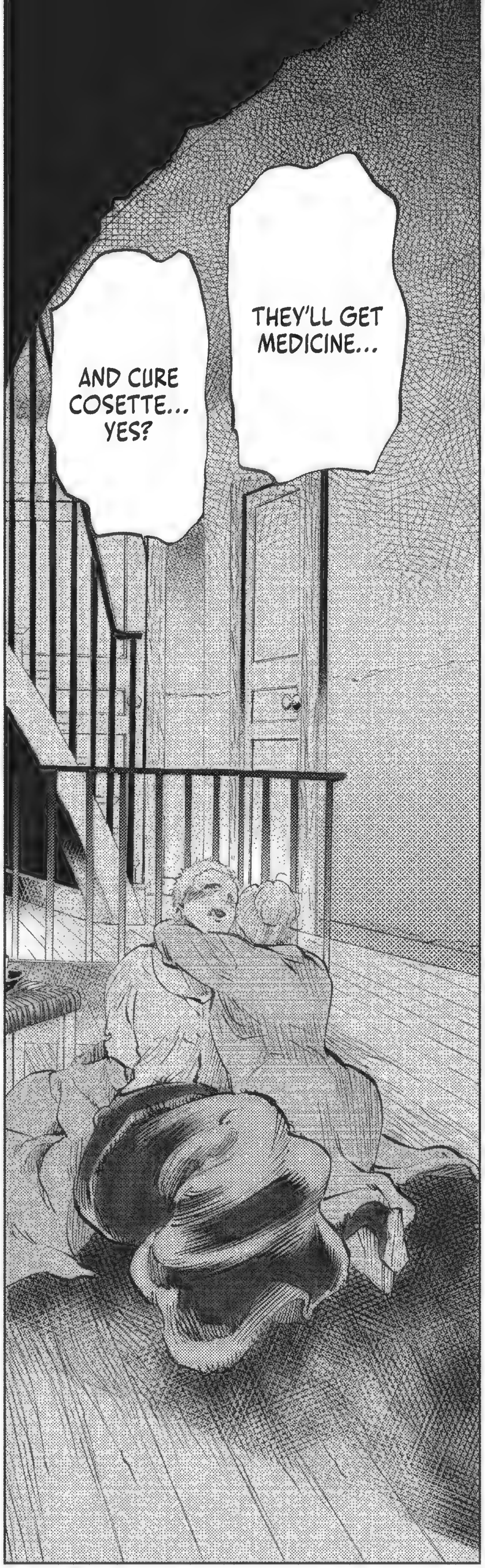
YOU SOLD YOUR FRONT TEETH?!

SHE...

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

AV SERGENT
E WATERLOO

THAT WAS CLEVERLY DONE, DEAR.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO TIMID...
ASKING ONLY TEN FRANCS FOR A "WOOLEN SMOCK."
COME!
TP TP
EPONINE. AZELMA.


AND CURE COSETTE... YES?
THEY'LL GET MEDICINE...

THAT'S RIGHT.

MAMAN. COSETTE ISN'T SICK.

KICK

GET AWAY, LITTLE WRETCH!

MAMAN'S LETTER!

AHA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

GET BACK TO WORK!

GIGGLE

HAVE YOU FINISHED SWEEPING THE HALL? I THINK NOT!

WE CAN SQUEEZE A LOT MORE OUTTA THIS ONE.

RIGHT WHEN YOU THINK IT WON'T BEAR ANY MORE FRUIT, THERE'S MORE.

STILL, THIS IS ONE IMPRESSIVE MONEY TREE YOU DISCOVERED.

YOU KNOW YOU'LL DRIVE HER INSANE.

HAH.

LORD, AREN'T YOU MERCILESS?

LIKE, SAY...

FIFTEEN FRANCS A MONTH?

AIN'T MY PROBLEM.

SHIVR

SHIVR

ALL I WANTED...

WAS TO LIVE WITH COSETTE.

WHY AM I DOING THIS?

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

HEE HEE HEE!

LOOK! AREN'T I BEAUTIFUL?

EVERYONE COMPLIMENTS ME.

OH MY.

YOU THERE.

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY MONEY?

FOR MONEY.

I HAD TO SELL THEM...

YOUR HAIR.

WHAT HAPPENED TO IT? AND YOUR TEETH?

...

THE TOWN MAYOR.

WHO'S THAT?

NO.

MADELEINE.

WHO DID THAT?

NO. I WAS FIRED FROM THE FACTORY.

THE DIRECTOR...

YES...

THEN IT'S HIS FAULT...

THAT YOU LOST YOUR HAIR AND TEETH?

WHAT A CRUEL MAN.

FANTINE.

YOU POOR CREATURE.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FANTINE OF THE GOLDEN HAIR AND PEARLY TEETH.

I'M FANTINE.

?

THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT.

YES I AM!

AREN'T ME.

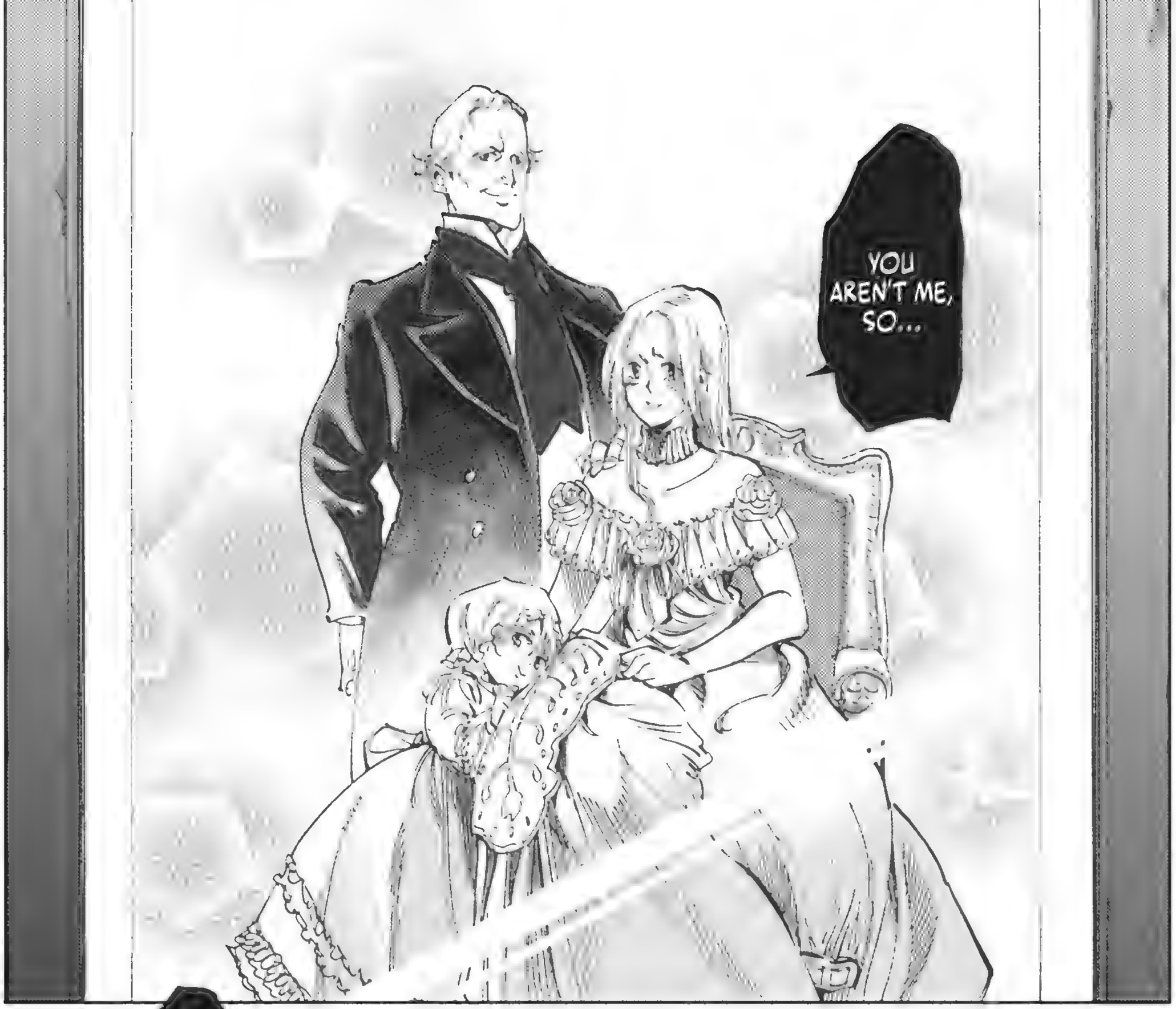
YOU...

OR YOUR PRECIOUS BABY AT YOUR SIDE.

YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR BE-LOVED...

YOU CAN'T BE.

LOOK AROUND YOU.


YOU AREN'T ME, SO...

WHO ARE YOU?

TWO MONTHS LATER.

ALL IT'LL TAKE IS THREE FRANCS!

OH, MONSIEUR? ARE YOU LOOKING FOR COMPANY?

I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY.

OHO! MISSING HUMAN WARMTH ON THIS COLD NIGHT, EH?

HOW MUCH?

ONE FRANC.

YANK

HAH! LET'S SEE YOUR FACE.

EUGH! GOOD LORD!

ARE YOU A LEPER?!

YOU HAVE NO TEETH?!

WAIT...

ISN'T SHE THE MOST PATHETIC THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN?

YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE!

Ha ha ha!

LOOK, EVERY-ONE!

SHE HAS NO HAIR OR TEETH!

Ha ha ha!

HA HA!

Hee hee!

TAKE THAT!

!?!

GET 'ER, MAN!

OH MY!

WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

HA HA!

HAHAHA

ENTRE

HA HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

HOW DARE YOU!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK TO SURVIVE!

YOU EARN MONEY FOR JUST EXISTING!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!

STOP, WOMAN!

AAH!
STOP!!

AT ALL?!
HAVEN'T YOU ANY SYMPATHY...

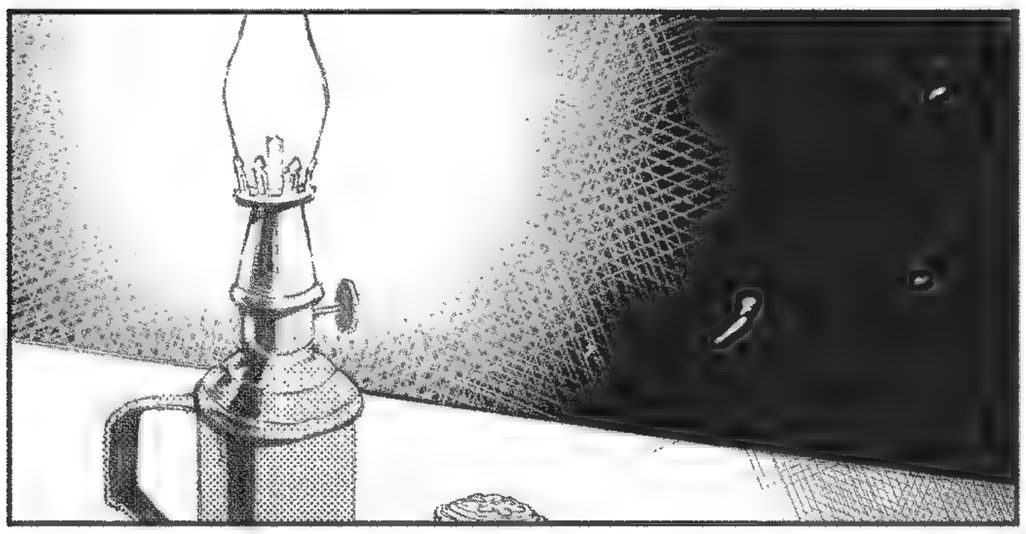
WHO

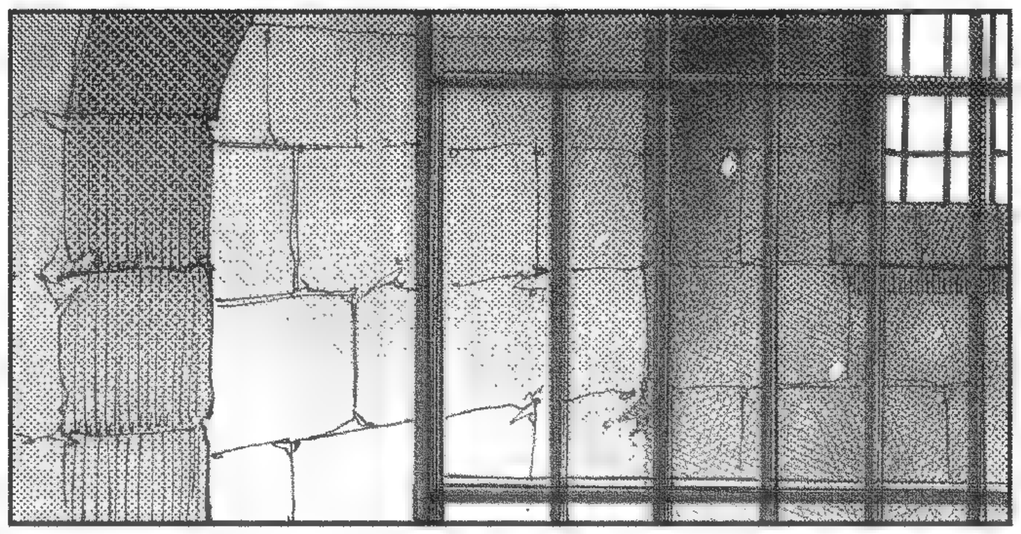
THAT IS ENOUGH.

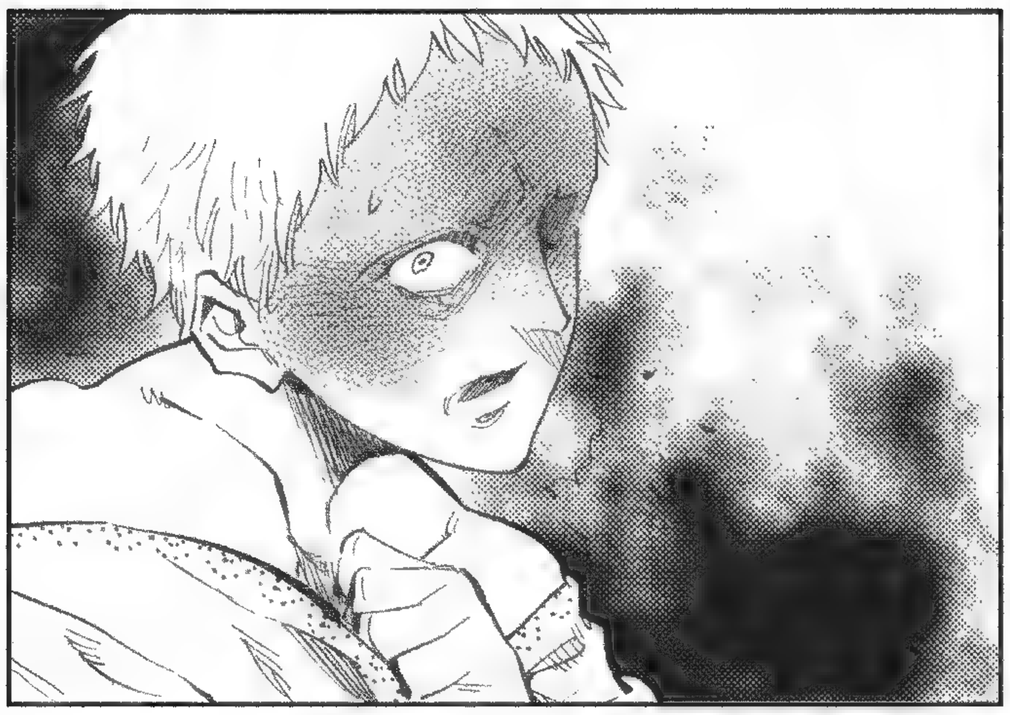
HUH?

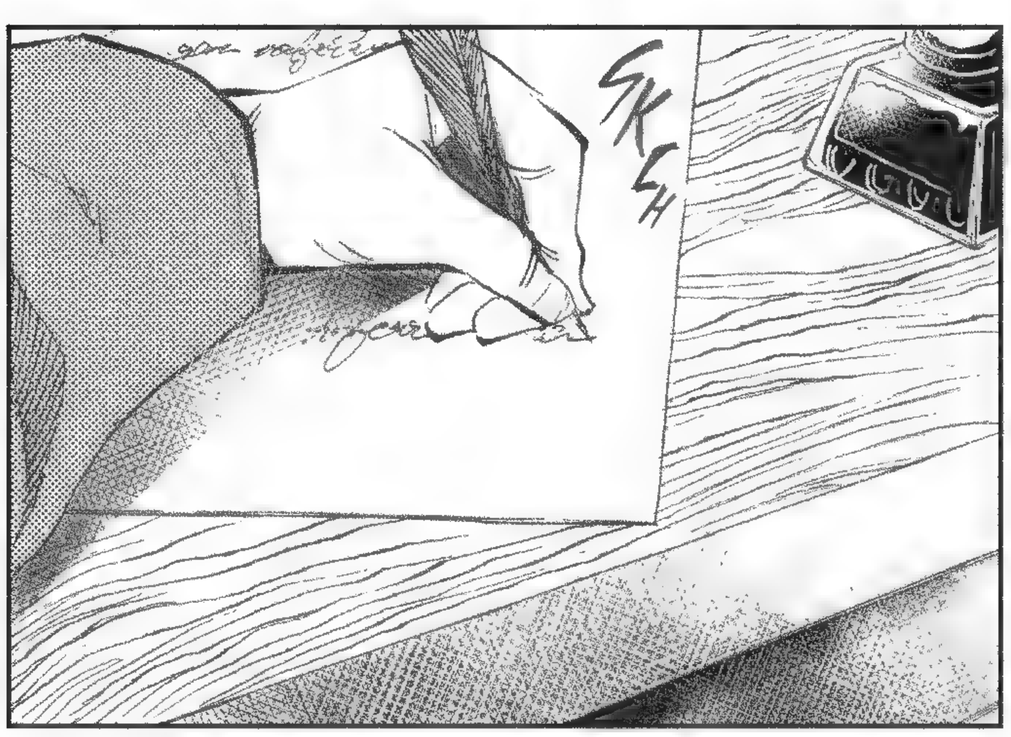
JAVERT IS HERE!

THE GEN-DARMES!

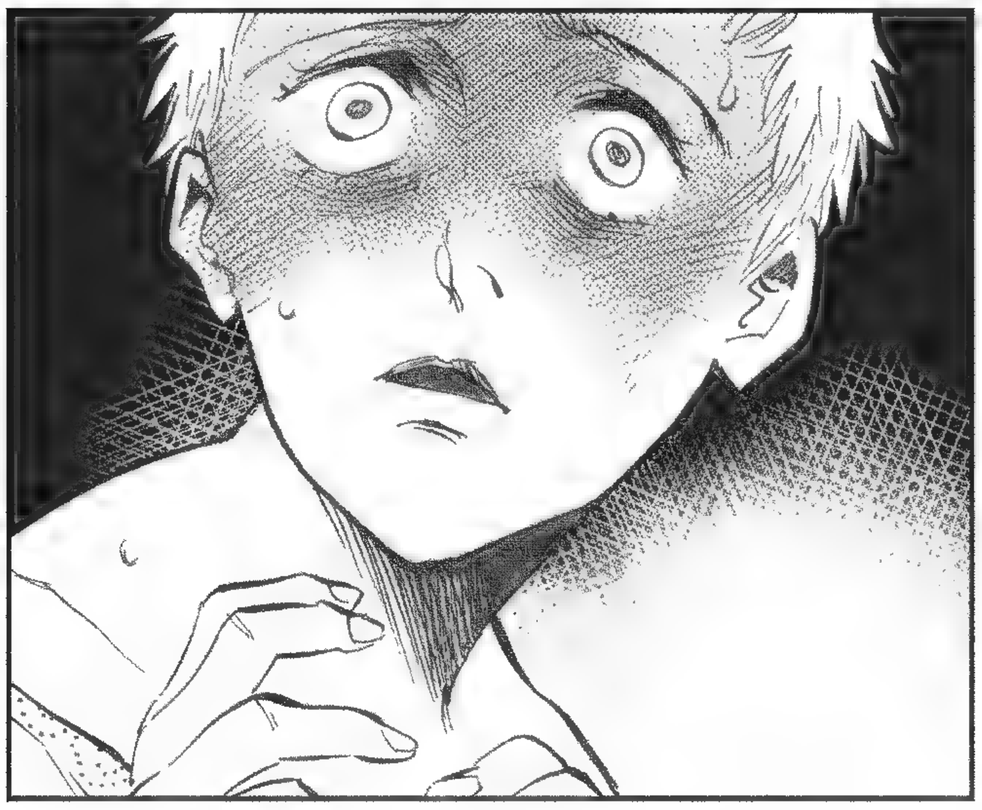







SKSH

AND INSTIGATING A VIOLENT ALTERCATION.
HECKLING CITIZENS.
ILLICIT SOLICITATION ON A PUBLIC STREET.



YOU WILL SPEND SIX MONTHS IN PRISON.

WAIT! PLEASE!

PRISON ?!

BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

TAKE HER.

I'VE PUT HER IN THE CARE OF ANOTHER FAMILY!

IF MY PAYMENTS STOP, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN!

I HAVE A DAUGHTER!

BUT PLEASE! HAVE MERCY!

HE MOCKED MY HAIR AND TEETH!

AND HE SHOVED SNOW DOWN MY DRESS!

YES...

I APOLOGIZE FOR INSULTING HIM!

EVEN NOW, IN MID-WINTER...

THEY MIGHT KICK HER OUT!

PLEASE, MONSIEUR! MERCY!

!!

ARE THOSE ALL YOUR EXCUSES?

OR ARE THERE MORE?

NO...

YOU CAN'T.

TMP

PLEASE!!

I BEG YOU!!

WAIT JUST A MOMENT...

MONSIEUR JAVERT.

AH, THE MAYOR.

MONSIEUR?

ATTO

YOU...

WSH
MADE-
LEINE!

THIS
IS YOUR
FAULT!
YOU
DROVE
ME TO
RUIN!!

IT'S FINE.

PAY IT NO MIND, JAVERT.

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK ILL OF THE MAYOR!

THAT'S DEFAMATION!

FANTINE.

SHE WILL NOT BE SENT TO PRISON.

I SAID YOU'RE TO RELEASE HER.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

MON-SIEUR?

WOBL

THIS MINUTE.

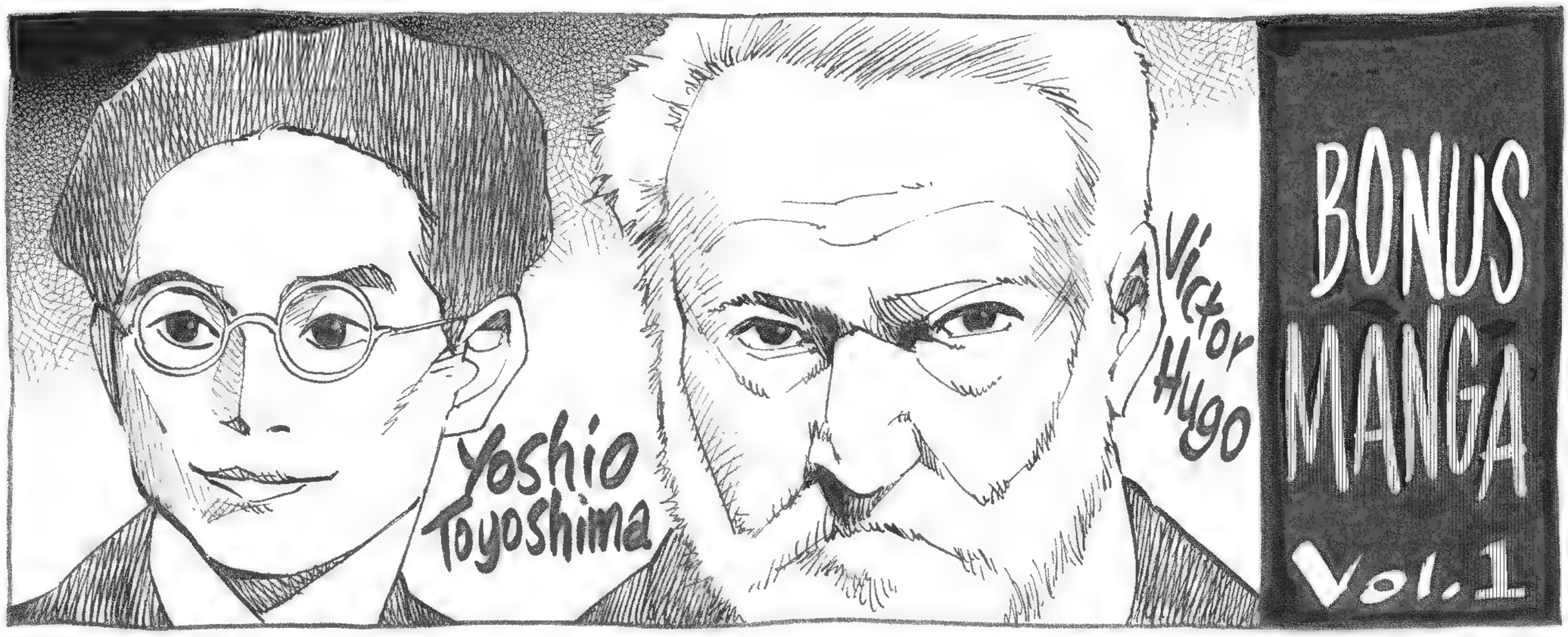
RIGHT NOW.

THAT'S AN ORDER.

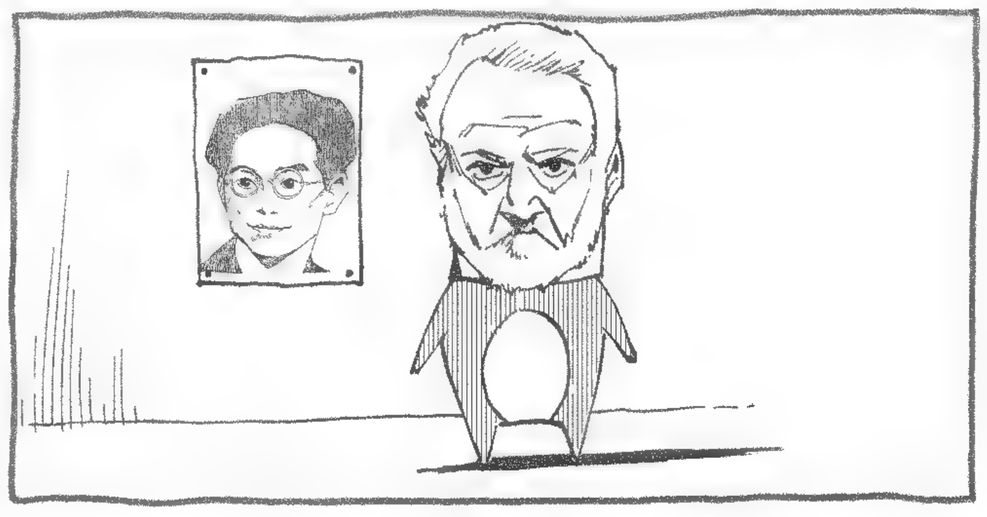
I CANNOT ACCEPT THAT DECISION.

To be continued...

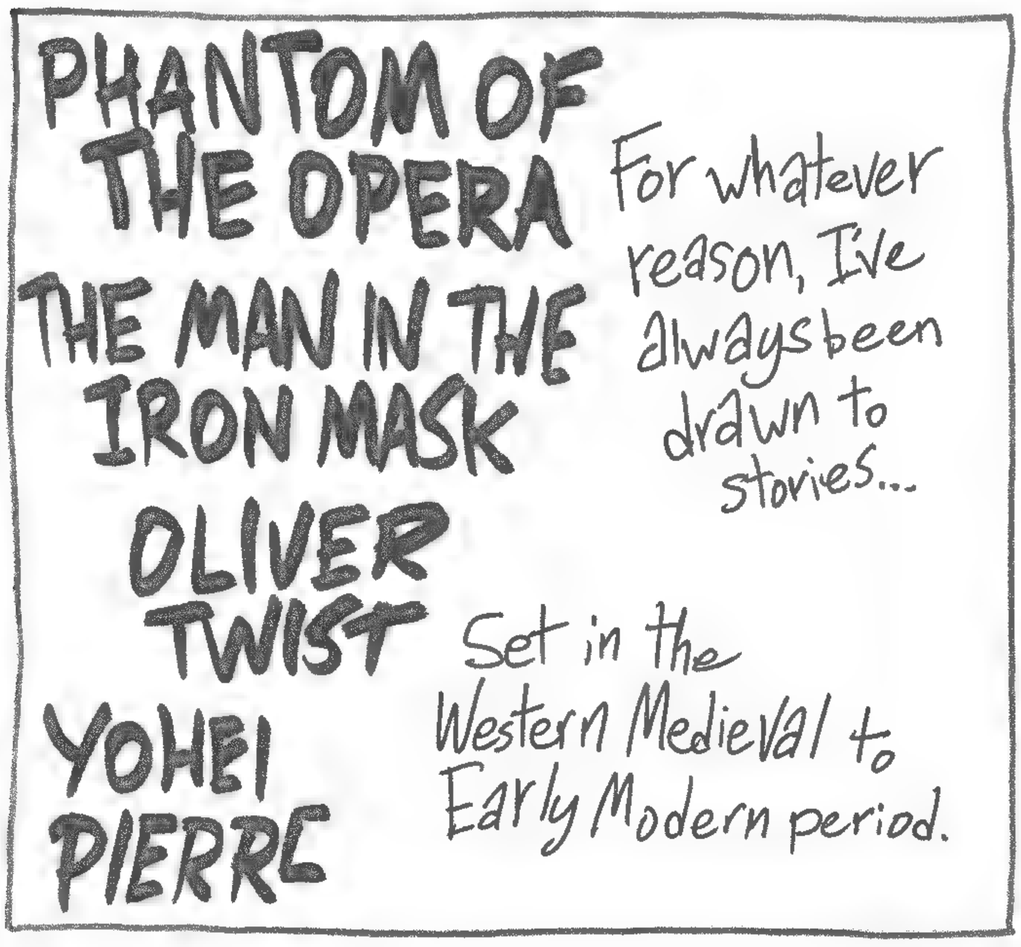
LES MISÉRABLES


Yoshio Toyoshima
Victor Hugo
BONUS MANGA
Vol. 1

It's nice to meet you.
I'm Arai.
POP
To everyone who purchased Volume 1, hello!



Oooh, ow...
Gurgl
Ah!
When presented with the opportunity to draw manga based on Les Misérables...
I was overcome with nervous trepidation.


PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK
OLIVER TWIST
YOHEI PIERRE
For whatever reason, I've always been drawn to stories...
Set in the Western Medieval to Early Modern period.

CIRQUE DU FREAK
Darren Shan
This is the second manga adaption of a Western novel I've done.

BUNN-

Oooh!

Add complicated human relationships like Darren and Steve's from Cirque du Freak, or Mozart and Salieri's in Amadeus and I'm transfixed.

So the animal connection between Javert and Jean Valjean in Les Misérables is a bullseye for me!

In the original novels, Javert is described as both a bulldog and a tiger...

ZOT

Eternal rivals. Two sides of the same coin.

LOVE IT

I mean to be as faithful to the major episodes of the original work as I can.

I am a wretch!

The ABC

The Thénardier Family

I can't wait!

Volume 1 had only a quick glance at someone who may be Javert.

He's one of several characters I'm looking forward to who'll have prominent roles starting next volume.

STAFF

Arai Junya

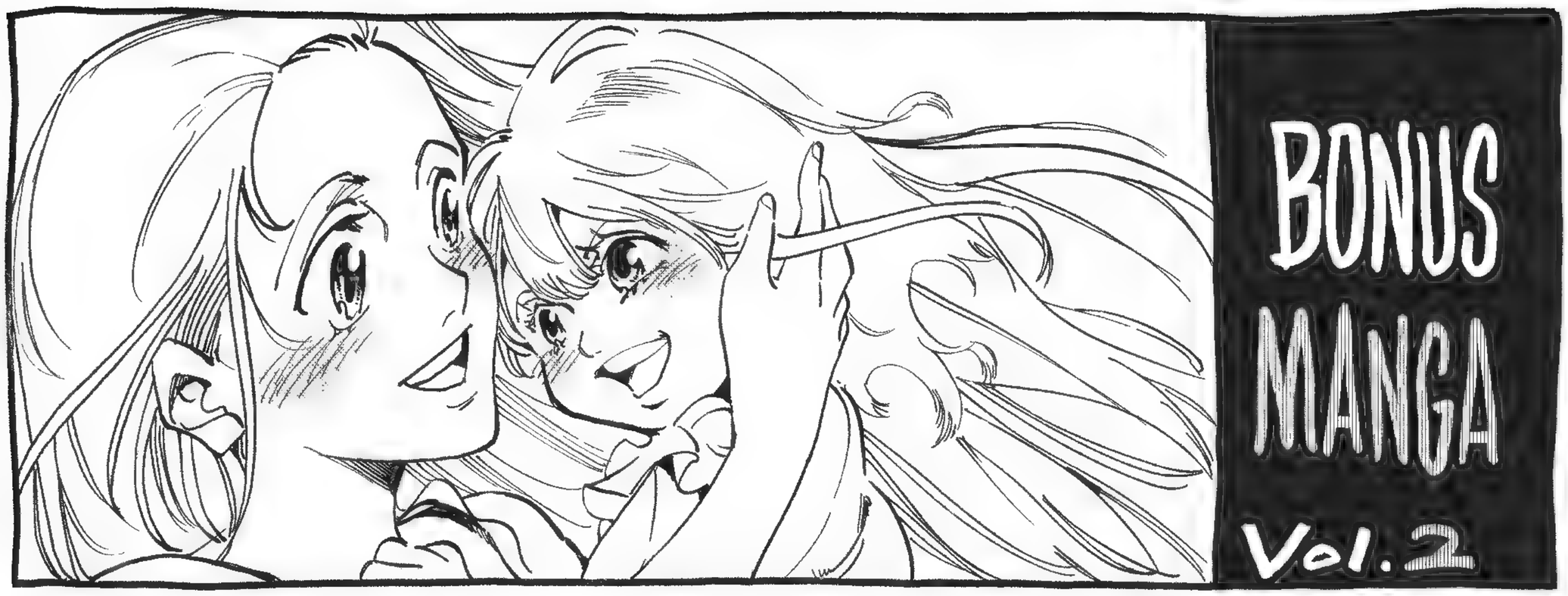
Izuo Aki

EDITOR

Ichihara Takenori

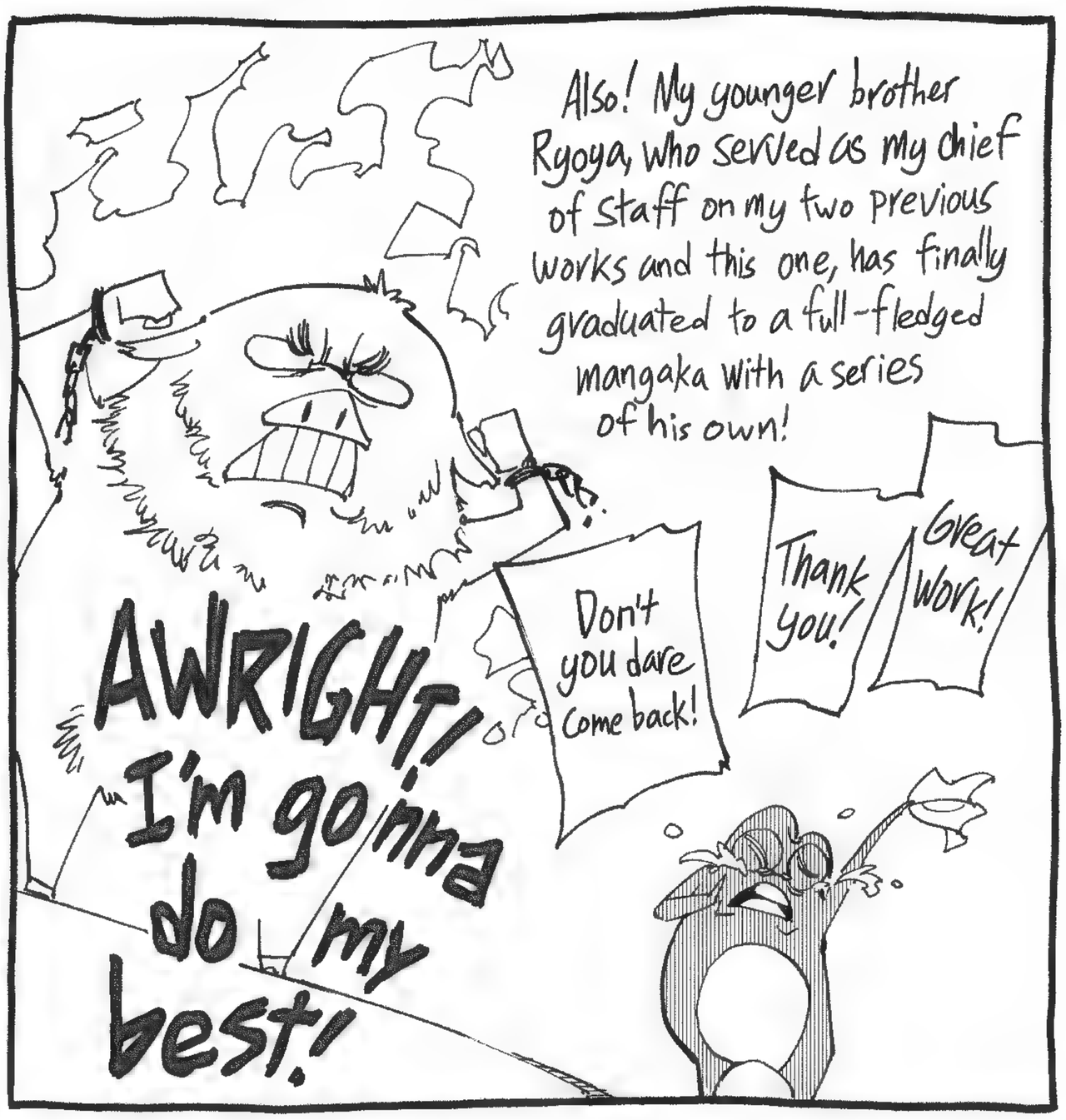
Now that Jean Valjean has been reborn... What will he do?! Find out next time!

I hope to see you again next Volume!


BONUS
MANGA
Vol. 2

Sometimes I almost forget to draw Javert's mutton chops.
Who?!
GLINT
More characters have been introduced, and the drama is growing more intense!
Vol.2
Hello!
Thank you very much for picking up manga Les Misérables, Volume 2!

On a completely unrelated note, I bought two desktop computers!
SKWEEZE
Efficiency up!
But!! I've nowhere to put them!


Also! My younger brother Ryoya, who served as my chief of staff on my two previous works and this one, has finally graduated to a full-fledged mangaka with a series of his own!
AWRIGHT! I'm gonna do my best!
Don't you dare come back!
Thank you!
Great work!

It's really, really good not to have tone scrapings all over the place.

Nf.

But my eyes still end up just as gritty.

Adding tone is way easier now, though.

Sketch

Sketch

The times, they are a'changing.

Studying instruction manuals

Inks done with GPen. Tone done in Comic Studio.

Comic Studio for Frogs

Looking back, my work environment changed a lot starting with this project.

Black and white scripts have gone from fully analog to being finished digitally.

You can use them like watercolors!

Dr. Ph. Martin's

So I switched from Copic markers to Dr. Ph. Martin's colors.

Instead of a straight black and white manuscript...

I thought color copy might fit the world of Les Misérables a little more...

This was a painful volume to draw, watching Fantine's descent into that pitiable State.

And there's something mystical about watercolors.

Please don't let me mess these up!

God!

Pinned down, pure white paper

It takes time, but new art tools always excite me.

STAFF

Arai Junya

Izuo Aki

Komatsu Namuko

Yasui Tatsuhiro

EDITOR

Ichihara Takenori

KRAKL

KRAKL

But! A flash of light appears at the end!

I hope to see you again next volume!

TAKAHIRO ARAI

When you translate the French words *Les Misérables* directly into Japanese, it comes out to *mijime na hitobito*, which means "the miserable ones." But when the book was first brought to Japan in the Meiji Era, it was titled *Aa Mujo*, which means "Oh, the heartless." I like to think it's similar to how Natsume Soseki once translated the English phrase "I love you" as *tsuki ga kirei*, "The moon is beautiful." Old translations can be very hard to understand, but they have an emotional core that I find beautiful. This manga adaption of *Les Misérables* is based on Toyoshima Yoshio's century-old Japanese translation. I want to do my best to tackle Hugo and bring my own emotional core to the series.

My daughter is around the same age as young Cosette, making this a particularly emotional part of the story for me. I remember being very invested as I drew it. In the second part of this *Les Misérables* volume, more of the major players step onto the stage, and the story begins moving in earnest. I hope you liked it.

LES MISÉRABLES

LES MISÉRABLES

OMNIBUS II
COMING SOON

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

LES MISÉRABLES the manga

story and art by **TAKAHIRO ARAI** based on the novel by **VICTOR HUGO** **OMNIBUS 1**

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LES MISERABLES Vol. 1-2
by Takahiro ARAI
Original Story by Victor Hugo
This story based on Japanese translated edition by Yoshio TOYOSHIMA

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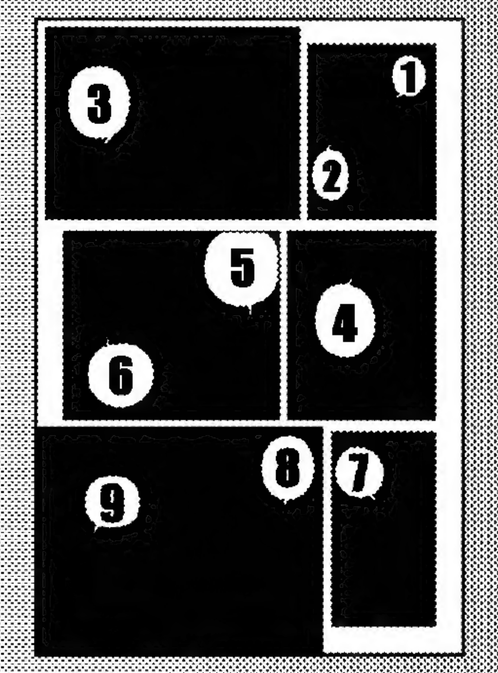
READING DIRECTIONS

This book reads from ***right to left***, Japanese style. If this is your first time reading manga, you start reading from the top right panel on each page and take it from there. If you get lost, just follow the numbered diagram here. It may seem backwards at first, but you'll get the hang of it! Have fun!!



VICTOR HUGO'S IMMORTAL HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF HUMANITY

Jean Valjean, a starving man who commits an act that will haunt him for the rest of his life; Cosette, a young orphan girl; Javert, an obsessed policeman; Marius, a revolutionary in love. These and other unforgettable characters make up the cast of Victor Hugo's classic novel, *Les Misérables*, renowned as one of the greatest works of Western literature. Now, experience the epic tale of love, loss, and redemption in this gorgeously illustrated and faithfully adapted manga series!

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